THE JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE

1946 - 47

378.05
J

This volume
is complete.
C.P.J.

6-29-88
J.D.
Foxed
9/16/42
PS

Presented to Wofford College Library on May 27, 1947 by Dick L. McSeen, Editor Bobby L. Collins, Bus. Mgr.

Com I

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
NO. 378.05

JOURNAL

NOVEMBER - 1946

WOFFORD
COLLEGE

Everybody knows him...

Early or late, he's a familiar figure to every policeman on the street—he's the Doctor —he's on an emergency call!

• A Doctor's life isn't his own to live as he chooses. There are interrupted holidays and vacations and nights of broken sleep. Emergencies require his presence for long, exacting hours . . . with somewhere a pause and perhaps the pleasure of a cigarette. Then back to his job of serving the lives of others.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

The "T-Zone"—T for Taste and T for Throat

The "T-Zone" is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only *your* taste and *your* throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you* . . . and how it affects your throat. On the basis of the experience of many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

THE MAKERS of Camels are naturally proud of the fact that, out of 113,597 doctors who were asked recently to name the cigarette they preferred to smoke, more doctors named Camel than any other brand. This survey was nationwide, covered doctors in every branch of medicine—nose and throat specialists too. Three nationally known independent research agencies made and vouch for the findings.

Try Camels. See how *your* taste responds to Camel's full flavor. See how your throat likes Camel's cool mildness. That's the "T-Zone" test *(see left)*.

CAMELS *Costlier Tobaccos*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE

JOURNAL

Volume LVII Number 1

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... Dick McTeer
Assistant Editor ..... Ben De Luca, Jr.
Poetry Editor ..... Warren L. Moulton
Art Editor ..... Eben Taylor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

John Mandanis
Joe Erwin
Peter Karajeannes
George Wannamaker

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager ..... Bobby G. Collins
Assistant Business Manager ..... Paul Anderson
Circulation Manager ..... Robert Boykin
Assistant Circulation Manager ..... Robert Cuttino
Advertising Assistant ..... James Greer
Faculty Advisor ..... Kenneth D. Coates
Typists ..... John Willis and Lewis Watts
Layout ..... Chauncey Lever

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, Spartanburg, South Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Journal, Wofford College Literary Magazine, Published by the Student Body five times during the School Year: November, December, February, March, and May. Subscription Rate, $1.25 per Year.

CONTENTS

THE JOURNAL

Table of Contents

In Retrospect ..... George Wannamaker, Page 3

The Harp ..... Peter Karajeannes, Page 5

We Climb a Mountain ..... Ben De Luca, Page 8

The Tie and the Gun ..... Patricia Parish, Page 10

Poems ..... Jean Carson Brown, Page 11

Nocturne ..... John P. Mandanis, Page 12

Rhyming Thoughts ..... Page 14

The Runaway Horse ..... Eugene Anderson, Page 17

The Lady Myth ..... Curtis Pearcy, Page 18

Faculty Activities ..... Page 23

Paths of Glory ..... Louis Watts, Page 25

GEORGE WANNAMAKER, III

Reviews College Life . . .

IN RETROSPECT

Once a philosophical traveler searched for places of beauty and meaning. He was a lonely man and had become despondent by observing, through a number of years, the acts of men in other places. One day he beheld, from a far distant hill, the spires of Wofford. Being intrigued by their dignity, he became curious enough to seek the campus and building from which they rose.

Standing before the ancient structure he was not awe-stricken with its appearance, but at least he found the roving campus mildly pleasing. Nature here had not been abused in the way he observed so often in city places. Squirrels still frolicked from tree to tree and birds could flutter in peace. One could still smell the sweet fragrance of shrubbery selected over a period of many years by those who dwelt in harmony and pleasure with outdoor life.

Walking away to a certain building where students lived, the visitor was in a crowd of students who considered themselves compatible. Talk was initiated by inspired words on the merits of one professor as compared to the demerits of another. One member of the group was absorbed in describing a worthwhile thing he had learned in class. He thought this thing could be applied to his life and make him a more complete person and a leader of a fuller life. The other members of the group seemed each concerned with himself, and not with discussing the things which had been learned. Scholastic records were anxiously discussed and our observer concluded that these must be a most important part of college life.

Coming to the building for living, our friend wandered through its long halls. He heard many noises and became curious as to their various causes. Then, stepping into a disorderly room he quickly discerned one critical subject of discussion to be that of relations with young women of a nearby college. Undoubtedly, he thought, these men must be Wofford's representatives in the field of romantic endeavor. He reflected that, modern as these young gentlemen were, they would experience some difficulty in matching Shakespeare's Romeo who kissed the one he loved fourteen lines after he met her.

Now a horrible clanging greeted the young men's ears. It was that of the hand bell which terrorized them into the dining hall. Entering the place for eating, our friend heard for a second time the bell, and afterwards, a young man in charge announced that a certain person would say the blessing. In this one blessing, it seemed that the Lord was being told to make this group truly thankful for this and other blessings of the day, and that He was getting scolded for not making the group thankful before. The traveler wondered how this prayer affected the way men ate and if a truly humble and thankful prayer would cause them to have a poise, dignity and happiness which make the meal more pleasurable. He thought that prayers at specified times in the day were somewhat superficial, since he believed that all conscientious living is a prayer; but these prayers might be good prayers of fellowship, just as a beautiful song is more likely to be enjoyed in a group than merely by one singing it to himself.

His interest thoroughly aroused by this time, the traveler decided to become acquainted to the greatest possible extent with the life of one man. He chose a student of moderate intelligence and one who progressed in his academic work only fairly well.

By nightfall the traveler was convinced that this student was wrapped in the problem of what to do with himself. The student felt he didn't even know what he was in this place; his friends, and especially his girl, had made him believe that he was something fine, but the world, what little he had contacted of it, had, seemingly, rated him as just another bag of bones. Wofford had inspired him to use the best abilities that he had, but in

every field of work he could see tremendous disadvantages and qualities that would hinder him in expressing himself as he desired. The student had selected his major course of work because it was necessary for him to do so. He had no real conviction that this was the thing he most wanted and in which he could do best.

It was time for the evening meal, and here the Lord was again requested to make these children thankful for their blessings and to forgive their sins. The traveler wondered if the student of his acquaintance knew what his sins were and if the continued mention of them was the proper way to get him to realize them. Perhaps, the traveler thought, his understanding of Christianity was somewhat amiss. It hadn't seemed to him before that the faith was in a "don't do" religion. Christ had said to do these things and that by doing them we should be happy and complete.

This being a week-night, the traveler expected that nearly all of the students would be engaged in their academic work. Going from room to room, he found that some were busy at their work, but that others were at meetings of various organizations, and still others had gone to get relaxation at the movie. Indeed there seemed an aversion to the task of study. Life on the campus was attractive enough without learning the epic containing civilization to the present time. The traveler wondered if the outward attraction of campus social success was as the paint on a false woman. He did not believe this entirely correct, but he had wondered and questioned, as a good observer must.

Of course our friend was interested to know what his selected student would do that night. As he later learned, the student had made an engagement with a girl whom he believed he truly loved. On leaving the campus, the student was very much elated.

Our friend was left to learn of other Wofford men. He stepped into the well-ordered room of a good scholar. This man, he later learned, was one who gained a satisfaction from each day of school work. It gave him a feeling of mastery to attend with much preparation the classes of each day. Seeing this our friend marveled at the happiness and usefulness of this man, and he understood the stability this kind of man gave to the college as an institution of learning.

Then he wandered into the room of one who was known for his social success. This person knew how to have a "good time," and how to help others enjoy themselves. He knew the meaning of fellowship and was one who, by his influence, caused his friends to believe in the fact that they were worth something. It had been said that this person brought much joy into the lives of those with whom he was associated. The traveler partially comprehended those things and saw that they were good. Then, however, he looked further. How about success in what is considered the chief endeavor of college? The social-minded student had this not. The traveler was positive that this student felt completely justified in his life at college, but he could not agree with all of the things the student said. One of these was that his academic success was limited by the quality of his brain tissue. Our friend knew that this was not true and he smiled that the student should excuse himself thus. What psychological factors could have created this aversion to the pleasure of learning? Perhaps some day the psychologists, performing a Christian service just as much as a minister in the pulpit, would bring this truth to the world. (It was true, he reflected, that some practical psychologists were too much indulging themselves in such enterprises as the sale of soap to the Chinese or other peoples who would be better off if they made their own.)

Then the observer knocked at the door of one who was engaged in preparation for the ministry. The person gave the impression of being a "nice" boy; however, whether typical or not, his life seemed strangely repressed. Good humor and sincere enjoyment seemed somehow to be lacking in him. The traveler thought that perhaps this guardian of the faith construed it his duty to be somewhat stiff and to avoid a full life. It was readily understandable, and even admirable, that a person could come to take himself too seriously in this duty, but our friend became concerned. Was this the best way to make Christianity count for something more than a negative force in the world? Would it not be better for such a student to be with other men and show them the truth that a more complete happiness was to be had through living a Christian life?

Now, it happened that our friend was interested in football and other sports in which courage, skill and earnestness are the deciding factors. He walked eagerly over to the football players' quarters. Here a group of men sat and lay, tired from the day's training. Some yearned earnestly to partake of other valuable college activities, but, if they were to be most benefited by college, they had to apply their first free time to pursuit of the professor's rapid progress through the pages of text books. Some were nervous toward and even bothered by the scholastic requirements, and sought consolation through various friendships. Still others managed

(Turn to Page 20)

A Short Story by Peter Karajeannes

THE HARP

Steve had been working at the hotel exactly eight days when he met Sylvia. He had been carrying the convention crowd up and down in his elevator all that day and for the past two days and, when she walked into the elevator, her young presence in the ancient atmosphere created by those Spanish War vets gave him a sense of relief and took the edge off the long day. He could not understand why she was wearing an evening dress because his schedule showed nothing formal was taking place that evening. So he asked her about it.

"Please don't think me presumptuous," he said. "But is there something going on here tonight?"

She was a very high kind of girl; it showed in her poise and the way she looked at him as he asked the question—probably thinking him definitely presumptuous for an elevator operator. Her fine eyebrows were arched as she looked at him.

"I really don't know,"she said. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I'm the elevator operator and I'm supposed to know if something like that's happening."

"Don't they tell you?"

"Yes," he said.

"Well?"

"Forget it," he said. "I was trying to make conversation."

She looked at him for a minute and in her eyes he could see the tiredness within her at having to constantly face this being talked to by strange men, having to listen to people who thought they were being bright and witty, and knowing the sometimes-present, the sometimes-hidden vulgarity that varied in pitch but was constantly there inside all men without purpose, without values, with vulgarity, vulgarity, vulgarity.

He wanted to say to her: No! I'm not at all like that. I'm only a young man with a muddled soul who is lonely in this city and wants only friends, someone to talk to just for the sake of talking, someone who will listen to me and know me for what I am—not scheming, not mercenary; just a young man who is lonely. I did not take this job just to be vulgar with people but I took it because I thought it might bring me closer to people with whom I can eventually be friends or who I can pretend are my friends until I am ready to leave. I ask nothing of you nor of anyone else. I spoke because I am looking for warmth of someone's talk in this cold place. I am absolutely harmless; perfectly helpless—my values are straightworthy and honorable.

"You're past my floor," the girl said.

"What floor did you want, please?"

"The mezzanine."

He stopped the elevator, put it in reverse, and opened the door on the mezzanine. The girl walked out, a swish of pink taffeta, a trailing smoothness of long, raven hair. She was gone and her very light smell of perfume lingered there in the elevator.

He took the elevator down and leaned against the open door with that heavy feeling of defeat and purposelessness inside him. Then, he got a buzz for the sixth floor. For the next ten minutes, he was kept busy bringing down the veterans and their wives who were going to the gymnasium on Third Street for their big meeting. He knew many of them by name: the Wilsons, the Ulrics, the Knights, the Bensons; he knew many of them.

They were, in a way, pitiable, these ancient people. They met once a year (this was the first time since the War—the Third World War) and he saw in them their longing for the re-living of a past era. He watched them talking, meeting the old familiar faces, recalling anecdotes of past conventions, and he was sad for them—sad for their unwillingness to give in to an end of all that was ended.

They were like infants; having passed the middle span of life with all its complications and its revealing of all that was low; all that knowledge they had hid within themselves and allowed out only at stag parties, at bridge parties, and when they were filled with liquor. He could not understand how these people, who had lived up most of their lives, could be as naive now as they were at birth. But, then, perhaps they were not all like that. Perhaps it was just a blanket of complete surrender to a world they were tired of and could not do anything for in the way of salvation. Perhaps they had been exposed to all its rottening aspects for so long that they pulled themselves within a shell of complete neutrality. Was this what it was like in old age?

"Oh, hello, young man!" It was Mrs. Langford, the old woman from Georgia who flitted around the lobby and up and down the hotel as if the suc-

cess of the convention was a matter dependent entirely on her.

"Hello, Mrs. Langford," he said.

"My! I'm so excited. I hope I'm not late for the meeting."

"I don't think you will be," he said.

"Have you been accepted in a school yet?"

"No. They're pretty well filled. I'm going back home in about a week."

"I could tell you were from the South right away," she said. "You have Southern manners."

"Thank you," he said. She had been saying that since the first day—when he told her he was from South Carolina.

"It's nicer at home, anyway," she said, consolingly. "Milwaukee probably gets very cold in the winter."

"Yes," he said. "I suppose it does."

He let her out on the main floor and she flitted out to the lobby, heading for a group of her fellow-conventionites, old, bent, stooped, quivering with the years.

Steve leaned against the door. Just then, the music started. It was the first time there had been any music in the hotel and, for a second, he wondered if it was an amplifier connected to a radio somewhere in the hotel. It sounded like a piano. He looked up at the mezzanine floor and saw, behind the heavy balustrade, the girl he had spoken to a few minutes before. She was playing a harp, poised and austere. She appeared very regal, sitting there under the heavily-framed paintings that made the Pfister one of the highest-rated hotels in the country.

She played music from some of the best-known musical comedies, and the rich sound of the harp floated around the big lobby, making the air cultured and giving the atmosphere a lavish and pastoral texture. People stopped in their conversation and smiled at the music, feeling very important and immediately conscious of their surroundings. In his mind, he could see the guests in the dining room suddenly stop in their meal, aware for the first time of strange eyes and, when starting the meal again, attentive to all the rules of dining-room etiquette.

In himself, the music made a great pain. Music always did that to him. It made him feel his insignificance, his desire for expression, and all the inadequacies within himself.

One of the bellhops was coming in Steve's direction and he called to him.

"Say, Jurgen," he said. "Do something for me?" He knew that once Jurgen understood, he would do it because Jurgen was an amiable fellow. He was not too concerned with other people's affairs and not too presumptuous. Steve had analyzed everybody in the hotel at sometime or another, from his all-seeing point of vantage against the elevator door.

"What?" Jurgen asked.

"Take a note for me to that girl."

"What girl?"

"The girl playing the harp upstairs."

Jurgen looked at him. "What kind of a note—personal?"

"No. I want her to play something for me."

"Okay," Jurgen said. "That kind of a note I'll take. You know, you're the brassiest guy I've ever met working in a hotel."

"That's because I don't work for the money. I can take this job or leave it. Got a piece of paper?"

Jurgen tore out a sheet of paper from the small notebook he carried in his hip pocket. Steve wrote, "Please play 'Claire De Lune'." He signed it, "The elevator boy who makes bad conversation, did not mean to be presumptuous, and knows exactly what went through your mind when you were looking at him."

Steve took Jurgen up to the mezzanine and, when he was on the main floor again, watched him give the note to the girl. She looked at the note and then up at Jurgen. She asked him something and Jurgen shrugged. He walked away. The girl held the dark beauty of her face up, looking fixedly across to the other side of the mezzanine, and ran her fingers across the strings of the huge harp. But she did not play Steve's song. Instead, she played another musical-comedy number.

She played three more songs, all of them strangers to Debussy. Steve remembered the note he had written and began to feel miserable. How very cute she must have thought it. Perhaps he had overestimated the girl. But you could not blame her—it was he, himself, who was to blame. He believed too much in the self-styled theory that most intelligent people shared some of the same feelings and that, if you let down the barriers, and made the feeling known, they would respond to it. He had hoped that in the note, something that was mutual between them would be present there and acknowledged by her.

The strains of the "Londonderry Air" came from the harp as two men stepped into the elevator. Steve took them to the eighth floor and, going up the shaft, he listened hard for the faint sound of the music. It faded and he felt lost. He ran the elevator down at twice its usual speed and, pass-

ing the fifth floor, heard the music again. This time it was "Auld Acquaintance." It was a song of finality, through tradition, through its very mournful sound, and he hoped it would not be too late to see the girl. He stopped at the mezzanine and threw the door open with a heave of the wrist. There was no one there and, a little self-consciously, he went down to the main floor.

He looked up at the mezzanine and saw her walking along, under the paintings. He closed the door and went up. She was standing there when he opened the door. She looked at him and smiled as she stepped inside. "I'm sorry about your request," she said. "I'm working on 'Claire de Lune' now, but I'm not ready for it yet."

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "I'm glad you didn't misunderstand about the note."

"No," she said.

"I was afraid you might."

"It **was** an unusual kind of note."

"For an elevator boy, you mean."

Her face relaxed. He wanted to say something —he wanted to say many things. But they were on the main floor. He did not open the door. She looked at him, a little afraid.

"Look," he said desperately, "I've got to talk to you."

"Please open the door."

"Please, **please** don't misunderstand. Let me talk to you a few minutes."

"Right here?"

"No," he said, "I'll be off work in a few minutes. I **must** talk to you."

"I've got to go home," she said.

"Will you be back?"

"Yes. Tomorrow night."

"I've got to talk to you tonight."

She thought about it. Steve felt bad about the way he was behaving, but he knew now that he had to go through with it.

"All right," she said. "I'll meet you in the lobby."

"No," he said. "Meet me at Walgreen's—the one down the Avenue."

"All right," she said. "Now please let me out."

He opened the door and she hurried across the lobby. Some people stopped her, telling her about how wonderfully she had played. She gave them a small smile and went quickly out of the hotel, holding her dress so that it would not drag on the floor. She did not once glance back at Steve.

He was heavy with the feeling of having made a fool of himself. Where was all his individuality, his pride, his self-sufficiency? Out the window. Just another man in a multitude of men.

After the night operators had come to the elevators, Steve went to the back, took off his uniform, and went out into the cold, neon-lit, pedestrian-traffic-noise-filled Avenue. He walked slowly through the crowded street not knowing what exactly to do.

First, he thought, I'll go to Walgreen's. She won't be there and I can't blame her. But I'll go just to make absolutely sure and not spend the rest of my life fighting with it. There are so many other things to fight in a lifetime. And, if she isn't there, I'll go back to the hotel and quit this job. Tomorrow I'll get on a train and go back to South Carolina. I can never, never, **never** face her again!

He walked through the heavy doors into the crowded drugstore and stood near the fountain, looking around. She was waiting for him, sitting in one of the booths. There were two other girls sitting with her and he was not sure if he should approach them. The girl turned her dark beauty to him and gave him a quick smile. He went to the booth.

"Hello," the girl said.

"Hello."

The two girls with her smiled at him and got up.

"Please don't get up, he said.

"We were just sitting here finishing our cigarettes," one of the girls said. "We were going anyhow."

As they left, he sat down. "I'm glad you were here," he said. "I was afraid you wouldn't be."

"Well," she smiled, "I started not to come. Something made me change my mind."

"I appreciate it sincerely." He noticed, suddenly, her evening gown and it struck him how humiliating it must be for her to have come in here. He was cold with the idea. "I didn't realize," he said. "I mean — your — the way you're dressed. You shouldn't be in here at all."

"It doesn't matter," she said.

"It does," he said. "It certainly does."

"No," she said, "nobody notices."

How wonderful, he thought. How wonderful that she should be so unmindful of it; that she should do a thing like that for a perfect stranger; that she was that kind of wonderful person who had enough of a soul in her to consider the other person to an extent like that; how wonderful she is, this girl.

"Look," he said, "I want to thank you for this. I—what's your name, by the way?"

"Sylvia," she said.

(Turn to Page 19)

An Allegory . . .

We Climb a Mountain

By BEN DE LUCA

The blooms of the redwood and dogwood beside the mountain trail had long since disappeared, but Fall, using its colorbrush, had given their leaves a shroud of living beauty to precede their new glory upon resurrection in Spring. Here in the glen, the growth is dense and close, and we find ourselves in the midst of an unlimited variety of flowers, bushes, and trees that almost continuously screen the loftiness of the pinnacle from our view.

It would be an exhilarating experience to climb this mountain. Gazing upward from the valley, we view the seemingly inaccessible peak, doubting our ability to gain such hallowed ground. Surely the way will be difficult and patience cardinal. But considering even the hardships of the ascent enjoyable in seeking the crest, we step, with a sigh of determination, into the underbrush and become lost in a confusion of nature. From the start, the difficulty of finding an easy way through the silent wood bewilders. As the going becomes more laborious, we shall probably move more slowly, for everything around us is worthy of observation.

The Father of Creation, selecting from a bounteous wardrobe, has arrayed this mountainside in such extravagant garlands that the rays of undiluted light, pouring through the veil of fir and pine trees, frames a most striking picture.

But we must continue on our way. Here is a bit of repulsive growth. An old tree, bristling with gnarled shrubs, stands tilted against the uncomplaining sky. To our left, another tree, less mature, is slowly being destroyed by decay. The curious person wants to pull the corrupt tissue away gently, and see how deeply into the heart-wood the infection has spread. A rabbit sprints from a thicket and goes bounding off among the trees. Momentarily startled, we wonder how such a little harmless thing could frighten us. Breaking through a thick wall of trees, we suddenly come upon a small dale. Here are flowers in abundance. The air, heavy with their thousand perfumes, creates an incense providing a kind of heat. The grass is a vibrant, vivid green gently rustling in the soft breeze.

From this retreat the pinnacle is again visible. How quietly majestic it seems. Rushing down a ledge into this little valley, a mountain stream, like love, tumbling its waters over the rocks in its haste to find an outlet, nourishes a strip of green fertility along both banks. A sparrow hesitatingly drops into the water, refreshing itself for the afternoon flight. Turning from these pleasing sights, we try following the path of the stream. Crouching to walk beneath low protruding limbs, creeping through the brushes, digging our heels into the slope, we renew the climb. The song of a thrush floats to our ears. Often a thorn branch tears at our clothes, as if to drag us into the maze of growth. A lizard glides by and silently darts into a pile of fallen leaves.

Our effort produces a noise almost sacrilegious to the hush of the forest. Now and then we help pull ourselves upward by holding on to the strong limbs everywhere near. The climb is difficult. Perspiration dots our faces. We have been struggling upward so long. We rest here on this ledge a moment and, looking below, view our past course.

The trees all seemed to be of the same hue as we walked beneath them, but from this elevated seat, it is surprising how many shades of green exist in the forest, each kind of tree having its own particular tint. Easily noticeable now is one magnificent fir tree which rises far above the others, seeming grotesquely out of place by its sublimity. It is much cooler here. Far below, to the right, sitting precariously on a slope of the mountain, is a small house, whose closed door, at a distance, seems to stare unknowingly at the outer world. The diminished rays of sunlight reflect upon the dwelling's shining eyes. Like a background for the house is an expansive blur of pink rhododendrons.

The end of the tedious journey is now just above us. Gazing at the serene tower, we are warmed by a glow of enthusiasm and sentiment as we watch a large snow-white cloud hovering above, bend low to the dark mountain peak as if whispering secrets of immortality. If so wondrous a spectacle can be seen from here, how much better must be the visibility at the extreme head of the mountain! Eagerly, with new resolve, we begin to climb over the

rocks and brush, from crag to crag, cautiously making our way to the sky. A fall here would be sudden death. Minutes become imaginary hours. Unexpectedly the ascent becomes easier, and just as we feel a lack of strength to carry us farther—the summit at last!

What a commingled feeling of awe, inspiration, and exuberance satisfies us for our achievement! From these heights let us inhale pure air, and gaze around. At once we are humble before the immensity of the scene. Below, the forest-covered terrain forms a panorama colorful and exquisite. During the ascent, the beautiful seemed enclosed by ugliness, but now that we are able to view God's vast plain from a height, nothing seems ugly. The richness of the scene and the simple splendor of the horizon are overwhelmingly fascinating. Here on the heights, the stillness begets devotion.

Now it is easy for the soul to feel a nearness to God. How worthwhile has been the climb! Here are composure, resignation, calm. What an admirable world God has created for us! What marvels it has to lead our thoughts heavenward and help us learn greater knowledge of truth from the Spirit of Truth. Our religious thoughts are preciously enhanced by those aspirations. From this vantage point we can see the three bloated monstrosities—fear, despair, and doubt—in new perspective.

When we entertain doubt or fear, finding ourselves in the valley and shadows of despair, let us begin then to climb to those spiritual heights that can renew strength to perform the work which is our privilege to do when down in the valley helping others. Finally attaining a greater knowlege of truth, we may, in appreciative pleasure, revel in the sunset of life as one who marvels at the simple elegance of God while watching a sunset over the mountains—the clouds, rolling with a luminous splendor, richly outlined in gold, as the sun slowly retires to the rim of the earth, enticing the golden aura to follow, creates a fabulous canopy of softly blended color.

Sketch of a President

By GUY ADAMS

In 1894, when William Allen White met William McKinley, who was then a candidate for Governor of Kansas, White saw a master politician, who underneath it all was a weakling, controlled by Wall Street interests.

McKinley, said White, usually sat in a corner keeping everyone in front of him, so as to favor no one person more than the others. He was forever composed, formal, and almost stern. It even seemed as if he was afraid to make friends. His vest was never wrinkled, and the expression on his face never changed.

In an article that White wrote later it was obvious that he disliked McKinley and held little respect for him.

Years later when McKinley was Chief Executive, White had an occasion to pay a formal visit to the White House. His impressions remained the same. To him, McKinley was like a machine which turned on the charm only when the occasion demanded. As president, McKinley made no political bargains on his own initiative, because he was afraid that everyone wanted to take advantage of him.

When in the fall of 1897, White heard the report that McKinley had died, humming "Nearer My God to Thee," and clasping the hand of Mark Hanna, his political adviser, he wondered if McKinley had not died as he lived—an actor.

There will be meat shortage in Boston for a long time — no one dares mention the word "Slaughter."

For none deny there is a God but those for whom it profiteth that there were no God.
—Francis Bacon

There is in true beauty something which vulgar souls cannot admire, so can no dirt or rags hide that certain something from those which are not of the vulgar stamp.
—Henry Fielding.

Editor, Converse CONCEPT . . .

Patricia Parrish

The Tie and the Gun

I stood in front of the mirror fussing with my black bow-tie. One end hung down like the ear of a cocker spaniel; the other was as short as a fly's wing, and each time it was re-tied it looked sloppier.

Suddenly the door behind me opened, then slammed violently. I did not look up—just stood there and waited for her to speak while the tie and I fought it out again.

My wife was not in a pleasant mood—she seldom is. Yet I cannot deny that she is attractive, even when spiteful. "Having trouble with that tie again?" she asked sarcastically. "Or isn't eight years long enough for you to learn how to do a simple thing like that?"

Murders have been committed for smaller things than such remarks, and I thought longingly of the revolver that had been locked in my desk drawer for three months. But the gun was there for another purpose.

"Cut the dawdling, George. There's no sense in wasting time just to keep me waiting."

I whirled around, hoping to squelch her with an angry retort. (I always hoped. I never succeeded.) As though she had read my mind, she cut me off by stamping out of the room.

Madder than ever, I turned back to the mirror. My arms ached from the strain of being held up in the air for fifteen minutes. I always had trouble with bow-ties, but they had never before annoyed me this much.

At that moment I remembered a similar incident that had taken place eight years before—a time when my mirror had reflected exactly the same image except for the color of the tie—a cold winter evening when I was a college freshman preparing to go to a meeting of the Victorian Literary Society. I was nervous that evening, afraid that I would forget some important point in my carefully prepared argument on the negative of the question for debate: "Resolved: That Lee Was a Greater General Than Napoleon." I glanced at my watch—ten minutes until the meeting started. I let out an aristocratic freshman equivalent for the word "Damn!" and started all over again with my new red tie.

Before I had a chance to begin, a thundering hammer shook my door. I turned the key, flung the door open, and before I could speak was greeted with the shriek, "Squeams just shot himself!" The meeting of the literary society was adjourned.

How we got out of the dormitory, I do not remember. But somewhere along the way we must have managed to pick up ten other freshmen, because when we started up the steps of a frame house in the town, there were twelve of us.

Jim, who had been the first to hear the news, was our leader. He tapped quietly on the yellowish wooden door, which was immediately opened by a large powerful-looking woman wearing a tiny fancy pink apron. I have never paid much attention to women's apparel, but I can still see the little flowers embroidered on the pocket of that excuse for an apron.

She did not say a word. She merely stood inside the half-open door. We waited while Jim cleared his throat and finally spoke. "We're friends of Mr. Squeams." That was a lie. Squeams had no friends. But at that moment we all felt that the statement was true. Any one of us would have been willing to swear that he was one of our very best friends. The woman opened the door wide, let us in, motioned toward some chairs, and quickly vanished.

We stood in the center of the floor and stared. Not one word was spoken. For there, in front of the fire-place, lay Squeams. He was turned on his side, his face resting on his folded arm, with his back toward us.

After a while, Jim pulled up a chair, and the rest of us followed his example. We sat in an irregular semi-circle, some of us in chairs, some on an old sofa, a few of us on the floor, around the fire-place—and around Squeams' body. Carefully we avoided looking at each other. We looked at the fire, which relentlessly shoved shadows around the room, at the tips of our shoes, at the frayed fringe on the rug. And as we sat there—feeling noble, feeling as though each one of us had received a personal injury, keeping what we considered a sacred watch—we wondered about the girl. She

(Turn to Page 22)

Editor, Winthrop JOURNAL . . . *Jean Carson Brown*

POEMS

Sonnet

It is broken now. The thin, cool thread that
Held our lives together has been snapped,
And gone forever is the warmth that wrapped
Me in its cloak. There was a time I sat
And mused upon this thing, but now I see
The rightness of it all, the very scheme
And plan. And yet I cannot help my dream,
And dreaming brings you once again to me.
Oh, that your laughing eyes would not appear
To taunt me and bring life again so nigh.
The misty ghosts of past days whisper "Why?"
And powerless I yet must stay and hear.
O time, haste with your able power, and fell
This wraithlike memory, and its ghosts dispel.

There Was Love

I remember rounded mocking numerals
Fluttering past with soft paper taunts;
And a bud, a bird, a leaf, and a snowflake
Cherished through the transient years.
And eternally that golden ball, the sun
And that indisputable green cheese moon have
Been with me; and death has stalked with
His scythe gleaming in the daylight and starlight
And always riding, riding on a foam flecked
White mare with distended nostrils and
Mane flying. I have had one consolation
In the mist, and that—there was love
With me in the darkness, and occasionally
I hitched a ride on a pink cloud.

Sonnet

For quite a time I saw the coming storm.
I knew it, yet I watched with easy smile.
I watched it as it blew, and took its form
(And there was springtime in the air the while.)
There was no fear of thunder in my heart;
With languid eye I mused the thing to come.
I sat and took the purely passive part,
Disdaining thus the frightening path of some.
For I was more than wise—not like the rest—
And I could face the lightning unperturbed.
Had I not faced my life with eager zest
Oh, I should cringe and cry aloud? Absurd!
The storm is spent and over as I said.
And I can laugh at them, for I am dead.

I, Too

In soft, sane words I soothed her aching head,
I stroked her hair, I whispered sweet and low,
I delved into my mind for things I'd read
Which by their repetition comfort—so
I thought. But nature was the better judge,
And after tears there always comes a sleep
Which I, for all my pain, could not begrudge
Those weary eyes that learned so soon to weep.
Some naughty Puck had thrown his dust about
Too carelessly, alas! And she had found
Herself in love with one, I fear, without
Return. (Must unrequited loves abound?)
Oh, she will sing again with someone new.
I know. Once, long ago, I loved him too.

A SHORT STORY . . .

By JOHN P. MANDANIS

NOCTURNE

LENA DIED THIS EVENING STOP COME HOME IMMEDIATELY STOP EVE

"Lena died this evening . . . Lena died . . .My sister died . . ." he was repeating unconsciously. His room-mate attempted to comfort him with those meaningless, stupid words of consolation. He got up impatiently and hurried across the campus.

It was a May night, saturated with mysticism. He walked to his favorite bench, far from the noise of the dormitories. The merry, silly songs of the students were now faintly heard in the distance. He sat on the bench and turned his eyes up toward the dark sky.

Lena died this evening. She had already stepped over the threshold that leads from life to death. And yet . . . Death? Was it really a question of death? He trembled at the idea of his sister being "dead," cold and motionless with a mysterious smile of eternity spread all over her clever, beautiful face. . . .

"Is she really dead?" he repeated and his voice sounded stranger to his ears.

Among his warm tears he distinguished the sparkle of the silver stars nailed on the black velvet of the nocturnal sky, and suddenly, as his eyes were still fixed at the stars in bewilderment, his thoughts returned to his early childhood when Lena was four and he was six . . .

. . . They were both leaning their backs against the front wall of their porch, while mother was telling them slowly the story of Cinderella swinging her slender body on her rocking chair.

"What kind of lights are those there in the sky, mother?" Lena asked suddenly after mother had pronounced the last words of the story.

"Why, the stars, my dear child . . ." mother replied playfully.

"Don't you really know the stars, Lena?" Arthur teased her scornfully.

Lena's large blue eyes were reflecting the faint gleam of the star-beams when she asked feverishly.

"Mother, can't we go up to that hill and catch some stars?"

"Lena dear, no man has ever reached the stars . . ." mother whispered with a sad smile on her pretty face. "Let's go to bed now! It's late!"

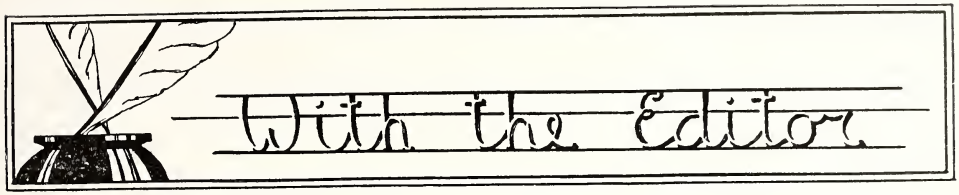
Next morning Lena told Arthur that she had seen a beautiful dream. She saw, she said, many little shining stars rocking gently on the surface of their swimming pool. She bowed impatiently over the water and seized a lot of them in her hands. But they were burning so much that she got scared and threw them back into the dark water . . .

. . . "Perhaps Lena you can touch those bright celestial travellers as your soul is wandering here and there in the chaotic universe." Arthur almost whispered. "Perhaps you have already lifted the dark veil from the face of life. You must be seeing now other wonderful worlds, inconceivable to us. Dear little sister, why should you leave us like this? Cancer! Cancer! Cancer! Medicine—Ha! Science—Ha! My sister is dead . . dead . . ."

"Don't worry about me Arthur!" her sweet voice seemed to whisper in his ear, "After all, you know my greatest desire was to die. I had been longing for the solution of the problems no book could solve for me. People, you remember, used to say that I was a child-prodigy. I knew that I was a child of another world . . . Don't you remember that night last August when we were both counting the shooting-stars? 'I made my wish!' you said. I had made mine: I had prayed to die . . what good could ever come of a cripple creature like myself striken with cancer? But . . . At long last I am free and very happy. Please, believe me and don't cry, Arthur. I am still living with you and I will continue to do so . . . Just listen to the voice of nature and try to find some part of the answer that I now possess. And then hurry and go home. Try to console mother and Eve. They are women, you know . . ."

He jumped on his feet and looked hurriedly at his watch: it was nine-thirty. Two more hours until the next bus. He looked around. The trees were standing indifferently around him, whispering to each other their nightly secrets; the earth, covered with thick green grass, was pleasantly shivering at the passing caresses of the breeze. Far behind the tall buildings, the bubble of the distant waves breaking on the ancient rocks of the coast was coming to his ears rhythmically monotonous. A slice of moon had just climbed over

(Turn to Page 21)



ABOUT THE COVER

The **Journal's** splendid cover was drawn by Eben Taylor, Art Editor. Mr. Taylor reproduced the drawing of the student from the cover of the November 1943 issue of the **Journal.** The original artist was Bill Gladden, Jr., Class of '39.

The Editor and Mr. Taylor intend that this cover be a tribute to Mr. Gladden, who was killed in World War II. Some of the older students knew him when he was here at Wofford, and remember other work he did for the **Journal** and its sister publications of the Wofford Campus.

PUBLIC RELATIONS

Last month, the editorial staffs of all the campus publications met with Dr. Lever and Dr. Boyd M. McKeown, Secretary of the Department of Public Relations of the Board of Education of the Methodist Church. The subject of the meeting was the development of public relations throughout student organizations and campus publications. As a result of this meeting, the Wofford College News Bureau was formed.

The purpose of the News Bureau is to cooperate with the campus publications in developing intercollege relations, relations with the public at large, and closer association with the alumni. The primary resolve of our public relations impresarios is to develop understanding between the students and the general public. This does **not** include spectacular notoriety and cheap "press-agenting."

The Bureau, working with the campus publications, will notify home-town newspapers of the activities and work of Wofford students. Families and friends are eager to learn what Wofford is doing for the student enrolled here, and are justly proud when the students, collectively or individually, do something for their alma mater. It will be the policy of the **Journal** to support the Wofford College News Bureau and our public relations campaign in every way possible.

As a step toward intercollege **camaraderie,** the **Journal** will present in each issue at least one guest writer, a student from another college or university. Habitually, the guest author will be editor of one of the leading publications of his or her school; for beginning this innovation on a sound basis will require that the guest have official standing and the sanction of the administration and students of his school.

GUEST AUTHORS FOR NOVEMBER

In this issue the Journal presents two guests: Miss Patricia Parish, Editor of the Converse College **Concept,** and Miss Jean Carson Brown, Editor of the Winthrop College **Journal.**

We thought that public relations "should begin at home," so we (the Editor, that is) invited Miss Parish to contribute a manuscript to our first issue. She graciously consented with a short story, "The Tie and the Gun," written exclusively for the **Journal.** In addition to being Editor of the **Concept,** Miss Parish is Secretary of the President's Board of Converse College and Senior Class Poetess.

Recently the assistant editor had the pleasure of talking with Miss Jean Carson Brown, Editor of the Winthrop College **Journal.** Mr. De Luca was shown some of her poems, and being considerably attracted by their fine quality, asked Miss Brown's permission to reprint four in our magazine. We still, though, do not know how she finds time to be a member of the Spanish Club at Winthrop, since she is an English major, belongs to the Dramatic Club and the Poetry Club, writes sonnets, and does a great deal of reading. We are certain that the readers will feel the sincerity, warmth, and intimate simplicity of her poetry.

TO THE STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS

We were pleased to note the number of student contributions for the first issue of the magazine, and we hope they indicate an increasing interest in the writing on the campus. We are holding some contributions for use in later issues, and some, that need a little more polish, for revision by the authors.

Writing is a task that is not easy for most of us, and the long line of writers who have gone before began just as you and I are doing—writing, rewriting, tearing, sweating, writing, and rewriting again. Those authors were not afraid of work—let's try again.—The Editor.

RHYMING

Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings.—Wordsworth.

October

October! How thy mystic madness calls
  My eyes from printed page and bids me live
  Apart from staid philosophers, and give
Attentive ear: thy music quick enthralls
This nature lover when its cadence falls
  Into my soul's wild yearnings . . . fugitive
  Soft minors, chords untrained and primitive,
Strong diapason played in autumn's halls.

Each V-shaped flock that southward wings its way
Honks loudly as they pass my earthbound feet
And dares my fancy try to follow them,
While passionate I brood and plan the day
My gipsy-soul shall soar aloft and meet
Their challenge, seeking earth's far curving rim.

—J. Howard Berry

Transience

This moment of bliss
  Is mine for today;
But on the morrow
  It passes away.

This brief interlude
  Indeed is my own;
But when the dawn comes
  It, too, will have flown

—Donald H. Fraser

Even as These

As drops of rain to roses are,
As sunset to an evening star,
As bubbles to a babbling brook,
As moonbeams to the lover's nook,
As violets to a mossy knoll,
As beauty to a Christian soul,
As scented breezes are to May,
As laughter to a child at play,
As "Sweetheart" is to words divine,
So is, My Love, your heart to mine.

—Warren L. Molton

THOUGHTS

Poetry, we will call Musical Thought.—Carlyle.

Life is Too Funny

Man comes into the world without his consent and leaves it against his will.
During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contradictions and misunderstandings.
In his infancy he is an angel.
In his boyhood he is a devil.
In his manhood he is everything from a lizard up.
If he raises a family he is a chump.
If he doesn't raise a family, he is too selfish.
If he raises a check, he is a crook.
If he is a poor man, he is a bad manager and has no sense.
If he is rich, he is smart but dishonest.
If he is not in politics, he is an undesirable citizen.
If he is in politics, he is a grafter.
If he goes to Church, he is a hypocrite.
If he doesn't, he is a sinner.
If he gives to charity, it is for show.
If he doesn't he is a tightwad.
When he first comes into the world, everybody wants to kiss him.
Before he leaves the world, everyone wants to kick him.
If he dies young, there was a great future before him.
If he lives to a ripe old age, he is in the way.

—Anonymous

Time to Act

When the fenders rattle,
And the motor runs hot,
When the seats are ragged
And the tires all shot,
When the boss smiles gently:
"Mr. Grubbs, you're late—"
Then it's time, dear Grubbs,
You repaired that crate.

When a spring pops up
Where the driver sits down,
And it rains through the top
Clear through to the ground,
And the boss says sternly:
"Mr. Grubbs, you're late—"
Then it's time, Mr. Grubbs,
You were trading that crate.

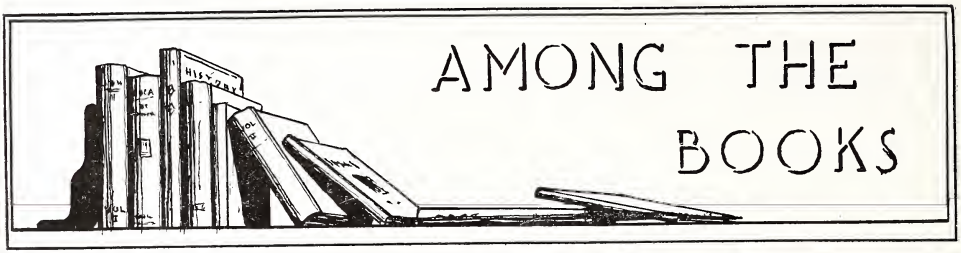
When the front axle's bent
And the other one's cracked,
When all four wheels
Leave four different tracks,
And the boss shrieks loudly:
"Grubbs! . . . you're late!!
Then it's high time, Grubbs,
You were junking that crate.

—Ronald N. Molton

Midnight Melancholy

It's a mournful wail, it's a sad blue cry,
It's the voice of a life lived in vain.
It's a scream of protest, a soulful sigh,
Repeated again and again.
It's a stab through the dark, an arm reaching out,
It's in harmony with wind and with rain.
It's a confession of dread, of fear and of doubt,
It's the wail of a midnight train.

—Rab Braddy



THE HUCKSTERS, by Frederick Wakeman; Rinehart & Company, New York, 1946. 307 pp.

This, the second novel by Frederick Wakeman, is the most widely acclaimed book of the year. It is a fast-paced, crisply-written story, and the word used by most reviewers in describing it is "satirical." It is every bit that and something more. It is not just plain satire but the most violent kind of satire.

The author takes us into the sacred domain of that group of men who handle the multi-million radio-advertising accounts of the large industries—in this story, the twelve-million-dollar account of the Beautee Soap outfit, headed by this year's most notorious literary character, Evan Llewelyn Evans.

Vic Norman, the story's protagonist, leaves the OWI just before the end of the war with the intention of returning to his pre-War occupation—radio-advertising. His reputation is known throughout the advertising world and he finds no difficulty in getting the job of account executive with the firm of Kimberley and Maag. Kimberley takes to Norman right away and hires him at a measly thirty-five thousand dollars a year.

Norman is then introduced to Evans. Here is how it goes: From behind his "snapping blue" eyes, the great man looks at his quivering employees (except Norman, who does not quiver) and spits on the desk. He wipes it up with his fine handkerchief and "Mr. Norman," he said, shouting in a deep bass. "You have just seen me do a disgusting thing. Ugly word, spit. But, you know, you'll always remember what I just did."

And later: "Mr. Norman, that's what we're in business for—to sell soap. Beautee soap. I don't want you to ever forget that. You got to eat, drink, sleep and yes, by God, dream soap . . . you gotta make people remember you. Check?" (At this point, everybody, with the exception of Norman, shouts back, "Check!")

And, so, this is Norman's introduction to the great man. He goes to work, determined not to fall into the pit of fear that all of the other employees are in. He knows that as long as he does not quiver under the old man's verbal blasts, he can make money and live his thirty-five-thousand-dollar life.

He begins his task of making the public conscious of Evans' slogan to "Love that soap." Later, after a violent affair with a woman he meets on his way to the West Coast, Norman realizes that the job is absolutely necessary and unconsciously—with this new realization—he finds that he now fears Evans. He has become like the rest—like Kimberly, Allison, and Brown. The great revelation comes when: "I take the position," Evan Llewelyn Evans said, "that a man either knows where he is going. Or he don't. Right?"

"'Right,' said Vic, leaning forward. And at that instant two blows struck him: in the brain, back of the eyes, in his eardrums, but most powerfully and brutally, in the pit of the stomach." Thus Norman knows that he is the old man's slave. He has answered "Right!" for the first time and, much more terrible than that, before any of the others in the conference room.

This, as I have said, is a violent sort of book. It is filled with: men who spend their last thirty-dollars for a hand-painted necktie, who light their Turkish cigarettes with hundred-and-fifty-dollar Dunhill lighters; with women who do not consider the normal use of a bed as the really significant one; with scheming Hollywoodites; with talk of Sheraton furniture, Provincial bedroom furniture, and—the payoff—with El Grecos. . . . "'I mean heavy dough. . . . The only time I get an impulse to make lots of money is when I see something like that El Greco at Korner's. God, I'd like to have it for my apartment.'" (That's Norman talking. He makes thirty-five thousand a year and he wants an El Greco, yet.)

The Hucksters is a significant book. It sets the style for the new kind of literature that the young writers of today are going to make for the readers of tomorrow. It is a glimpse of that new trend—not for realistic writing but, rather, for "Ultra" realistic writing. The society in which we

now live recognize the falsity of the types that make up this story. It is in this type of story we find that deep satisfaction that an "expose" gives. It is a bitter kind of book to be taken in a single dose, but it is a story that everyone should certainly read. To quote again from the story: "Evan Llewelyn Evans paused, reached in his mouth, jerked out a bridge of teeth and stuck them under Vic's nose—'I can see you've already got your teeth in our problem.'"

And that is what Wakeman has done in this second novel of his: He has gotten his teeth in the problem—the problem confronting us every day over our radio—the radio commercial.

—Peter Karajeannes

* * *

ANIMAL FARM, by George Orwell; New York, Harcourt Brace and Company, 1946

Here is fresh pasture for the grazing readers of satire. In a simple narrative that a child could enjoy, the author, with cruel and comic double meanings, presents a parable that may soon find a place among other great contemporary satires. Mr. Orwell has written in an anxious time about an anxious void of international politics, Russian Communism.

With expert hand, the author has set down phrase after phrase of troubled allegory without coyness or whimsicality, but instead with such gravity and charm that **Animal Farm** becomes an independent creation quite distant from the object of its comment. The experienced reader of satire might find shadows of Anatole France, or even of Swift, falling across the pages of Orwell's merciless wit.

Old Major, the prize boar of the Manor Farm, anticipating his death, has a dream he wishes to impart to the other animals. They assemble secretly at night in the barn: Pigs, dogs, horses, sheep, hens, pigeons—all the creatures of the farmstead; even the cat. They resolve no longer to be overworked and underfed by Mr. Jones, the cruel and drunk farmer. They would have a new civilization of their own, based on the simple test that four legs are better than man's two and his instrument of tyranny, the hand. Major dies, and the beasts rebel. Driving out the Joneses and hired hands, the animals begin management, calling their Utopia, Animal Farm. Naturally the pigs, with their quick wits, take charge. Around two rival boars, Napoleon and Snowball, we find the innocent community of equal creatures evolving into political parties. I won't tell more, but shall leave the hardly anticipated ironic climax for your reading pleasure.

Mr. Orwell's characterization of the various animals is truly skillful. The reader might well feel a comprehensive thrill as he sees the evolution of the tragic parallels suggested. **Animal Farm** is a wise and illuminating fable of our times.

—Ben De Luca

THE RUNAWAY HORSE

By EUGENE ANDERSON

The day had been one of hard work, bitter words, and dismal failure. I came back alone to an apartment shared with two other clerks to the peace delegation. Overcome by the indescribable fatigue of futility, I dropped into a leather-covered **chaise longue**, with my head resting limply on its top. From the angle of my position, my eyes were fixed without interest or intent upon the painting above the mantlepiece, a print of the famous **Coursier Emballe** by Gabriel T— . . .

There, crouched forward in the dust-laden chariot, his lips quivering from the fear in his breast, beads of sweat oozing from a terror-wrinkled brow, and his unsteady eyes on the fateful crossroads—is Man. No longer does the foaming charger heed the master's voice, now pleading, now cursing; but forward, ever faster, he takes his flight and strives, it seems, to leave behind all time and place.

For an instant Man's whole experience flashes before his mind. Countless times had he lost his way, often had he failed to choose the better road. Pain, war, misery, hunger, and the years had always atoned for the flaws of his judgment and the error of his ways. But now the steed he had trained for the chase was some heedless, soulless thing, tossing wildly its head, displaying every tooth in a spiteful grin, and pounding in patternless stride the dust and the storms.

Now the chariot, reeling from side to side, reaches the place of decision; now the black courser flexes his rippling sinews in the supreme orgies of his madness. One last thought dispels all others from the driver's fevered brain—that his is still the power to give direction to the mad flight he cannot stay; but, alas, it is a vain hope come to mock him, for he knows no better than that frothing monster the road he must take. He only senses that one means life, the other, death.

The Lady Wears a Fuse

When a guy claims a gal is cold, he should remember that so is dynamite until you start fooling around with it.

A Satirical Observation . . .

THE LADY MYTH

By CURTIS PEARCY

On this globe we call Earth are two distinct forms of human animal life, the male and the female. With all the many and varied differences of the sexes, there are a few similarities, one of which is the much-used art of deceit. Each woman tries to fool all men and all other women, and each man to fool all women and most of the other men. I shall not attempt to judge which of the sexes is more successful in the art; to do so would only be to lay my head on the block. Sometimes, however, the attempt to deceive others becomes so intense, is pushed ahead so hard, that a little self-deceit becomes inevitable, and such self deceit may in time grow to huge proportions. Hitler once said, in effect, that if you tell a lie big enough and tell it often enough, people, simple fools that they are, will accept it as truth. It can be further added that the liar, hearing himself tell the lie so fervently so often, will after a time forget that the lie is not the truth and is only to believed by the gullible, and will himself assume his own lie to be the ultimate in truth. When one such person starts believing his own lie, evil is almost certain to arise. When many such people start telling and believing the same lie, the dread results increase, not by a simple arithmetic progression, but by a much more intense geometric progression. The results in the end may well be catastrophic to the elements involved.

There is a lie, or a deceit, whichever you prefer, current among people in the United States, the elements of which are the two words **lady** and **woman.** The chance either of these two words has for survival becomes less as each day passes, with its passing leaving the imprint of the lie more deeply instilled in the minds of the people. The lie is the way we of today use the word **lady,** and the consequent use given to **woman.**

Traditionally, the names of the sexes have been **man** and **woman,** both implying the same degree of character. It is not that today. It is **man** and **lady.** A plausible explanation of the change is really quite simple. Turn back, if you will, a century or two to the time when man and woman was one thing, and lord and lady quite another. The man and woman were the common people—farmers, the laborers, those with hands worn by honorable toil. The lord and the lady were the aristocracy, the big shots, those whom the man and woman expected to be leaders. Gradually, the men, for one reason or another, probably mostly for flattery, began calling the wife of a common working man a "lady." This, in spite of its false character, greatly pleased the women. It made them feel higher in their own eyes. The more **lady** was used, the more womanhood desired to hear it used, and therefore the more men used it, and incidentally the more the women themselves used it. Another vicious cycle began rolling, gathering momentum as it moved. It is still moving, and adding to its force.

If perchance you have not noted the loose use of **lady,** you don't have to travel to find it. It is evident on fences and billboards, in cheap honkeytonks and exclusive clubs. Perhaps one of the most obvious places is a store, just about any store. The clerk, speaking to the typical female counterpart of the counterpart of the traditional straw-chewing hayseed, says something like this:

"No, ma'am, lady, we ain't got none of that." I do not by any stretch of the imagination advocate impoliteness, but isn't "lady" a little out of its traditional place in such a context?

Another case, perhaps even more noticeable because it sounds its dissonant chord from every wayside service station, is the placard indicating the rest rooms. The signs, for the information of those who have never ridden in an automobile, read on the one, "Men," and the other, "Ladies." My estimate is that of every twenty-five females crossing through the portal marked "Ladies," no more than five could be termed "Ladies" in the classic sense. Perhaps the percentage is even lower. I have no figures, and know of no one who has attempted to produce any. To get any truly accurate would be quite an undertaking, to say the least. Because of this, I find no reason not to give my estimate.

I hear in one of my neighbor's rooms a radio lustily praising a character called "The Gipsy." Who is not familiar with that "lady" in the quaint caravan? Every time I hear that song I almost want to tear my clothes in anguish. By what stretch of the imagination is a Gipsy fortuneteller a "lady"?

Another case, less common perhaps, is the policy of various night clubs to refuse admittance to "unescorted ladies." Now which **lady** would want to

attend a night club without an escort? I daresay the number would be far, far from legion. It would even approach zero. But still clubs do not admit "unescorted ladies."

What has this "lady" myth done to harm us? It has ruined one good word, **woman,** lowered **lady** in rank from the aloof and the exception to the commonplace and usual, and left vacant the space once well filled by **lady.** In general use, **woman** has come to imply a character of less integrity than the majority of females, by connotation retaining enough virtue to escape common immorality, yet almost approaching a degree of lewdness. **Lady** still clings to some vestiges of its former glory, but for the most part it has been reduced to mean an ordinary female. Future years may come to accept the meanings we have given **lady** and **woman,** and the people then may have no feeling against such usage. It will have become the standard, and previous meanings will be completely forgotten. There may even be coined a word to give the meaning which **lady** once had and has now so nearly vacated. In such an event, all would be smooth in the family of the language, and there would be no more grudges or family feuds. Today however, we struggle blindly, calling a person "lady" when we know we don't mean "lady," yet fear reproach if we call her "woman," and can do nothing to relieve our wretchedness. The disease has grown so acute that cure, I fear, is impossible. I only say, "Would that **lady** were purged from the English tongue and with it the ambiguity and falseness that it has brought down upon us.

A Diplomat

At a reception in Washington a young man was asked by a widow to guess her age. "You must have some idea," she said as he hesitated.

"I have ideas," he admitted. "The trouble is that I hesitate whether to make it 10 years younger on account of your looks, or 10 years older on account of your intelligence."

? ?

Once upon a time there was a traveling salesman who pulled up at a country farmhouse about dusk. The farmer's daughter came out to see what he wanted.

"Need any brushes today?" asked the man.

No, thanks," said she, "but won't you spend the night? Father isn't at home."

"Thank you, no. I've got a lot more work to do," he said, and drove off.

THE HARP

(From Page 7)

"Mine's Steve." He wanted to say everything to her but did not know how to begin. "I want to say ——"

"I know," she said, "I know."

"How could you?"

She bit her lower lip. She nodded her head fiercely and said, "I know, I know."

"Everything?"

"Everything."

"You're such a wonderful person," he said. "Do you mind my saying it?"

"No," she said, "I don't mind."

"What made you come?"

She bit her lip again. When she relaxed it, there were white, bloodless marks on it. "You," she said. "You. The note and you."

"I did not intend putting that much into the note. I **couldn't** have."

"You did, though," she said. "You put in all of it. What you said about knowing what went through my mind."

"Decadence?" he asked. Human decadence?"

"Yes," she said.

He became appalled with what had happened. The ultimateness of what had happened, the finality in the groping for so long, the answer, the bridging of good with good—it all went inside him and there was an explosion in his head. He could not breathe.

"Is this good?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said. "What do you think?"

"I think it's good. I think it's absolutely the end of many things for me. Do you understand?"

"Yes. I understand—everything. Please know that I do."

"I do. Yes, of course, I understand."

She began to cry softly.

"Please don't cry," he said. **"Please."**

"I can't help it; I must."

"Not now; **please."**

She wiped the tears away from her eyes with her hand.

"May I take you home?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. She looked at him and smiled. "If you'll let me cry."

"Yes," he said. "I think it'll be wonderful."

"Yes," she said, "I know."

They smiled together. He reached out and she gave him her hand. He grasped it, enclosing the small hand in his and, together, they got up and walked outside.

IN RETROSPECT

(From Page 4)

to keep in pace with the requirements and have a pleasing social existence.

Our friend had heard of an organization called the Student Christian Association. He remembered the life of Christ and was eager to learn how His life's teachings would be directly applied to Wofford campus life. He thought that the squirrels and birds, if they heard, would like this kind of meeting, because, of course, Christ wanted to give them a "good deal." Attending the meeting, he found men freely and graciously admitting the truth of Christ's teachings and he liked the praise they issued by beautiful song. But he pondered, a little worried. Would these men in the quiet moments of worship think thoughts that would make them more pure and complete? Would they in the stillness sense the way Nature intended man to deal with man and man with animal? Would they gain something solid which would make them happier in a manly way and which would increase their understanding of what is their duty to life? He thought deeply and believed that some of these men would gain these things. For these precious services, the organization well merited its position on the campus.

Still deeply puzzled, our friend asked himself why the same group attended each time the Christian meetings. He did not sincerely believe this group was truly much more religious than other groups. He wondered if there were such a thing as mechanical Christianity, but, of course, was ashamed of the thought. The truth, he later surmised, was that over the years an aversion had grown in the minds of a large number of students to the campus Christian meetings. Perhaps it had been due to an attitude of self-righteousness taken by those who did attend. It encouraged the traveler to note that in many cases a different attitude was becoming prevalent and that at these meetings a sincere fellowship was being felt. It seemed that if true Christianity continued to be manifested here, the Thursday night meetings would not suffer from the lack of young faces.

It was Friday morning and the classes had begun. The traveler sat next to his selected student, who had not prepared his lesson for that day. His friend was miserable. Possessed of an active mind, he writhed in the displeasure of having no foundation for arriving at sensible conclusions on subjects which were being discussed. Squirming miserably through the first hour, he desperately thought that he could find refuge in the affections of the girl he loved. Even if his professors belittled him and his friends laughed, this girl would stand by. Thus he became dependent on her for something which he should not have been. Having heard previous talk about this romance, our friend was quick to sense the situation. He believed in love for the sake of love, not love for the sake of consolation, and he doubted the truth of this professed love.

Later in the morning, the unsuspected traveler attended chapel services. Here, as customary, a hymn was sung, a responsive reading rendered and a prayer prayed. Remembering some other stagnant qualities of the school, he questioned if this stagnation of religious services had not cast its hypnotic spell on them. He had read, in a Wofford publication, that religion is the greatest motivating force in the world. Could it not also be true that religion is the greatest retarding force when it itself is inert. Thus thinking, our friend was much confused. He felt in a way as one who has stepped on and crushed a beautiful flower, because he knew that during these chapel programs many men were inspired to the living of a more manly life and also that during these pauses in the day one could sort out his thoughts and live the rest of the day more intelligently and pleasantly.

Our friend now thought of the founder. What was his intention in founding Wofford College? Then glancing over the faces of Wofford men as they sat and listened, he wondered about what was in the mind of each. Many, he concluded, were intellectually looking at life and wisely preparing themselves for it. The founder would be content. Those who had worked for Wofford during the past ninety-three years would be content in proportion to the love and interest they had taken in the school.

Yes, there were academic imperfections and heart-breaking romances, hour upon hour of wasted time and social quarrels; but, when the wind had blown these past, there remained something called Wofford. Who, thought the friend, could define it? Was it fellowshhip and the joy of reading, worship and the bare truth of texts? Was it putting knowledge together and associating it with life; or was it observing life like a football player watching a game, and then dashing into the game to play it vigorously and to win a personal victory, win or lose the team.

Ah, responded the traveler, these are at least a part of Wofford. Perhaps it was enough to conclude that the right kind of grass was growing green here where the right kind of soil was fertile.

He walked by the building of living and strolled contemplatively about the campus, passing by the library, and then stopped, standing before the Main

Building. Here he fully sensed the strength of ninety-three years of manhood engaged in high endeavor. He was at this time an unhappy person, for he had looked at the present Wofford men and not seen the best that was in them. Sometime, when he was a better man, he said to himself, he would like to come back and have another look. He had taken the easy task of criticism, and now that he had expounded his cynicism, he was quite sick within himself.

This Wofford, he now realized, was built from the greatness of those he might easily have criticized for being too serious in their religious beliefs, too social-minded in their campus life or not being well-rounded.

The humble man walked away, and climbed the hill from which he had first seen Wofford. Another traveler waited on the hill to ask our friend, "Is there much of interest and value under those twin towers in the distance?"

"More than I had the power, goodness and understanding to appreciate," said our friend.

NOCTURNE

(From Page 12)

the back of an eastern hill. She peeped stealthily over and, after a moment of hesitance, she boldly lifted her slight body upwards, beginning her long course across the darkness just like a little yellow boat sailing playfully across the waves at night. And at once the song of the nightingale permeated the atmosphere with happy vocalisms, as if the composer had been waiting for that very moment to begin: "Life is beautiful! Life is cruel! And yet . . . Life is beautiful because it is cruel . . ." The song went on in its unexpected variations. After a while, another song coupled the first and the melody became a harmony, a majestic hymn to love, life and eternity.

Arthur lay down upon the grass. He let his body become immersed in the piercing freshness of the damp soil. Life is beautiful because it is cruel . . . All the great books have spoken of that, haven't they? There is happiness, they say, because there is much misery. What would life mean if every little instant were a happy one?

The song of the nightingales had now ceased; the breeze was slowly retreating to its dark caverns and the waves far behind the buildings were going to sleep at the bottom of the vast sea. One after another the windows of the dormitories became dark. Only that small moon was still sailing rapidly toward the harbor of golden dreamland.

The young man remained motionelss. He had gradually become anxious to learn the secrets of creation . . .

. . . The last yellow leaves pitifully began their way down, the inevitable trail to their graves. They looked fearfully at the gloomy clouds moving threateningly toward them. The west wind blew boastfully over their humiliated heads and a little later the first heavy drops struck pitilessly their pale faces . . .

It rained for days, and then there were no leaves left on the ground; just a brown mass hardly distinguishable from the soil. The little leaves had sent their frightened souls far below the surface, near the roots of their mothers. There they slept for months. But there came the day they all awoke and their tender hearts were filled with happiness. They hurried to the roots.

"Ay! Wake up! Spring is coming! The sun is coming! Open the doors! We want to go up again; we want to open the windows of our house!"

The doors were opened and the "juicy" souls of the "deceased" leaves climbed quickly over the dark and frozen pathways of the trunks and twigs and—at last! Oh! They were right behind the light and life! They timidly opened the windows and cautiously stretched their arms out in the fresh air and the bright morning sunshine, looked with wide-open eyes at the myriads of colors scattered around, washed their faces with liquefied diamonds of the morning dew, and cried joyously:

"How great it is to live again among living creatures! How great to exist even as a tiny part of this huge world! How magnificent life is indeed! We had not really died, had we brothers? What else is death but the prelude to life? And life? Isn't it the main part of a symphony without finale? God must have made His creatures to live forever, passing from one world to another, but never actually dying. It is the mystery of creation that makes this earthly life charming and significant. If we could know everything, what would this moment mean to us but a dreary experience of a knowledge without charm? . . But let us start our daily work, brothers! We have much to do, today and tomorrow . . ."

. . . The big bell on the tower of the chapel pealed the hour: One . . . Two . . . Eleven! The bus was leaving in half-an-hour. He got up decissively and threw back his head as he was going in to call a taxi. Lena had died this evening and that was the end of her miserable life on earth and certainly the beginning of a new one. Perhaps—who can ever tell?—she is already happy and satisfied. Mother must realize that by all means. No tears should be shed over Lena's grave . . .

THE TIE AND THE GUN

(From Page 10)

did not appear. But occasionally, from the adjoining room, we heard the murmur of women's voices.

It never occurred to any of us that the coroner, who arrived about an hour and a half later, must have considered it a ridicuous sight. Twelve scared freshmen, pale, sitting around a body, looking dignified. Twelve freshmen, who were capable of doing exactly nothing. We could not have given him a word of information if he had asked for it—but apparently he knew that, for he did not condescend to speak to us.

He walked in, escorted by the woman, obviously angry because he had to come seven miles on a cold evening just because some crazy college freshman had been fool enough to kill himself. He stood there a moment, looked us all over, let out a snort and walked over to Squeams. With one shove he rolled him over on his back, ripped open his coat and shirt, then muttered "Three."

Each of us took his turn at bending down to peer at the body. For this, we knew, was an event—similar to the moment when the senators bent over the body of Julius Caesar. There was no blood—just three purplish indentations over his heart. And beside him was the gun—which his body, until now, had hidden from our view. I shall never forget the gleam which the firelight cast on the shiny barrel of that revolver. We saw all this—but the thing we had noticed first was his face—a ghostly white face which set off, even more than usual, his overgrown, bushy, tar-colored eyebrows.

Those eyebrows were the first thing anyone noticed about Squeams. Without them, we might never have even known his name. He was a big, husky, athletic-looking fellow—but he had little time for the things that interested us. He spent his time tending the furnaces, doing odd jobs, and studying—at least, we supposed he studied. We never saw him around. We knew nothing about him except that he was not sociable and that he liked some girl named Ethel.

The coroner looked up and mumbled something to the woman. She left, and in a moment returned, followed by the girl.

That was the first time we had ever seen Ethel. She gave the impression of being arrogant and lazy, but later none of us could deny that she was attractive, even when spiteful. Her brief answers to the coroner's questions were calm—almost insolent.

"He asked me to marry him. I said no, and he shot himself. That's the whole story. That's all I know."

I could not imagine gruff, hefty, unfriendly Squeams shooting himself because of a girl. Yet I could not help but believe Ethel. She made a statement; she expected us to believe her; automatically we did so.

The coroner turned back to the body, and as we waited, we watched Ethel. And she watched us. Her eyes flipped casually around the group—and I felt them stop momentarily at my throat. It was then that I noticed for the first time that I had not yet fixed my red tie. I reached up and immediately slipped it into a perfect bow.

I remembered every detail of that evening, as I stood there before my mirror. And in thinking back, I neglected the present stubborn black tie. But it had been neglected for only a few moments when my door opened again.

She stood there, said, "Come here! I'll fix it for you." I walked over to her, let her tie it, and started to follow her from the room. Then I turned back, took a key from my pocket, and walked over to the desk drawer. I looked in at the revolver, hastily closed the drawer, locked it, and dropped the key down the ventilator.

No woman—not even Ethel—is worth two suicides.

Flowers for All Occasions

* * *

FRED'S FLOWER SHOP

* * *

We Wire Flowers

Montgomery Building Phone 1452

Absent-Minded

"What's the matter here?" asked the policeman of the battered man lying on the sidewalk outside an apartment house.

"Oh, just absent-mindedness," was the reply.

"What are you talking about?" retorted the officer.

"Well, you see, I live on the fourth floor of this building. My wife and I are both very absent-minded. I just came home from a business trip and my wife and I were at dinner when a step sounded in the hall, and someone tried the door. Well, my wife is so absent-minded that she said, 'Goodness, here comes my husband!' and I'm so absent-minded that I jumped out of the window."

FACULTY ACTIVITIES

The following football game was taken from the 1923 Bohemian.

Activities and allurements of the faculty, this great college is not sapping wholesome college life of its vitality and we would not consider this edition complete without mentioning these various activities. The members of the faculty here are not decrepit and delicate as some would think them to be; they are a jolly, sport-loving collection of the worthiest descendent of Adam. Their love for sports was manifested in a recent football game which was the feature event of the gridiron season. The challenge was accepted in all due seriousness and a meeting of the Faculty was called in order that a captain might be elected. At this meeting much disagreeable turmoil and wrangling was prevalent. Heine called the meeting to order and stated the purpose of the meetings. Immediately every member jumped to his feet and amidst the scrambling and uproar "Mace's" voice was heard, "I am the Dean of this college, I am the biggest man on the faculty and the boys fear me more than they do anybody else; therefore, I think that I ought to be captain of this team," were Mace's rapidly spoken words. Then "Heine" arose and with determined gestures and flowery language, said "Gentlemen of the Faculty, do you not regard the honor of this institution, have you no respect for its president? I am surprised that you have not already elected me to pilot this aggregation."

Then in a quivering voice Uncle Gus spoke thus: "Hold on a minute, you boys. I have been here two—four—eight—twenty years—since the falling of the stars. Surely you have respect for age, why not let me lead this squad to victory?" Then Uncle Dan broke in: "That's no argument; I remember when Gus was a boy."

Before Uncle Dan had finished all his remarks, "Fish" somewhat cooled the faculty with his spray-like language, "Now, sh' gentlemen, I shink, you are going too fast. Dr. Schiles is head of the department and I shink you ought to s' choose s' him as head of sz' his team."

Thus the meeting continued, we do not know how long, but it was in the wee small hours of the night that the members of the faculty were seen trudging wearily homeward. Excitement was intense the following morning when the students assembled in the chapel. Every member of the faculty was present with a serious look on his face. With majestic stride Heine came nearer to the students and with a determined look of a Napoleon on his face read the results of the meeting.

Upon the suggestion of Fish Salmon, he declared, the faculty deemed it wise to elect Jimmie Childs captain of this team (tremendous applause), and it was also agreed that we accept (more applause) the challenge of the Varsity on the following conditions:

First, that the game shall be played on Snyder Field on the 31st day of November, 1922, beginning not earlier than 3 P.M. (and with a trembling downward stroke of his hand)—and it shall not end until the last member of the faculty has been taken off the field on a stretcher (thundering applause from the faculty).

Second. That the faculty will present the following line-up:

Bill Pugh	R.E.	Fish Salmon	L.E.
Heine Snyder	R.T.	Knotty Rembert	Q.B.
Mace DuPre	R.G.	Dunc Wallace	R.H.
Gus Gamewell	C.	Dan Dupre	L.H.
Jim Chiles	L.G. (capt.)	Clink Clinkscales	F.B.
Pug Trawick	L.T.		

Substitutes—Frog Waller, John Harris and Bo Passmore.

Third. That we deem it wise that we have Peg Shuler act as head linesman, other officials selected by opposing team.

This agreement was satisfactory to the Varsity.

On the 31st of November, immediately after the mid-day meal, the students went hurriedly to Snyder Field, where the stupendous gridiron classic was to be staged. Amidst the cheers and applause of the immense body of spectators, the faculty came, grandly clad in periwinkle jerseys, Irish-green stockings and polka-dot trousers, confidently jogged upon the field at 2:59 P.M., followed by Rip's Terriers. Due to the fact that Uncle Dan entirely forgot about the game Frog Waller was inserted in the line-up to take Uncle Dan's place. Hoole kicked off for the Terriers; Dunc received the ball on the faculty's forty-yard line. Dunc, in a state of bewilderment immediately throws the ball to Knotty; Knotty, shouting "Ex Nihil Nihilo fit," throws the ball back to Dunc. Gross the fleet-footed quarterback hits Dunc and throws him for a loss of 17 yards. In the collision, Dunc bounded out of bounds and the ball bounded into the elongated Player's arms, who, after gaining 80 yards, was out run by Gamewell, who cut Player down

on the faculty's 10-yard line. Snyder called time-out and Wallace, with glistening tears running down his cheeks, was carried to the showers bitterly pleading for a glass of sweet milk. Bo Passmore, after gracefully jogging about before the stands, hastens to take Wallace's place.

The Terriers attempt a forward pass, but the ball is halted by Mace's voice and falls incomplete. The Terriers next complete a criss-cross, but it was successfully broken up by Fish Salmon. Bill Pugh called time-out and advisedly said, "Heine, I suggest that you do not try that play again."

The Terriers then resorted to line plunges, but are met with an impenetrable stone wall composed of Chiles, DuPre and Gamewell. The ball goes over. Rembert calls Clinkscales back to punt. Clinkscales declines, offering an excuse. Snyder calls time-out and says to Clinkscales "Excusa Accusa." Clinkscales becomes furious and kicks the ball 98 yards for a field goal. End of first quarter—Faculty 3, Terriers 0.

Uncle Dan, who has been reminded that this was the day for the great game, hurried to the field and took Waller's place. "Pug" Trawick kicks off for the Faculty. Robertson catches the ball and is tackled in his tracks by the speedy Pugh. In an attempted line buck somebody steps on Mace's foot and six husky Terriers were knocked out before the whistle could be blown. Chiles falls on the ball and buries it four inches in the ground. On the next play, quarter-back Rembert calls DuPre back for a long end run. Gamewell shoots a beautiful spiral back to DuPre, who forgets the direction of his goal and runs toward the Terriers' goal. But before the goal is reached he is overtaken by the swift running Gamewell, who throws DuPre on the 10-yard line. In the next play Pugh was carried off the field and was succeeded by John Harris. As the next play was beginning, the whistle blew, announcing the end of the first half.

Score: Faculty 3, Terriers 0.

During the intermission between the halves, Captain Chiles led his teammates to a remote corner of Snyder Field for a brief and determined conference. And from there came swollen breezes bearing the echoes of Heine's orations and Fish Salmon's suggestions.

The referee blows his whistle for the second half, and the Faculty team rushes upon the field.

During this quarter there was no spectacular features. The ball remaining throughout the quarter in mid-field. The following men were carried to the showers on stretchers: Captain Chiles and Clinkscales.

End of the third quarter. Score, Faculty 3, Terriers 0.

During the third quarter the Terriers rushed the ball to the Faculty's 7-yard line. But then were unable to cross the goal line on account of the encouragement of Snyder's continuous remark: "They shall not pass." The Terriers attempt a number of criss-crosses, but are continually broken up by Fish Salmon. Though the Faculty's team was weakened by the absence of several players, they fought valiantly with that do or die spirit, and forced the Terriers to give up the offense—time out. Captain Chiles returns to the game, and before the next play was begun he remarked to Salmon, "Ha, ha, ha, Mis-ter Salmon, they thought they had me out of this game," Salmon replied, "Docta Shiles you had better stay out of this game."

On the next play the faculty tried a line plunge over right guard. At the completion of this play, rising from the bottom of a tumbled mass of human beings, was heard DuPre. A. Mase remarked, "Uh-huh, uh-huh, trying to come over me, eh?" The play was repeated and quarter-back Rembert goes over right guard for a gain of 40 yards. The Faculty fought desperately for another score and carried the ball to the Terriers 3-yard line and there the referee's whistle announced that the game was over. Immediately all the Faculty's players collapsed and stretchers were brought to carry them off the field. But Uncle Gus, Bo Passmore, and Fish Salmon refused to be carried off the field. As the brilliant autumn sun was slowly gliding downward in all its splendor over the western horizon, these three stalwart heroes, covered with the golden dust of the battle, gathered themselves in the middle of the field and gave 17 glorious rahs for the victory.

Score: Faculty 3, Terriers 0.

Band & White

★

Good Printing

★

S. S. Wallace, Jr., Owner

Telephone 362 - 363 Spartanburg, S. C.

Paths of Glory

★

A Vignette

★

By LEWIS WATTS

The mist was becoming ice; the wind was stalking its prey—it was a forbidding Christmas in the depths of that man-made maelstrom. Ice-bullets whipped huddled shoppers along the sidewalks and into the doorways. They were cold, restless, excited, febrile; but their cheerful Christmas temper had been banished by the scourge of cold. A heavy coat of ice on the concrete was precipitating a bizarre comedy of errors which, viewed through the flamboyant neon pallor, heightened its grotesquerie. It was late afternoon.

Hurrying to catch the suburban express, suddenly he stopped. No one else was heeding the old woman, but he seemed to discover something strange about her—something that was to him strange enough to make him miss the express for the first time in six years (that is, if one did not include V-E Day).

She had just sat down on the curb and was pulling a brown paper bag from under her thin coat. She placed the parcel in her lap and then bent her head in reverence. After reaching in the bag, extracting a rudely constructed sandwich, eating it simply refolding the bag, and replacing it beneath her coat, the old woman again inclined her head. Her lips moved in prayer, a prayer of thanks inaudible to anyone but God and herself. He was deeply moved.

After she had gotten up and had once more placed herself beside her pencil stand, he approached her. Committing for the first time in his life an act of pure generosity, he pulled a ten-dollar bill from his wallet and gave it to her. "God bless you, sir," cried she, while slipping the bill beneath her coat. He was happy.

All that evening and night he remained ecstatic, but that night he fell asleep immediately without the aid of his customary pill. He dreamed of her.

The next morning was as beautiful as the previous afternoon had been depressing. The sun coruscated on crisp snow. Crystal-veneered tree branches etched beauty across the soft deceptive blue of the winter sky. The landscape was frozen into a classical gem. He thought of her.

He went downtown on the express. Throngs of workers were hurrying briskly. Sunlight poured over the brink of the wall formed by many Towers of Babel. Bells were tinkling and carols were coming from the department stores. The display windows were in their most brilliant plumage. The scene was one of riotous hilarity. Then he noticed an unfamiliar pencil peddler—a man—standing at her corner.

Upon query the man replied, "The old dame? Too bad about her. Of course I'm sorry, but the Boss would of put her on some other spot soon, anyway. She was getting right old; I'm lucky to get her beat. It sure is the best in town. Maybe it's best it happened this way. She . . . What? Oh! Well, you see, she doped. Well, last night she got enough dough to buy more shots than she could hold. They found her in the East River about th—" It was a beautiful winter morning.

Wofford College

SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

1854-1946

1. Standard four-year College of the Liberal Arts and Sciences for men only.

2. Offers courses that lead to Medicine, Law, Business, Engineering, Teaching and Preaching.

3. Member of the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges. The Southern University Conference. On the approved list of the Association of American Universities.

4. Library of 40,000 volumes. Adequate Laboratory facilities in Chemistry, Physics, Biology, and Electricity.

5. Voluntary Senior R. O. T. C. Unit.

6. All forms of intercollegiate athletic and intramural sports.
   Field House for indoor sports and physical training.
   Stadium and playing fields for outdoor sports.
   Comfortable Dormitories.

Write for Catalogue and Full Information to

WALTER K. GREENE

President

Gifts for All Occasions

RUFUS D. LEWIS
JEWELER
"THE STORE OF DEPENDABILITY"

146 East Main Street
Phone 918 Spartanburg, S. C.

FOREMOST DAIRIES

ICE CREAM
and
MILK

Jarman Shoes Dobbs Hats

PRICE'S
YOUNG MEN'S SHOP
123 North Church Street
At Kennedy

Manhattan Shirts Beau-Brummel Neckwear

1845 1946

THE DuPRE BOOK STORE

★

Students Cordially Welcomed

★

194 E. Main Street Phone 78

OUR RECORD DEPARTMENT

Featuring: Decca, Decca-Capitol, A.R.A.-R.C.A.Victor Records

THE BEST SUPPLY IN TOWN

BELK-HUDSON CO.

Wofford's First Launderers

* * *

SPARTANBURG
LAUNDRY
Phones 32 and 543

HAMMOND - BROWN -
JENNINGS COMPANY

FURNITURE

167 N. Church Street Phone 3700

EFIRD'S

Spartanburg's Best
Department Store
COMPLETE OUTFITTERS TO
MEN AND BOYS

WELCOME, WOFFORD

•

CAROLINA — PALMETTO
STATE *THEATRES*

•

Spartanburg's Best Entertainment
STAGE and SCREEN

LA PETITE
RESTAURANT

College Headquarters

The Best Place to Eat in Town

Oldest Print Shop
In Spartanburg
Under Same Management . . .

WM. L. ALTMAN
PRINTER
151 Commerce Street :: Phone 2034
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

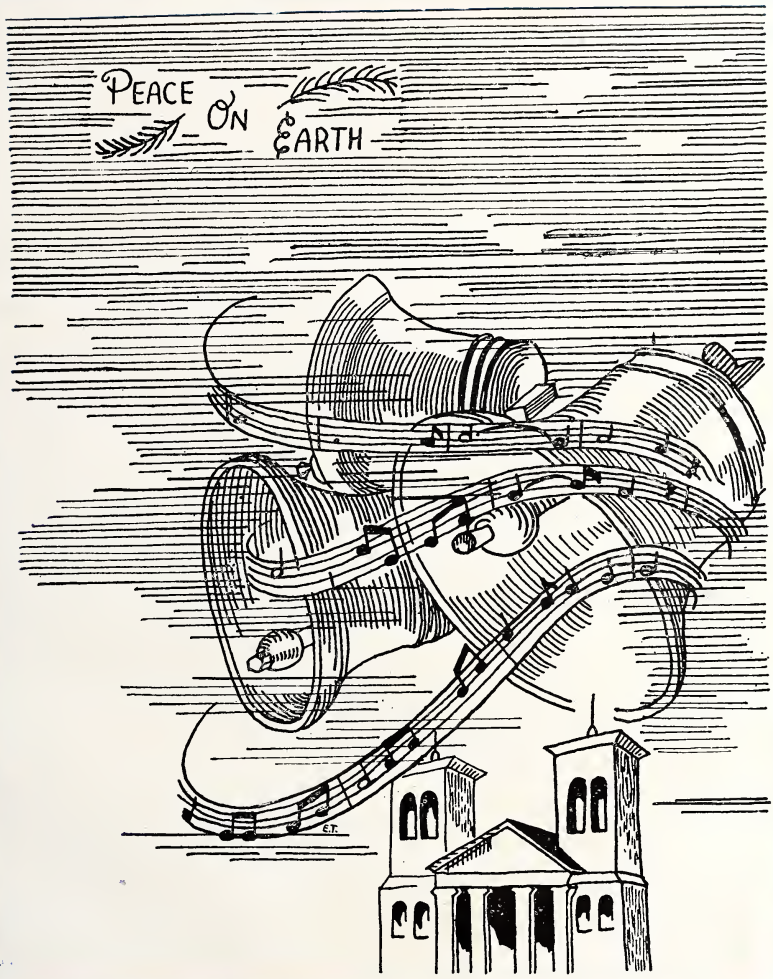
MONTGOMERY WARD
* * *
Spartanburg's
Complete Department Store

EAT
at
The Elite
"Where the Elite Meet to Eat"

THE GEER DRUG COMPANY
★
Wholesale Druggists
★
Charleston :: Spartanburg
Greenville
South Carolina

Copyright 1946, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Journal



WOFFORD COLLEGE

December 1946

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE

JOURNAL

Volume LVII Number 2

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... Dick McTeer
Assistant Editor ..... Ben De Luca, Jr.
Poetry Editor ..... Warren L. Molton
Art Editor ..... Eben Taylor
Layout Editor ..... Chauncey Lever

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

John Mandanis
Joe Erwin
Peter Karageannes
George Wannamaker

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager ..... Bobby G. Collins
Assistant Business Manager ..... Paul Anderson
Circulation Manager ..... Robert Boykin
Assistant Circulation Manager ..... Robert Cuttino
Advertising Assistant ..... James Greer
Faculty Financial Advisor ..... Kenneth D. Coates
Typists ..... John Willis and Lewis Watts

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, Spartanburg, South Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Journal, Wofford College Literary Magazine, Published by the Student Body five times during the School Year: November, December, February, March, and May. Subscription Rate, $1.25 per Year.

CONTENTS

THE JOURNAL

Table of Contents

The Children of Freedom ..... John P. Mandanis, Page 3

Le Francais and I ..... Dick McTeer, Page 5

Weep Not for Me ..... Ben De Luca, Page 6

Fascinating Writing ..... Kathleen Hayes, Page 8

An Unfound Door ..... Helen Jones, Page 9

From the Note Book ..... Peter Karageannes, Page 10

Rhyming Thoughts ..... Page 12

Out of the Darkness ..... Robert Cuttino, Page 14

Is There Hope? ..... Theron E. Montgomery, Page 16

Excerpts from a College Professor's Diary ..... Page 21

A Profile of a Perfectionist ..... Eugene Anderson, Page 23

Success or Failure? ..... Glen Long, Page 25

A Christmas Story *by* John P. Mandanis

The Children of Freedom

Long ago, the day had begun its journey toward the west. The sun had not appeared. There was only a gray-white sky speedily approaching the earth. Nature stood still in expectation. . . . Something important was going to happen in a short while. The white bride of the north was apparently coming to the south, determined to clear away all earthly evil. . . .

Ares was looking out through the window-pane. For the first time in his life he felt, somehow, unhappy because of the coming snow. His thoughts shifted back to the past years, when he used to stay for hours behind the closed window waiting impatiently for the first timid snow-flakes, while the logs in the fire-place were consuming their energy, and his heart was dancing in the midst of a pleasant feeling of security. He would then try to distinguish the little cotton pieces that whirled their tiny bodies in the air, until he saw them settling down, dissolving at the touch of the still warm soil, but after a while covering the earth with their purity. This time, however, Ares was unable to feel the thrill of those old days. Snow meant only cold, misery and death nowadays. Snow was not beautiful any more. . . . And yet, there was a slight reminiscence of that feeling in his heart which forced him to turn his eyes to the falling snow and dismiss, for a moment, the thoughts of the present. He liked the snow; he always would.

He turned his eyes toward the old clock on the wall. Just then, a graceful little lady in crinoline and a handsome gentleman of the eighteenth century stepped out of a small wooden door and began delightfully dancing a Mozart minuet. They kept dancing for a few seconds and finally retired into their dark house with a last look of dignified solemnity. Immediately after, a little bell at the top of the clock slowly announced the hour: Ten o'clock in the morning of December 24, 194—. Tomorrow was Christmas; the first Christmas of the occupation. Ares threw a sad glance at the extinguished fire in the fireplace and tried to warm up his frozen fingers with his warm breath, looking for the last time at the thickly falling snow. Then he sat on the stool before the old piano, his mother's inheritance from his grandmother. He touched softly the keyboard, his eyes half-closed and his lips slightly twisted in anticipation. Then he pressed the keys softly and the first notes lingered around in embarrassment. A melancholy melody it was, which gradually yielded to a series of powerful accords and scales that overflowed the room with an unrestrained outburst of protest and revolt. Ares was now playing with eyes completely closed, his face reflecting the inward light of a faintly suspected might and vitality. . . . The notes of revolt were now dying away, and a strangely happy melody entered timidly into the world. It was a hymn to eternal life—a hail to the, as yet, remote dawn of a coming spring. Ares was seized by that excitement of satisfaction and pleasure which comes after a piece of art is transfused from the imagination of the creator into the concrete form of reality. He had at last discovered the continuation of his composition. "That's it!" he thought exultingly, "that and nothing else!" An unexpectedly optimistic crescendo went up the channels of emotion and then a solid firm accord concluded the composition.

He stood motionless for a moment and then turned the written sheets and, at the top of the first page, wrote:

SONATA IN E MAJOR, or THE SONATA OF FREEDOM.

"Splendid! Beautiful! Superb!" Ares turned. His mother stood leaning against the door, her blue eyes fixed on the falling snowflakes.

"Ares, my dear son!" she said, and her eyes were swollen with tears, "this is your best composition. This is really great music! My son a famous composer! Isn't that what you want to become, Ares?"

"Yes, mother. I want to put into my music all the world within me, all the sufferings and hopes of our people. I want to be the voice of Greece. I want to show that the Greek spirit has never died; that it will live forever."

"Yes, Ares, I'm sure you are able to do all of that. But come, you haven't eaten anything today. It's past noon."

He got up and went to the dining-room. A small slice of bread with a thin spread of butter—that was all.

"Tomorrow we will have a good Christmas dinner," mother said with a sad smile. "If only I could feed you a little better!" She sighed and left the room.

Ares ate the bread and his mind went back to that miserable mother and her baby that he had seen two days ago dying at the corner of a street. They had died from starvation. The church bells were now announcing the coming birth of a baby who later was to become the eternal symbol of love and peace among men and nations. Yes, Christmas was at hand! The church bells were ringing again in merriment. But Ares could not connect their song with the happy event. Instead of the birth of Christ they were telling the world of the death of a mother and a child, of thousands of mothers and children who were dying every day.

"Tony is here, Ares," he heard his mother calling him. He got up and went into the living-room.

"Hello, Tony!"

Tony was sitting at the piano. He was playing the last movement of **The Sonata of Freedom.**

"That's unbelievable!" he exclaimed, when he heard Ares' voice. "That's inconceivably great! My dear friend, that's it! The Sonata of Freedom! Our freedom—still living in our hearts in spite of the Germans and the Italians. Look here, Ares, I want you to go with me to Peter's home, right now! You remember I have told you about his mother who was killed during the first Italian air bombardment of our town. I think this is the right time for you to meet him."

"Let's go then!" Ares said. "I am anxious to meet Peter."

The snow was still falling in thick masses. The two friends walked hurriedly down the street, over the untrodden white surface. Very few people were passing. In the windows of the stores there was practically nothing displayed. Most of the stores were closed. Only a few had been bold enough to show some old toys.

A little boy of about seven had stopped in front of the window of a toy store. His eyes were looking yearningly at a little bright-colored train. He had flattened his frozen nose against the dim pane and breathed briskly, his thin little body shivering from the severe cold. A few Italian and German trucks were passing now and then through Central Avenue. One could hear the soldiers singing the Christmas carols of their countries. There was a strange, nostalgic tone in the soldiers' songs, a desire to fly back home and join the family. . . . The little boy had decided at last to leave the window. He started crossing the street, his eyes still fixed on the beautiful train. A German truck was coming at top speed from Central Square, but the boy was not aware of it. He was dreaming now that he was the privileged possessor of the train. And then . . .

"Aa-aa-h!" a woman's scream pierced the air, and all the passers-by saw the poor little dreamer lying motionless on the snow. His head was completely deformed and his arms and legs broken. The blood had stained the purity of the snow with a loud red. The German truck had disappeared in the distance. In a few minutes, an old truck with a painted red cross arrived and two men came out and picked up the little body.

"Perhaps he is the luckiest of all among us," an old man beside the two friends murmured in meditation.

In front of the door of an old house, Tony broke the silence that followed the tragic event.

"This is Peter's home. Be sure, Ares, to see the portrait of his mother that he made after she died. Before the war he was a student at the School of Technology."

They knocked at the old, rotten door. A sixteen-year-old girl opened. She threw a sidelong glance at Ares when she said:

"Hello, Tony! So glad to see you again." Her face had a distinct trace of pain and worry.

"Irene, this is my friend, Ares M—. This is Peter's sister, Ares. Is Peter here?"

"He has just come in."

They went up the stairs and entered a large living-room, rather poorly furnished. After a short while Peter came in. He was a slender, blue-eyed, blond young man. His face was startlingly pale.

"Hello, Tony. This is Ares, I suppose. Tony has told me a lot about you and your music, Ares. I am glad to meet you."

They spoke on many subjects that afternoon, their main concern centering around the happenings of the day.

"Have you heard about the formation of the underground forces?" Peter asked suddenly. "They have already been organized and they expect to start operating very soon. Allied planes have begun dropping ammunition in certain secret spots on the mountains. You know, I have been seriously thinking about it these last few days and I have now decided to join them. After all, one person less in the family to be fed. I have tried hard to find a job but, as you know, that is impossible. Besides, my mother's tragic death demands this of me. I am not seeking revenge, but something within me urges me toward that direction. . . . This is my mother, Ares," he said, pointing to a large portrait on the wall. The same blue eyes, the same fine lips, the same slightly hooked nose.

The conversation went on along the same line. Finally Ares and Tony got up, ready to leave. Then

(Turn to Page 18)

LE FRANCAIS AND I

DICK McTEER

This essay is written at the request of Dr. J. A. Chiles, Wofford's beloved professor of modern languages. I don't know exactly whether Dr. Chiles wishes that this be an illustration of how **not** to study French, or how finally to pass the course. My guess is that Dr. Chiles is just curious to know how I finally **did** pass the first two semesters of Elementary French.

I shall endeavor to present a turbulent battle between, on one side, a college professor and a French grammar, and, on the other, a poor freshman.

My struggle with this fascinating language began in my junior year in high school, September, 1942. Immediately following a good arm-twisting by the school principal, I casually enrolled in a first year French class. Little did I know how long I would continue to study this foreign tongue—two full years were in store for me.

The high school teacher and I did not see eye-to-eye on various issues—past and present—and we liked each other even less after my beginning of a French career. Love, it seems, was so absent from our relationships that one room could not contain us in peace—I dropped the course immediately after our first recitation.

Two years following my brief high school French encounter, I enrolled at Wofford. Dr. Norton introduced me to five ideal freshman courses, one of which was a study of the French language. I really did not care to continue my association with this language, but in my heart there was a determination—a grim determination—to meet this seemingly irrepressible thing called French—and conquer it!

I was assigned to a Tuesday-Thursday-Saturday class, beginning promptly at eleven, under the able tutelage of Dr. Chiles. Roughly, there were fifteen students, including yours truly, at the first class meeting. Fifteen young men were there—willing to give their all to pass this one course. (Please note: This was the first class meeting; attitudes were later to change.)

Dr. Chiles entered the spacious classroom and scanned this scholarly-looking group, vainly hoping to find a possible "A" student. (One can easily find an "A" student in any class: **It** sits on the very front seat with **its** pencil poised, and **its** head always ready to nod in any direction in response to the teacher's word.)

Dr. Chiles' careful scrutiny was interrupted as he gazed upon a beaming, dark-haired lad, Pepsodent smile and all, sitting on the front seat. The lad peered obnoxiously around the corners of a gray French grammar labeled: **The Fundamentals of French.** That student was I. I sat there trying in vain to look intelligent, but from his expression, I knew I had failed miserably.

Across the room sat another smiling lad proudly displaying his dental work.. A loosely hanging mop of red hair decorated his cranium. His rosy cheeks were stretched in smile—partially hiding his sound-detector-like ears. This gay-looking, happy-go-lucky lad was the pride and joy of Tucapau—Walter Sloan in person.

Dr. Chiles continued instruction and the walls resounded with echoes of **Parlez vous Francais.** Walter and I sat there with poised pencils and nodding heads, but neither of us knew what the score was. In fact, we didn't even know who was playing! Considering that Walter slept openly and I dreamed all during classtime, Dr. Chiles was very patient. The entire roomful of students would applaud openly when Dr. Chiles was able to catch one of us awake long enough to ask us a question. There would have been pandemonium had we answered a query—but neither of us did.

One of the primary factors hindering my French study was "a little game of chance" I played with Dr. Chiles. The good Doctor took his time journeying from his office to the classroom. Occasionally, the bell would ring before he reached the lecture room. Every student knows that automatically he is dismissed if his professor is not present in his class when the bell rings. It so happened that the sound of the bell arrived before Dr. Chiles a number of times, and I would take this advantage and skip out.

Eventually I neglected my homework with the expectation of the bell's ringing before Dr. Chiles' reaching the class. I became so entranced with the

(Turn to Page 19)

Weep Not for Me

by BEN DE LUCA

Approximately nineteen hundred years ago, a cross stood on a small mountain in Jerusalem. That simple wooden cross symbolized the death of a Man, the most extraordinary one to have lived in this world. This Man was a great warrior, yet a Man of peace. He fought, not to conquer nations, but the hearts and souls of all mankind, living and to be born. He used no armor, but rather parables, for He wanted peace and good-will among all peoples. He desired everyone of that age, and of all ages to come, to follow His path of righteousness and love of fellow man. He had many disciples while on earth. Today, He has millions more—people of all races who wish that they, as He promised the faithful, might one day join Him in His kingdom, the kingdom that, ". . . is not of this world."

Yes, He was a King. In physical appearance, He differed little from His disciples, yet this Man was King of all! He was all good, all truth, all love—all meekness, all hope, all forgiveness. And, being that, He was the matrix of justice and peace for all peoples' lives. Nevertheless, certain mortals sought to bring about His death. They attempted, by killing Him, to rid their evil selves of an influence they feared. They were so foolish, these ignominious men! However, as must be, the Man was killed. They beat and mocked Him, and, casting obscenities upon Him, forced the King, weary and forgiving, to carry His cross, alone, to the top of the mountain, where He was later crucified. Along the path, men and women, to whom He had brought the law of perfection in life, wept over His unjust persecution. Pausing a moment, and turning to the women, He said, "Weep not for me, but for your children." You must remember these words.

It was noon that day; the sky suddenly darkened and became ominous; thunder, like the rumble of a thousand drums, numbed the people present; flashes of lightning rent the heavens. The King was dead. The place was Mount Calvary. The Man—they called Jesus.

And now, these centuries later . . . during the same time of year unbelievers in peace and benevolence crucified our Lord, another cross was placed in the shadow of a small mountain. It was not a large, coarse cross as Jesus died on, but a smooth, neat, smaller one, freshly painted white. This cross also signified the death of a remarkable man. He was, like God, a warrior of peace, but just one of many of God's flock fighting for the future equality of all men. I shall use this one man as the model of all others like him. We might call him John.

John was an ordinary being in our world and age. On earth, he had a more secure home than our Saviour. In that home, was his wife and child. He was very happy. Believing in God's words, he had unceasingly endeavored to make his life beneficial, as God wanted. He worshiped Jesus in his own manner. Truly, he loved and valued the freedom of religion, speech, and thought that his Maker and country had deemed cardinal in life. He had worked hard to make his family comfortable and secure for the present and future. Having honestly striven to impart to his child a love of nature and beauty, of goodness and life, he was justly proud that he and his wife were free to think and act as they thought right. He was proud that his child would also have that priceless heritage. There were other millions of men like him.

Then, one day, John began to realize that there were other people in this same world of God's, who couldn't see the reward of compassion, of hope, of faith; that **wouldn't** acknowledge the virtues of meekness, good, and concord. These other people were unable to understand the benefits of unprejudiced thought. They could only perceive the spurious glory of their militant subjection of other nations.

John became a part of the world audience that watched a drama—the drama of these barbarous men beginning their display of conquering might by enslaving smaller peaceful nations. Day by day, the inference became more clear to John—certain countries had such insanely egotistical leaders that they thought, through fraudulent propaganda and mass murder, to subdue the world. They actually strove to make all other nations relinquish their ways of life to adopt the fallacious Machiavellian form of their conquerors. They sought to further their own infamous doctrine of torture and hatred

by effacing the ideals of God.

But John and his countrymen still were only a part of the audience that viewed from afar these dire happenings. Later—it was December 7, 1941—a few words spoken from a radio suddenly forced reality upon them. Pearl Harbor had been attacked. Everything had changed. John and his country were no longer an audience; they were active participants in the drama.

Soon afterward, John left his home and family to become a warrior; to fight, as God's immediate followers had, instilling God's doctrine of life—freedom—once more upon the earth.

John, and his brothers-in-arms, didn't know just what part they were playing in again bringing this freedom to the world, but, deep within their being, they must have known their justification. Surely, God's disciples on earth, over nineteen hundred years ago, must have felt the same flame of conviction burning within them. Just as Jesus was led up the torturous path to Mount Calvary, thinking of the goodness He hoped would grace the future world because of His sacrifice, so did John, with thousands more, travel their uneasy way to their mountain. This path, however, was a long and watery one.

It would be ridiculous to imply that all members of this new inquisition behaved in like manner. How could they! Some were from the slums of New York, some from the traditional mansions of Mississippi, others from the sheep ranches of Colorado, many from the prairie towns of Wyoming, and more from the oil fields of Pennsylvania—poor, rich, educated, illiterate. From every state and environment; from every class and culture they poured into the mold. Would you expect all of these new-fashioned soldiers to be of the same disposition—to have the same tendencies? John perhaps would never lose his idealistic consciousness. He would remain firm, devout, socially stable. But many had not his strength.

The labors of reestablishing Christ-like ideals were disillusioning. Morale ran high, then dipped low. Men cursed, drank, were afraid. Can this procedure be termed unusual? Sure—"Big Bill" had lain with a native girl on Saipan; Edwards blasphemed almost every time he opened his mouth, "Gunner" delighted in amusing his men with sensuous tales. Mental confusion reigned. Men could not make their dreams tangible. They were striving to supply an absent spirit. They had to prove to themselves, and others, that they were tough in a situation that demanded toughness.

Certainly they were sinners—vulgar, ruthless, treacherous, ungodly men. Some had sunk in principle as low as the mire in which they slept. They didn't pray! They didn't ask forgiveness of these sins, the natural products of their wretched condition. Or did they? Could the thickness of a mosquito net stifle all the escaped sobs—all the muttered prayers. How many thousands of men, in a moment of seclusion, timidly and humbly begged God's forgiveness for their contemptible behavior and perceptions. Would God condemn all these men? Many—surely—for unrighteous shadows had merely fused with a black under-structure. For the majority—no—I can't believe that those, already dead, who lived in a veritable hell on earth, must again inhabit that inferno.

Yes, I'm sure that as John and the others moved closer to that mountain, the hearts of scores of women, crying, went with them, as those women of old went along the climb up Calvary with Christ.

"Weep not for me, but for your children." Our children, I truly believe that John—it might be Bill, "Kansas," Frank, or "Rebel"—might have been thinking in the same vein, as the end of their path came into view. Maybe they were uttering it as a little prayer to God:

Dear Lord, let our children know a free world. Let them know You and Your wondrous justice. Let them see the beauty of Your world—in nature, in music, in study. Grant that they may revel in the magnificence of Your sunsets, in the simple songs of birds and the music of the wind. Let them stand on a hill and just feel the freedom of Your existence. May they see the majesty of the scene You have created around them, feel the freshness of the wind that carresses their faces, smell the sweetness of the earth.

O God, let our children be wise. Let them realize the trust we are placing upon them: the future of our world shall rest on their strong shoulders. Let them be strong. May they be able to cope successfully with seemingly impossible situations, be able to meet the pitfalls of life without becoming distraught, but, instead, having a great spirit of hope and faith, overcome those problems. Let them be meek. May they understand that they are only a part of Your flock, dear Lord. You are the Shepherd. Let them always strive to follow in Your path, to serve You, obey You, and to be trusting of Your just way. May they always endeavor to make Your way of life theirs on earth, so, one day, they shall see the fulfillment of Your promise of eternal life in heaven.

O God, make them love. May they love You and Your works, love their neighbors, and see and respect the goodness in each other. May they be

(Turn to Page 20)

Editor, Brenau *Flame* . . . *Kathleen Hayes*

FASCINATING WRITING

"I will be heard," is the feeling expressed by practically every student on every campus in this nation. They have carried this idea, not through violence, but through the medium of the college magazine or newspaper.

It is the publications of a college that reflect faithfully the life and activities of that college. Whether they are newspapers or magazines, they present a true representation of the college as seen by the students themselves.

The college magazine varies with every college or university. If it is edited and published by a staff of both men and women, the reader is likely to find any subject from soup to nuts that might be of interest to him. This type of magazine is generally read and enjoyed by more students than any other type of magazine.

On campuses where the male rules supreme, the magazine is more likely to contain articles on sports, fancy-free jokes, a few short stories, and more sports.

However, a magazine edited completely by the fairer sex is "out of this world" for them, and "drippy" according to the stronger sex. These editions generally contain articles on fashions, sentimental ramblings on music or art, and sports articles; but, of course, not as strenuous as the ones mentioned for use in the men's magazine. The love stories and mysteries are always there, together with the ever present poetry page.

Working on a publication gives the student a feeling of responsibility and wide-awake interest in everything that takes place on the campus. It also stimulates his interest in personalities, localities, literature, music, drama, sport, and the art of enjoying himself without too much effort.

During the last quarter of a century, the interest in college magazines has grown in leaps and bounds. So much, in fact, that no well-known college can be without one. This popularity has increased, not only because magazines are interesting to work on or for the honor, but because the activity gives the student training in so many varied fields of work.

The person interested in journalism definitely finds an outlet for all he has learned. The staff of a magazine does not care whether you write news articles, mystery stories, love stories or poetry. They are more interested in what you write being appealing to the student body as a whole.

The cartoonist can always find a place on a college magazine, for what is a college magazine without some little sketch here or there to liven its pages.

Photographers, too, have no need to worry if they can find a place on the college magazine. If they enjoy taking artistic, or even candid photographs, there is always an assignment with a need for photographs of either type. Only the photographer can experience the thrill of seeing his picture on the cover of a magazine, with a short comment on his work on an inside page.

And what better training could a student have than just collecting ads for the magazine; despite the fact that he or she has no journalistic tendencies. This is one way that poise, self-confidence, and a better understanding of human nature may be acquired. A newcomer to this field of endeavor may experience a rather jittery or "weak-in-the-knees" feeling the first time he or she enters a store to ask if the manager would be interested in placing an ad in the forthcoming issue of "College Capers" Only the experienced can know the feeling of relief and joy when the manager of the store says, "Why, yes, I believe we would." This training also gives students an excellent background in the field of advertising.

There is more editorial work than just writing stories, drawing pictures, and collecting ads. The staff of a college magazine must always be on their toes in devising new ideas for pictures and covers, and articles. A college magazine must never have the same make-up for each issue—a dull magazine can bore its readers so easily. College magazines must be encouraged to prosper and grow.

Every issue of a college publication is the result of ingenuity, foresight, unabated effort and cooperation. If only the student body could realize the hours of effort, the vexing problems, the disappointments, the hard work, the fun, and the satisfaction that lies between the covers of a campus magazine, they would more thoroughly enjoy it.

The college magazine also acts as an out-

(Turn to Page 20)

Editor, Limestone *Lantern* . . . *Helen Jones*

AN UNFOUND DOOR

(Taken from, and in Answer to, Thomas Wolfe)

Out of the Long Reaches—
Alone—Through the dark mists—
Seeking, searching, sent.
On through the fogs of fear
Came a Soul alone—
From the heart of an unseen God.

Down the corridors of Space
Into the World of Time—
"O, lost in the hot mazes—Lost!"
Forever a Stranger—Forever alone.
"Which of us has known his brother?"
"Which of us is not forever prison-pent?"

The swirling blinding mists—
The fogs of fear—
A Soul alone—
Alone! "O waste of loss!"
Yet, LOVE! "an unfound Door!"

PETER KARAGEANNES

From the Notebook

Author's Note: None of the following episodes are connected. Each can be read separately; each can be accepted or rejected, liked or disliked. If they seem to move too fast, it is because they were written—more or less—on the move. The urge to write seizes me usually when I am moving too fast to write—when there is nothing to do you usually spend the time doing nothing. This is not an apology; simply an explanation.

I

We were on the bus, leaving Gulfport. We were on our way back to the base. Outside the town, the bus stopped. Three M. P.'s climbed into the bus. They looked at us in the dim light of the big bus.

"All right," one of them said. He was red-headed. "Everybody stand up!"

We stood. Somebody swore. They came down each side slowly, looking at everyone. The red-head stopped in front of me. He looked at me.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

He told me, looking up and down.

"No kidding. Where?"

"In a church."

"Honest? In a church?"

"That's right," he said.

"That beats everything."

"Don't it, though."

"What makes you think you'll find him?"

"She grabbed his collar insignia."

"Oh!"

He finished looking at me and moved on to the next man. They were taking their time about it. Presently, when they were finished, they met at the door. They looked at each other and shook their heads.

"Okay," the red-head said. "Relax."

We sat down. They got off the bus. In another minute, the bus moved off.

II

It was the first time. We had just arrived in India.

You could not tell who was who; they were stuffed in burlap bags and had lost all individuality. We stood on the wet hill and I was wondering which one of them was Balcunes. Which one of the four, I kept thinking, is Balcunes?

It began to rain and we went through the ceremony quickly. Then, they buried them. It was all very crude. We stuck around for a while, Sammy, Altman, La Querre, and myself. We found out that Balcunes was in the third grave. Third from the right, that is.

III

It was Christmas Eve. Bob and I sat in the tent. We burned a small, white candle. We did not say anything. Just sat there.

Outside, the men were singing. The reflection of the bonfires came into the tent and threw a red glow against the white canvas.

"How about some grapefruit juice?" I asked Bob.

"Sure; I don't mind."

I got up and went to my cot. I pushed aside my flying boots (I used them in walking back and forth to the showers) and felt around under the cot. When I found the juice, I pulled it out, wiped off the mud on my trousers and took the can to the table. I used my trench knife to punch the two holes. I wiped off the knife and handed the can to Bob. Outside, the rain began.

Bob held the can up. "Merry Christmas, kid," he said.

He tipped the can into the air and drank. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and gave me the can.

"Merry Christmas," I said. I drank.

We passed the can back and forth until it was empty. The juice settled sour in my stomach. It had been a poor substitute but it was the best we could do that year.

IV

We banked around the derby-shaped mountain and went down for the food drop. The plane shook in the turbulent air. Far out in front of us, the planes that had dropped were climbing up, getting back into the pattern. There was only one plane immediately ahead of us: Green's C-47.

I was standing behind the pilots, looking at the deep target. It was a dangerous one, between two brown and tan hills. I could see the mortar fire. The Japs were firing across one hill at the Chinks and the Chinks across at the Japs. I could see the smoke trails of the shells up in the air.

Green's ship was a little below us, almost on the target. The Chinks fired a mortar. Green's wing ripped off and screwed up in the air. I couldn't believe it! I was yelling something. The plane fell like an elephant. The side of one hill blazed out. As the blaze went away, we pulled up sharply and I caught a fast, crazy, cock-eyed view of the cleaned-out black space and the charred plane. Then it was gone and we were high in the sky.

Later, we were at 11,000 feet and I was trying to read an overseas edition of the **New Yorker**. My fingers felt wet spots on the thin paper. I looked at Pora, sitting in front of his radio. He was holding his head in his hands, crying and his body shaking.

You lucky stiff! I thought. Now they'll send you home.

V

We were taxi-ing out when it happened. The pilot cut the engines and we climbed out of the ship. I stooped and looked under the belly of the plane, across to the General's ship. The General was looking up at the nose of his plane. He turned on his heels sharply and looked up at our torn wingtip. I saw him walk furiously toward us.

"Where's the pilot of this —— ship!" he said.

"I'm the pilot, sir," Cahoon said, standing as stiff as a refrigerator.

"What the —— is the matter with you!" the General yelled in his face.

Cahoon murmured something; I couldn't hear from where I stood.

"Don't you know how to taxi one of those —— things! What's your —— name and what —— outfit?" the General bellowed.

Gig and I walked quietly away. We went behind the tail surfaces where noboby could see us. We slapped each other on the back and laughed violently. Gig looked at me, his eyes running, and his laugh climbing up in his chest. I had to bend to keep my stomach from hurting.

VI

Elsewhere on the field, things went on the same as ever. The engine noises mixed themselves around, men plodded in the mud, the planes landed and took off.

But in the gun-pit, the men were stiff with alertness, eyes strained at that single, white cloud, and their breaths tight inside their lungs. The long barrel of the black gun pointed into the cloud at a crazy angle. I watched them from the side of the pit, wondering what was going on; I could not see anything in the cloud.

Then, suddenly, up in the air, coming out of the high cloud, was the black shape. The crew opened fire, WHAMWHAMWHAMWHAMWHAM!!!

The black shape went into a flower of black puffs. It stopped, jerked, smoked, split open, shook, broke into three pieces, and came down like a kite without its tail.

The men relaxed, the gun muzzle smoked quietly, and we followed with our eyes the black pieces of the black shape. They came down slowly. The biggest piece fell behind a row of tents across the runway and a tall flame shot up into the air, hung there for a second, and diffused in more black smoke.

No one had been aware of what was up in the cloud. Now, all along the field, work halted, men stopped and stared at the smoke.

The young Mexican in the gun-pit grinned a big grin and wiped his face on his green sleeve. He looked at me.

"He thought we didn't know," he said. "But we knew."

True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation.—Theophrastus.

Wives are young men's mistresses; companions for middle age; and old men's nurses.—Francis Bacon.

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
NO.

RHYMING

Poetry is the eldest sister of all arts, and parent of most.—Congreve.

Modern poets mix too much water with their milk.—Goethe.

MORNING COMETH

By Warren Lane Molton

O the glory and the brightness and the
fairness of the morn,
As the veil of night is lifted and a
lovely day is born;

And the all-increasing splendor as from
out the deeps doth rise,
The light that lights the universe and
glorifies the skies.

Wafted earthward from her mansions rising
far beyond the blue,
Smiling gaily, Morning cometh, bidding
darkest night adieu.

Ushered in, mid earth's rejoicing, on the
wings of lively song,
Music rare! Musicians rarer, touch the
wild notes loud and long.

Tuneful tones that thrill the heart, float
freely o'er the perfumed breeze,
As fluted by Morn's feathered fifers,
Nature's orchestra of the trees.

So wake, O man, and know the beauty of the
royal Morning's birth,
As she blends the art of Heaven with the
grandeur of the earth.

Set thy soul at liberty, unchain the heart
held fast through night,
And soar with them to heights sublime,
Thrill, and know life's new delight.

SONNET: BEREAVEMENT

By Dunklin S. Burnside

Oh, why did you grow old? Was it because
Time's careless touch might serve to mitigate
The vicious onslaught of unscrupulous fate—
That bitter shock of Death's relentless jaws?
Beauty and Youth expended in the laws
Of nature that the Soul inviolate
Know consummation through the fiercer rate
Of Death's incontinence? Then in the pause

And hush of sorrow, let self-pity fade
And perish even—let this one prayer suffice:
Here through her better fortune left alone
(Transcends her blessed Spirit unafraid
From this rank jungle into Paradise),
May I exult, not weep, that she has gone!

TO A NEW LOVE—WISTFULLY

John Q. HILL

May the happy thoughts that stray
On this bright, sunlit day
Steal the mist of tears away
From your eyes.

May the spirits born of spring
And the budding life they bring
Sound in the songs you sing
A glad surprise.

That this lovely, golden glow might ne'er depart
Lest icy winter bitter tears might start
And still the wild new lilt in this my heart
My latest love.

THOUGHTS

With me poetry has not been a purpose, but a passion.—Poe.

A great poet is the most precious jewel of a nation.—Beethoven.

BORRYIN' OFF DE CHURCH

By Warren Lane Molton

Everything gets quiet
As de Parson bows his head
And prays unto de Lawd
Dat de nickels won't be lead.

I'm a Jesus-lovin' nigger
And deacon of de Church,
So I passes 'round de plate,
But niggers don't give much.

De choir is singin' softly
As I ease among de pews—
Blackie gives a nickel, which
He calls his weekly dues.

Den all at once I sees,
A guy wid cane and spats,
Unfold a wad of bills and
Drap in one buck flat!

Lots of snorts dat buck'd buy,
Ten is what I figger . . .
So up dere towards de back,
I turns a thievin' nigger!

I walks on to de altar with
De buttons, slugs and such,
And wonders what de Lawd'll do
Fer borryin' off de Church . . .

While I listens to de sermon,
I feels de sweat a-drippin',
And when de Parson stared,
I knew dat I was slippin'!

And den an Angel said:
"Put dat dollar back!"
I told de Angel dat I would,
Hits courage dat I lack.

Den de Devil spoke:
"Nigger, keep dat 'dough'!"
But de Angel's voice was loud,
And de Devil's voice was low!

So a-sweatin' and a'blowin',
I rushes from de seat,
Throws de dollar on the altar,
Grabs de Parson 'round de feet.

Dat wise old Parson smiled
As my wuthless head he touch:
"May da Lawd forgive me, Parson,
Fer borryin' off de Church!"

ETERNAL YOUTH

By Rab Braddy

While in the sunshine of my youth I play,
And revel in the morning of my span,
Yet sheltered from life's endless, gruelling fray,
Now scarcely touched by Time's all-withering hand,
I pause to ponder deeply for a while
The time when youth no more shall fill my breast,
When I, reluctant, start the second mile,
And life henceforth leads downward from the crest.
O youth! How sweet the nectar of your flower,
How cherished every moment of your span,
How quickly go the seconds of your hour,
How cruelly do you flee from every man.
On through life's twilight let me cling to thee,
'Til death restores my youth to me.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS

by Robert Cuttino

Evening shadows were beginning to fall now in Vienna, and lanterns were casting warm lights out into the street. There seemed to be a peaceful atmosphere throughout the neighborhood, and the plain houses around told that this was a suburban district of the city. The warm spring air, along with the calmness and peacefulness, cast a strange spell upon the soul. At least it did so upon the soul of one man walking leisurely down the cobblestoned street. Tall, slightly stout, and distinctive looking, this man seemed to be capturing something of the serene and simple beauty of Mother Nature.

Now, the last rays of the day had disappeared with the departing sun, and a beautiful moonlit sky enveloped the city. The stranger stopped to admire this beauty. Hands clasped behind him, his head and eyes pointing to the heavens, he appeared to be looking for something far up in the sky, when out of the silence came the soft, harmonious strains of a piano from a small house nearby. This music possessed a charm and inexplicable quality that seemed to flow through the man's body. The stranger slowly turned back toward the house and moved forward. The themes were undoubtedly those of the great Beethoven. But the arrangements and playing were such that not even Beethoven could claim.

Slowly the man made his way up the steps, and as he peered inside, saw a girl, her eyes closed, playing as though—yes—as though she were improvising.

Silently, he entered the open room, and the girl continued playing the beloved music of the master. A theme from the immortal First Symphony cast a spell-binding effect over the room, and then, one of the Serenades. As she neared the finale, she struck a discord, and her hands dropped to her side, her head lowered, and she burst into sobs.

Broken at last from the spell of the music, the man offered a feeble plea that he might help. The girl, sensing his presence, suddenly sprang to her feet; still partially facing the window. She seemed to be staring into space. Then—at last—he knew. The girl was blind.

"Who are you? What do you want?" the girl asked in a shaking voice.

"I am just a poor stranger passing by—attracted by the rapture of your music. But what is the cause of your sorrow, my child?"

A silence filled the room, and soon, the girl spoke again. "My life is music. For years my only wish has been to play like the master. His music is my source of strength, but I cannot play—I am blind." Again silence, then she continued. "I am sorry to have burdened you with my misfortunes, sir. You speak as though you were a musician. Please, sir, if you will, play for me. It is very seldom indeed that I hear music besides that of my own."

Now, the man hesitated, then moved slowly toward the piano again as if he were hypnotized. The girl moved to the open window where she seemed to find strength and peace in the air. As he took his seat at the piano, a spirit seemed to fill his soul. The room was covered with an unusual atmosphere, and, as though planned by our Maker Himself, a warm breeze floated through the room. The lanterns flickered and went out. Then the room seemed lighted anew with the rays of the moonlight drifting thorugh the window.

His hands moved to the keyboard, and, like the voices of the angels, a soft, heavenly refrain rose into the night. Now his eyes were on the moonlight, and it seemed as if it were floating through his soul and out of his fingers onto the piano.

Tears again moved down the girl's cheeks, but now a smile was on her face. The music ended. The beautiful notes drifted away, and the girl cried out:

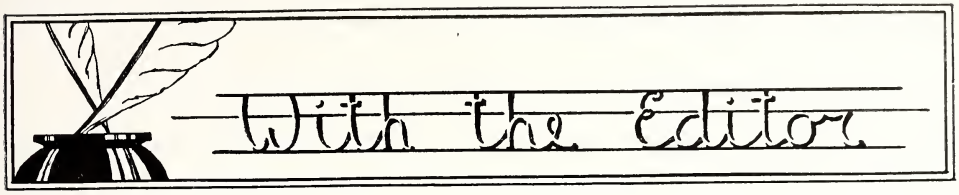
"Oh, you are the master himself!" And at this the hand of Ludwig van Beethoven lay gently on her shoulder and led her back to the piano.

Thus it was, a moonlit night, a blind girl's playing, and there was born the "Moonlight Sonata."

CROWDED CONDITIONS

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bell boy. "I'm not going to pay my good money for a closet with a folding bed. If you think just because I'm from the country ——"

"Get in, Lady, get in," the hop cut in wearily. "This isn't your room; this is the elevator."



GUEST EDITORS FOR DECEMBER

The **Journal's** two guest editors for this issue are: Miss Helen Jones, Editor of the Limestone College **Lantern,** and Miss Kathleen Hayes, Editor of the Brenau College **Flame.**

Miss Jones has graciously contributed a poem, **"An Unfound Door,"** written exclusively for the **Journal.** Miss Jones is a member of the Christian Association Council, B. S. U. Council, the Choir, the College Theater, and Cloister. She worked with the Student Government and Student Council during her sophomore and junior years. This year, as a senior, Miss Jones was selected as one of six students to represent Limestone College in **Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities.** Miss Jones is a native South Carolinian from Sumter, and is, of course, majoring in English.

Miss Kathleen Hayes contributed an essay, **Fascinating Writing,** also written exclusively for the **Journal.** Miss Hayes was born and raised in Manila, Philippine Islands, and was interned there for three years during the war. She is quite active in college affairs, a member of the Alpha Delta National Journalistic Fraternity, the Brenau Senior Honor Society, the Executive Council of Student Government, and Nominating Committee. Miss Hayes is majoring in history, and also belongs to the Alpha Chi Omega Sorority.

We are extremely proud to publish such fine manuscripts from such versatile and talented authors. The Journal is grateful for the interest shown by the Guest Editors. Their material has been delivered promptly and neatly, thus saving us much work and worry. For this we are deeply appreciative.

* * *

DEADLINE: FEBRUARY ISSUE

The deadline for the February issue of the **Journal** is January 9. This will give the student contributors ample time to prepare their manuscripts before publication.

The **Journal** is the student's magazine, and we, the Editors, wish to present a magazine of which the student body will be proud.

Please do not wait until the last minute to submit your material! As soon as your manuscript is completed, submit it to a member of the Editorial Staff. Your material will be given careful consideration before publication, and, in some cases, revision is necessary, which takes time. The **Journal** is always open for any constructive criticism—the **Journal** is your magazine!

—Dick McTeer

* * *

The cover for this issue by Eben Taylor, Class of '48.

Merry Xmas

On behalf of the Editorial and Business Staffs of the **Journal,** I would like to take this opportunity to wish each and every member of the student body and the faculty a most joyous holiday season—AND A MERRY XMAS!

IS THERE HOPE?

by THERON E. MONTGOMERY

The world, that is, the citizens of the world have a great problem to solve. The problem is the problem of peace. How can we obtain a lasting peace?

There are some who feel that man is fundamentally of such a nature that the outlawing of war is impossible. It is their contention that periodic wars are inevitable. In fact, many go so far as to point out that with limited resources in the world, wars are a necessary evil to prevent the overpopulating of the earth.

Strong among the currents of thought today is a philosophy of military preparedness. The adherents of this philosophy point to the wars in which this nation has been a participant, each time entering dreadfully materially unprepared. They believe that if we were well prepared that it would mean that we would be free from attack or involvement in any future conflicts. An extreme faction of this group think we must be prepared to face the world alone.

This military preparedness involves far more than meets the eye on the surface. To be prepared we must have at our immediate disposal such a force as would be necessary to meet any attack or threat of attack by any power or coalition of powers that might choose to attack the United States. This would require among other things a large scale training program for the youth of this country, a large standing army, two full-forced and manned fleets, plus the continuous development of new, secret, and all-destructive weapons.

As we would be doing this, other nations would follow our example. Fearing for their own safety they would attempt to equal if not outstrip us in an armament race such as the world has never seen. This would set in motion a struggle between the nations possessing the latest weapons and those not possessing them. The conditions accompanying and following such a competitive race would mean that the total energies of the people of every nation would be directed toward a program of preparedness.

It is obvious to us that the most undesirable relations would spring up between nations, who would by necessity become victims or agents of secret diplomacy, intrigues, and espionage. This would develop an unwholesome atmosphere ideal to delinquent nations.

We, the American people, would set the pace to the return to the dark ages. Indeed, it would be the dark ages. Our efforts toward a better world in which to rear our children would be gone with the wind. The money that we would have spent for better housing, higher education standards medical research, and artistic achievement would be invested in weapons which would be tended by our children taken from their normal pursuits of development, which if directed could produce healthy, intelligent, and Christian young men and women to furnish good citizenry for a better world.

These philosophers might point to history to prove the need of their policy. We need only examine history to see what it has done for the world. This so-called realistic approach might easily be called the way of the pessimist.

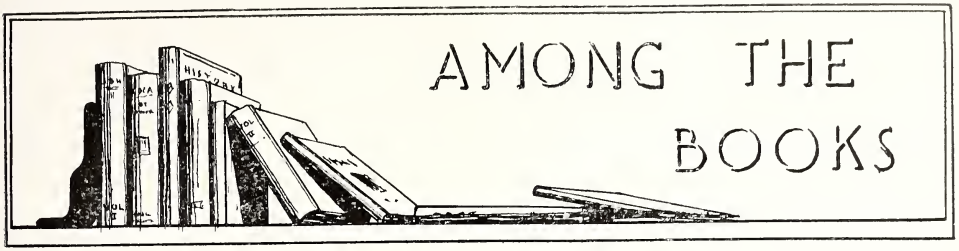
It is this militaristic philosophy that would enslave us to holding a gun in our neighbor's ribs in order to maintain our institutions of freedom and liberty.

There is another philosophy; it is a philosophy that offers hope. Many refer to this philosophy as idealistic because it has as one of its basic principles the idea that peace can come and exist only so long as there is understanding and good will among men. It is the contention of the adherents to this philosophy that from understanding will stem efforts which will develop the spirit necessary to build a community of nations with co-operative efforts to progress.

The weapon that these people offer is Christianity which, unlike the atom bomb, becomes more powerful with each sharing. They feel that the universal application of the Christian principle of brotherhood would lay the foundation for an everlasting peace.

How are we to put into action the forces stemming from the hearts of Christian men? Broadly speaking we must do three things; first on a local basis, secondly on a national basis, and lastly on

(Turn to Page 24)



THE SUN ALSO RISES, Ernest Hemingway; The Modern Library. 259 pp.

This novel — written about 1923 — has always been a particular favorite of mine, and, therefore, my comments in this review are of a strictly biased nature.

The Sun Also Rises is the only book I have been able to read more than once and still feel pretty good about it. As a matter of fact, I have read parts of it at random and still find that these parts—unconnected with the rest of the story—pack in them more fundamentals of life, more insight, more feeling and emotion, than most of the so-called "literary" efforts of today—"literary:" a synonym for commercialism.

In this story—half of it takes place in post-World War I Paris, the other half of it in a Spanish town called Pamplona—Hemingway does the thing for which he has become famous: takes a simple group of simple people and — simply — tells you about the simplicity of their simple lives in simple narrative. He takes a seemingly worthless lot of people and—after the story ends—makes you feel that you've just experienced something immense. The principal characters are:

JAKE, the narrator of the story, made sterile through a wound suffered in the war: "It is awfully easy to be hard-boiled about everything in the daytime, but at night it is another thing."

BRETT, the nymphomaniac: "I'm thirty-four, you know. I'm not going to be one of these women that ruins children."

ROBERT COHN, the Jew: "I can't stand it to think that my life is going so fast and I'm not really living it."

BILL, the writer: "Just one stuffed dog. I can take 'em or leave 'em. But listen, Jake. Just one stuffed dog."

MIKE, the bankrupt: "Extraordinary thing. Met my former partner the other day. Offered to buy me a drink."

There are other people in this story, too many to tell about honestly in a book review. Book reviews are unfair. It takes the author 300 or more pages to tell his story and the book reviewers think they can do it in one or two. The reviewers tell you that a book is good or bad. If it's good, you go out and buy it because they say so. It it's bad, you forget about it because the reviewers tell you to. They never tell you that there may be one line, one paragraph, in the book that is worth the sale price of the book. I have no faith in book reviewers; actually, I have heard of very few who can even write a decent story. Some of them have written forewords to books, but I know a lot of people who never read the forewords.

We were talking about **The Sun Also Rises**, a good novel—I think—by a good writer.

In this book, you will find the simple prose—the utterly simple prose—that characterizes Hemingway's style. Instead of walking in a room and —like W. S. Maughm—seeing a person in three thousand words, Hemingway says, "He had a pile of saucers in front of him, and he needed a shave."

In this book, you will find the story of a group of individuals who came out of the last war bitter and disillusioned. They make no bones about it; when they want something they say, "I want that," and not, "I would like to have that."

There are a lot of other things in this book, some important, some unimportant—depending on your point of view, on the way you have lived your life, on what you have gotten out of your life, etc. This novel can be bought in a fairly well bound volume, easy enough to carry in your pocket, strong enough to support twelve times its weight in anything you wish it to support, attractive enough to go into your library, and—if you care—interesting enough to carry you through an empty afternoon. All this for 95 cents.

—Peter Karegeannes

THE PORTABLE F. SCOTT FITZGERALD; The Viking Press, New York, 1945; 854 pp.

This is the fourteenth in this series of compact, well-printed books. Like others in the series, it contains some of the finer things written by one of the better American writers.

F. Scott Fitzgerald is generally credited as the man who best captured in prose that mad era of fast living known as the "Jazz" age. In his novels

and stories, you sense that boisterous atmosphere of racketeering, of depreciated morals, that followed the First World War—the span of years that ended with the big crash, the big noise that was made when Wall Street toppled.

The book was edited by Dorothy Parker and contains, together with several short stories, the two novels for which Fitzgerald is best known—**Tender is the Night** and **The Great Gatsby.** Of the two, although the former has been cited as the most accomplished, **Gatsby** is generally acclaimed as Fitzgerald's best novel. Some critics are of the opinion that it is the best American novel ever written.

The Great Gatsby is a strange novel, much of that strangeness coming from the mood of the story—a mood that is constant throughout the entire story, indicative of the fine craftsman that Fitzgerald was. It is also a depressing story because of its low moral tone; the story deals with adultery and bootlegging, two predominant characteristics of that era which flourished unashamedly. Most of all, however, it is the character study of Gatsby, the fabulous Long Islander who throws gigantic parties in his large estate. Where Gatsby got his fortune no one knows—but everyone believes it to be the sum total of many deals in which the illicit peddling of a variety of liquor known as "bathtub gin" played a major role. However, the story is not concerned so much with **how** Gatsby created his fortune as to **why.**

There is also in the story a love affair of the strangest sort. It is in the narration of this affair, in its conception, in its involved simplicity, that Fitzgerald manages to create that mood which makes the story truly one of the finest American novels. The climax maintains the mood—a climax that is as carefully worked out and as shockingly effective as any found in our current psychological thrillers.

As a writer, Fitzgerald was a contemporary and friend to many of those writers who lived in a decade that has had the greatest influence on modern American prose—the decade of the roaring twenties. Wolfe, Hemingway, Dos Passos, Gertrude Stein, Glenway Westcot—he knew them all. That was a period in which rules, traditions, stability—all past barriers were swept aside and American writing took a violent road away from accepted literary standards. To appreciate fully the effects, the influence these writers had on current writing, each must be read, first separately, then as a group. No such group would be complete without the works of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

—Peter Karegeannes

THE CHILDREN OF FREEDOM

(From Page 4)

a little girl came in, weeping desperately.

"Peter, tell Irene to give me something to eat. I'm hungry! I am very hungry. Please, Peter, tell her."

Irene's voice came from another room:

"I told you, Maria, we don't have anything left for today. We must save a little of our food for tomorrow."

Peter lowered his eyes and said softly:

"Irene is right, Maria. Just be a little patient and you will have many nice things to eat later." Then he raised his eyes and said awkwardly:

"I tried to buy a little flour today but I did not succeed."

The two young men said good-bye and left. Outside of Tony's home, Ares said: "Look here, Tony, I am going to tell mother to make an extra Christmas bread for Peter's family. How many are there in the family.?"

"Six, in all. Ares, I am also going to ask my mother to prepare something for them. I could never imagine it could be that bad with them. They are really facing death from starvation. Bring the Christmas bread to my house this evening. Little Maria must have a real Christmas dinner tomorrow."

It was a tragic irony for people to have Christmas without peace and happiness. It was especially depressing and uncomfortable for those who had food on their dinner table. Ares was eating his limited share of the meal and something stirred annoyingly within him, something that accused him ruthlessly of being a man without principles and compassion. The picture of the boy that was killed yesterday came again before his eyes. He felt an unbearable oppression in his heart. He got up and left the room quickly.

Somewhat later, he was seated in front of his piano. His breathing was quick and irregular. He picked up a blank music sheet and wrote at the top: THE CHILD AND THE TOY. Then he wrote some music notes and tried them on the keyboard. He was thinking of the words of the old man in the street: "Perhaps he is the luckiest of all among us." His music became the song of peace and eternity . . .The little boy had not died. He would live in the hearts of all those who saw him dying; he would live in his own heart as a vibrant force which would give him strength and faith for worse days. His despair was gone forever. This Christmas day he would never forget. It marked

the beginning of many things to be done. For the first time today, he looked through the window. The view was completely different from that of the day before. The snow was spread all around and a bright sun had already started the slow process of dissolution. There was not a single cloud in the sky. He got up and opened the window. He let his eyes rest for a moment upon the distant mountain summits. It was now settled: he would join the underground forces. He craved action and freedom. He felt that he was a tiny part in a huge world, a small plaything in the cruel hands of fate, a **man,** however, who could determine the course along which his life should be carried on. He would call Tony right away. . . .

"Tony!" he said in excitement, when his friend came, "let us go to the mountains! Let us become the future heroes of Greece. By writing music and discussing matters we do nothing in effect. We must even die, Tony, if need be. But if we survive, then great music will be created and great words will have the right to be said. We must **live,** Tony, deeply in the tide of our time. Will you go with me?"

"Of course, Ares. We've got to. Let us go to Peter's."

They hurried down the street. They met Peter at Central Square.

"I was coming to your home, Ares," he said.

"Peter!" Ares whispered, looking around suspiciously, "we have decided to go with you to the mountains."

"My good friends!" he almost cried. "We are leaving tomorrow night at 12 o'clock. Don't tell your parents about it They won't let you. From now on we belong to Greece. We are the children of freedom!"

From that moment Peter had naturally become the leader. Tony and Ares placed themselves at his side. They were now walking along the boulevard of the old poplar trees. At last! There was a purpose in their lives. All the energy of their youth would eventually find the way to its completion. They somehow felt that they were the symbol of the spirit of all ages which had fought against tyranny, that abstract IDEA which had become a great REALITY for all those who had tested its infinite value in life. The long boulevard seemed as if it were leading to the realm of immortality.

Ares began whistling a lively march. They all adjusted their pace cadence to its rhythm. Two German officers were passing by. They looked at the three boys contemptuously and went on. The three friends were now whistling together Ares' new song—their song.

LE FRANCAIS AND I

From Page 5

idea of putting something over on the good Doctor that the idea became a mania. Hanging on the wall of my room I was keeping a chart of my attendance. By mid-semester I had skipped more classes than I had attended; I was smarter than a professor, I was sharper than a tack—I was going to regret it!

Walter, in the meantime, was putting up a magnificent battle. Whether losing or winning, I did not know. I was having too much fun to find out.

I finally came to my senses and vigorously began to study—the night before exams. Strangely enough, I failed.

I was the only one in the class to fail. Tucapau's pride and joy came through the examination with a blaze of glory. Walter casually turned his back on me and moved into second semester French. The vacuum between my ears was so empty that Kilroy hadn't even been there. I bade goodbye to Dr. Chiles and tearfully left his section.

Next I was assigned to Professor Bourne's first year, first semester class. We used the same book that I had used in the preceding class, but that did not help any. I was very optimistic, thinking that I knew most of it already: there was no need of of my studying.

Spring rolled around bringing baseball, travel, and, as usual, love. All of these were adverse to the study of the French language. Baseball was with us two months and then traveled on, leaving this thing called love to take the stage. I really did not mind, for she was a lulu!

The only time I could date her was on Friday night, and, of course, French followed the next morning. Sunday through Thursday she had five other guys coming around to see her, so I could not break her heart and not date her on her only available night.

I failed French again! However, I was not alone that time; that made me feel better.

The fall of 1945 arrived in its inevitable way: I was even more determined to pass this first semester, first year French. Again I was assigned to Professor Bourne's class, but this time we had a new French book. I almost went crazy with joy! It was a beautiful blue book with all the white pages in the front and back clean. The old gray book was covered with pin-up drawings and I was tired of looking at them.

The year passed without mishap. I met Dr. Chiles a number of times, and he inquired as to my standing in the French class. He was surprised to

find I was passing first semester, first year. Yes, this was the year I passed French. We had a big snow just before exams; I had never seen any before and believed it to be a good omen. It was.

After exams I continued at my rapid-fire pace and passed second semester, first year. Baseball invaded Wofford again, and, after long, hard hours of baseball practice, I studied my French laboriously into the wee hours of the morning. I was rewarded.

Meanwhile, Walter finished first semester, second year French. That boy was really rolling, but Fate tossed a pebble into Walter's cog-wheels. Walter was drafted.

For a rather obscure reason, I did not continue into second year French. I had passed first year, fulfilling my determination. Some day in the shadowy future, I shall resume my pursuit of this fluent language. For a while, Dr. Chiles thought I would major in freshman French during my entire college career. As a matter of fact, I thought the same thing, too!

WEEP NOT FOR ME

(From Page 7)

charitable, knowing that giving brings more happiness than receiving.

Let them be understanding and loyal, cheerful and patient, sincere and honest. Let them be idealistic, God, but yet know realism. Don't let petty jealousies prejudice their lives. Let them laugh at mockery and scorn, when their cause is right. May they be pure of mind and body. Let them be **real** men and women. And lastly, dear God, let our vestiges linger long and lovingly in their memory. They're our children—Your children, O Lord. Let them be all this, and we men, as You, shall not be afraid to die now to give them a more generous world in which to prove their love of You.

The hour of death and glory came for our Lord. The skies darkened, lightning flashed across the heavens, majestic rolls of thunder awed the waiting people. A cross stood there on Mount Calvary. Written on its rough wood was, "Jesus of Nazareth." Christ died there for our sins, and a great multitude of angels, singing His praises, bore Him upward to His eternal throne.

And now, these many, many years later, John's hour of death also approached. Again, the sky was clothed in darkness. Exploding mortar fragments flashed across the heavens, forming eerie patterns of coming doom. Terrifying man-made thunder rent the ears of all the men there. It was also on a mountain. The place they call Iwo Jima; the mountain, Surabachi. And now, in the shadow of that bleak ugly rock, there stands that other cross. Written on its smooth wood is "John Doe—USMC." He died for God. Surely, as angels gently bore him up to his Creator, celestial choirs sang a great anthem.

FASCINATING WRITING

(From Page 8)

stretched hand and a kindly smile to a new acquaintance, when it is exchanged with publications of other colleges and universities. The staffs of these other publications are as interested in knowing you as your are in knowing them. The American student has found that it is far more interesting and entertaining to meet the students of other colleges, not only during the football or basket-ball seasons, but all through the college year. The college magazine has helped the feeling of friendship spread in many ways.

Collegiate publications have been greatly hampered during the war years because of the government's campaign to conserve paper. So much so, in fact, that only now are these publications returning to their pre-war standards. Every student editor is intensely interested in forwarding the goals of the college magazine, so that it may become a truly important factor on the college campus and not just something to hurriedly read a few times a year.

Sam and Joe

A couple of sparrows named Sam and Joe were very good friends, but lived a mile or so apart. Sam lived near the Country Club and one morning invited Joe to lunch with him at twelve sharp that day. Noon came but Joe did not appear. Another half-hour passed but still no Joe. By one Sam was pretty hungry and getting rather impatient. Joe finally arrived at two. Poor Sam was famished.

"I invited you to lunch at noon, and here you show up two hours late. What happened to you "

"Nothing," said Joe. "It was such a nice day, I thought I'd walk over."

EXCERPTS FROM A COLLEGE PROFESSOR'S DIARY

January 3, 1941

I told them that during the holidays, while I was looking through my desk, I ran up on an old picture that I had not seen for some time. It was taken thirty-six years ago, with me sitting in my first car and my daughter, about two, standing by the side. It would be very amusing to drive that thing to school one of these mornings.

For a few moments I told them about how good a Negro old Dave was and the many things that he could do around the house. If you ask me, he is a real handy man.

Then I read them a cute little poem that I had started to ask them about on exam. Last night I went to a wedding and then went to a reception and had a wonderful time. Do you think those two that were married really know what they are going into? I then told them about a crippled woman who is married and what a lonely life she lives. I just couldn't help but bring up Dorothy Dix and tell them how much I like her and how much common sense she has. During the holidays I read Oliver Twist again and enjoyed it very much.

Now do you want to hear a big lie I told those boys? Well, here goes: When I was a boy and lived in Iowa it used to be so cold in the morning when I went to milk, that the milk froze on the bucket, and when I carried it into the house mother had to warm it before she could strain it. And that's not all, it was so cold that the milk even froze to my fingernails, and that's no stuff

Well, that's about all I had to tell them for the hour. Oh, yeah, by the way, we did discuss something about English for about ten minutes of the hour.

I guess the boys can overlook some of the things I tell them though, because when I was in school in Iowa the icicles that froze from the water dripping off the schoolhouse were anywhere from six to eight feet long. One day one of the boys threw one of those icicles completely over the schoolhouse and hit me on the head. I showed the boys of my class the scar I had on my head.

I can't tell everything in one hour, so I guess I will stop. So——long——

NOTE: THOSE WORDS WRITTEN IN CAPITAL LETTERS ARE THE AUTHOR'S COMMENTS.

January 6, 1941

I told them of a very brilliant young man who was at Harvard twelve to fifteen years ago and what great work he did. How this man got into all of the court records and dug up the trial and death of Christopher Marlowe. What stories will be written about Hitler and Mussy to be read two hundred years from now. I told them about the Frenchman who won the Nobel prize, and what Kaltenborn had to say last night about this man.

Last night I enjoyed reading again Dickens' Christmas Carol. I shot them bull on the characters for a few minutes. I told them about all the goddesses of the Greeks and Latins. About who would receive the golden apple and the background of these goddesses. I told them about the ladies who are going to wrestle at the armory tonight. I drew them some pictures on the board of the present system of where heaven and hell are.

January 8, 1941

I shot bull for a while on the pictures that are used in advertising of today. I told them about some school teachers I talked to for awhile the other day, and they told me of the trouble they were having with the young boys cutting up in the study halls. Were you boys that way? I told them about the dew that was on my windshield and how I blew my breath on it so I could get the dust off and be able to drive to school safely. I told them of a Princeton All-American football player who tried to save some people in a fire and had to be taken to a hospital and given a blood transfusion. Now are there any questions on this?

I read them one of the greatest pieces of literature I know of and I told them of a great little man who is a professor at Harvard and tried to help me get elected to some chair. He is a little man but a wonderful man. I sat down last night and read a large part of this literature to my wife and daughter so that we could all enjoy its beauty. I didn't assign them but 48 pages for today, so I had plenty of time to read to them. I discussed for a few moments the old hymn, "Rock of Ages." I then got off on the Australian advance to Bardia. My wife told me about going across the desert and how she got lost in the sands. SOMETIMES I WISH SHE HAD, and how she finally found her way back to camp. By the way, the sand was so fine that my wife had to wear gloves to keep her fingernails from getting chipped.

A great many years ago I came from Salt Lake

City in a sleeping car and the next morning the train had stopped and we had run into a sand slide and there we stayed with the temperature 120 inside and the water was getting low and women were fainting. We stayed there for ten hours and late that evening we came to a small little town where we could get water, and that was one of the best feelings that I have ever had.

I told them the same old thing about while being in the yard we say calves, sheep, lambs and pigs, but when we go into the house we say pass the veal, ham, and mutton. Then, vice versa, we do not go out into the yard and say see the little veals skipping about or the little hams running around. It took me 35 minutes to shoot them this bull.

January 10, 1941

I told them that love was a very fine word. You can't love potatoes, you have to like them. A boy asked me the other day what I would do if I were in his place, take Greek or German. I said Greek. Then I told them about the Greek language and the beauty of their buildings. I told them about a little 8 year old boy who could read Greek wonderfully. You know what, he could read Homer in the original. You should have some way to use your leisure time and a good way would be to learn Greek.

A lady came to our house yesterday from the dentist's and said that he said she must take care of her teeth better and that she must get a new toothbrush. I asked her did she know what bristles were and she said no. Can you call those things on a toothbrush bristles? She said I don't know. The lady said an old man wanted to get in at the dentist's office and then when he got in he said he had forgotten his plate. Tee, hee, wasn't that funny?

I told them about the Pilgrims making that perilous journey over here.

I met a lady the other day whom I had known in Tennessee. I have made several trips up there, years ago. A long time ago they had hitching posts and horses. One day a man rode up and tied his horse and got down to go into the courthouse and he met a mountaineer coming out as he was going in. He asked the mountaineer what was going on in there and the old mountaineer said old man Jones was talking. The man asked what he was talking about and the mountaineer said oh he didn't say.

I read some poems to my wife last night, who is a good critic, and she said you know those poems lack pictures, don't they? I told them what I had for breakfast this morning and how delicious it was. Our wash woman couldn't come the other day, she said she had misery in her legs. Oh, I guess she is probably 46 or 47 years old.

I showed them how Uncle Gus used to get up and sit down at the faculty meetings. Well, there goes the bell ———.

January 13, 1941

A young Negro at a university was asked was he not embarrassed at getting up before such an audience and such keen competition and you know, he said no. I told them about how I talked to boys who took declamation. I told them how actors do their best. I again talked to them for a while about the grand old hymn, "Rock of Ages." In fact, I told them a lot of things I had told them the last time we met. Did you know those men that built the old cathedrals did not belong to unions? Am I making clear the idea? As I came up town this morning I saw a new building going up. (WELL WHATS SO FUNNY ABOUT THAT.) When I walk along and tip my hat, scientists say I have gone 19 miles in space. I have a magnet I have had ever since I was a little boy and I used to pick up nails and tacks and sometimes you know It would even pick up my knife.

You know our cook called this morning and said she could not come because all of her children had the flu. My daughter, Helen, had the flu. This morning the dishes that were sent up to her room came back and my wife, who is a doctor, said put those on the back porch we are going to put hot water on them to kill the germs. You know what I said? I said, I don't see any germs. (WASN'T THAT TOO CUTE.) My family gave me a holly tree of Christmas. I have always wanted one for my place. However, (AT THIS POINT THERE WERE SIX SOUND ASLEEP.) it didn't come until yesterday. They put a ball of earth around it. WELL? WHAT DID YOU THINK THEY WOULD PUT? WHIPPED CREAM.) Several years ago I pulled up a holly tree and set it out at home, but it died, why? I hope I have better luck next time.

Don't you enjoy laying on your back on a moonlight night and looking at the moon? A Harvard woman talked last night over the radio for 30 minutes, and she will be on next Sunday night. (NOW ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL.) She was sending out to me little electrical impulses over the radio. (IT'S A PITY SHE DIDN'T SHOCK HIM.) I talked about Glenn Cunningham a few moments. I then talked a little while about wondering why Roosevelt was sending Hopkins to London. For a while I talked about the reports that came over the radio. I can't understand how music on the radio can come through the wall, can

you? (BROTHER, IF YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH THERE WILL BE A LOT OF THINGS THAT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND.)

January 15, 1941

I told them before class about how when one coughs it gives everybody else an impulse to cough too. I even showed them what the proper way is to put a handkerchief over your nose. When I was a boy on the farm in IOWA we used to put up several tons of ice a week. We had a regular ice house and would get blocks of ice out of the pond. One week I remember it was 25 degrees below zero and we went out on the pond and the ice was so thick we couldn't cut it. You know what, it was 4½ ft. thick, and that's no stuff. I lived where there were thousands of sheep and you know I thought all sheep were white, (LIKE A FOOL.) One day I saw a black one and I said what under the sun is that. I told them what all you see in an almanac.

I told them about how a prosecutor would do in a certain case. Any questions about that now? I talked yesterday to Senator Smith for a while. You know he was in town yesterday. I then told the boys about the New Deal and how Smith felt about the manner in which things were being run these days. (LIKE WE DIDN'T KNOW.) Now if you were present last night you heard Dean Nicholson speak and I don't know when I have heard a better speech. She was the presiding officer at the Phi Beta Kappa. Do you think Francis Bacon would have been interested in Phi Beta Kappa? I then told them about the great bombers we are building today, and then I shot bull for a few minutes on the Wright brothers. I told them about a woman I know who is a tennis player, and that she told me she did not like Bill Tilden. I then got back to talking about the Phi Beta Kappa. I told them about a man I taught and how hard it was for him to understand the English language. A lady asked me not long ago about some words and I told her I didn't know about them. She said, "Well, don't you teach English?"

January 17, 1941

I decided I had better teach the boys a little today so, I couldn't shoot them so much of this bull. I talked a few minutes before class about the need for Latin. I told them Durant's name was French and a very interesting name. I went all the way down the roll telling different boys where their names originated. It took me exactly nine minutes to call the roll. I told them what we were taking in English XV. I talked about the way the brain is developed.

A Portrait of a perfectionist

by Eugene Anderson

One of the great unsolved mysteries of the later nineteenth century was the affair at the Madrid Opera House. A brilliant young musician, Ricardo Alverez, had given a concert consisting largely of the works of his teacher, Don Jose Fernando Pinzon. In response to the roaring applause, Senor Alverez was rendering as the encore a composition of his own, a violent Gipsy dance, when the house was rocked by a terrific explosion. The lifting of the smoke unveiled a demolished piano and the disfigured body of the virtuoso.

The pianist was known to be a great lover, and consequently must have encountered rivals; but the lazy officials of the Royal Police could discover nothing that pointed to a solution of the crime. Since the young Alverez had not gained the widespread fame that a few more years would surely have given him, the event was promptly forgotten, except in the hearts of one or two friends, particularly the aging Don Jose.

In 19—, when an autobiographical sketch was requested by the Royal Conservatory, the world-renowned Don Jose wrote, among other things, "I have devoted the best of my unworthy years to the task of giving a lasting purity to the music of Spain. Many young musicians of rare promise and natural ability have come to study under my guidance, and I have imparted to them all that I had discovered of the proper modes of expression in music. These pupils readily absorbed my instruction and some were well on the way to outstanding achievement; but, alas, there were attempts to improve upon perfection. Some of my artists let their work be influenced by composers of whom I could not, as the leading pianist of Spain, give my approval.

"My beloved Ricardo was one of these. What a strange fate for one of so rare a talent to be snuffed out in the hour of triumph! Surely the hand of destiny must have placed the powder so near the vibrant strings on which the many little felt-laden hammers mirrored the soul of the pianist. Perhaps the incipient extremism of the fledgling composer drew the wrath of a reproachful muse, who reached down and with the most profound sigh turned felt to flint.

"Then, too, there was the young Villareal, who leaped from the old Moorish wall at Granada to such an untimely end, and this a bare two hours after his crowning success in the **Fiesta de Musica.** Some say it was an affair of the heart, but I say some frowning deity extended a reluctant arm to dispatch the youth into eternity."

In ending the letter to the Conservatory, Pinzon concluded, "I wish it said when I am gone, that Don Jose Fernando Pinzon was a man who humbly lived and humbly died, a slave to perfection, a servant to the great and small, and a not-too-illustrious student of the inexplicable above him."

IS THERE HOPE?

(From Page 16)

a world basis we must construct healthy communities in which to live.

In our local communities, cities, counties, and states we must remove our group prejudices, racial and religious intolerance, and exploitation of one group by another. Positively speaking, we must make these communities communities that provide adequate avenues for opportunity for its members to earn a decent wage, receive an education sufficient to prepare them for a productive life, feel secure in old age and sickness, and above all else to give each member a feeling of being a vital part of the community, which entails the development of an attitude in every member of responsibility.

The national community must be the expression of the will of the entire population. The majority must rule, but with care for the rights of the minority. Labor and capital should be regulated so that fair wages will be guaranteed, but fair returns on investments must also be guaranteed to the man willing to invest in promoting the better welfare of man. The national community must be a community which provides its members with opportunities for accomplishment, security, and recreation.

Last but not least, we must establish an international community. We can establish such a community only by using our best minds in all fields to work with the best that other nations have. In addition to brains, our representatives must be men that love God and possess an understanding and appreciation of man. The international community must provide the citizens of the world with adequate means for health, happiness, and hope. The four freedoms must become a reality instead of an oft-quoted pharse.

Oldest Print Shop
In Spartanburg
Under Same Management . . .

WM. L. ALTMAN
PRINTER
151 Commerce Street :: Phone 2034
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

THE GEER DRUG COMPANY
★
Wholesale Druggists
★
Charleston :: Spartanburg
Greenville
South Carolina

Success or Failure?

by GLEN LONG

IS SUCCESS inevitable with some individuals while others must be satisfied to trust fate to determine their destiny?

The man who will win must realize that success or failure is in his own hands. Human failures have pursued the footsteps of all of us, but the victor is the man who adopts the slogan, "I am going to win."

We meet with failure every day and everywhere. All around us there are those who, seemingly, struggle in vain to achieve their purpose and to reach their goal. Some of the greatest men of our history have gone to their graves without the due recognition that they deserve. Columbus died alone and unrewarded; Milton died in poverty; Joan of Arc was burned at the stake; the greatest man who ever lived was crucified on a cross between two thieves. Even though to the world, these heroes of our history died as failures, they had achieved the greatest and the most desirable reward—the assurance that they had given to God and to their country the best that they had.

If we can only realize that failure has its rewards, we shall have the key to "successful failure." Our failures should be stepping stones to greater success and ladders to loftier victories. The fact that no man has escaped tasting the bitter dregs of defeat should be a consolation and an impetus to our success. We shall never completely realize the meaning of success and failure until we can quote with Goldsmith: "Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall." Even though we are weak, if we can struggle to our feet after each defeat to face again the storm of life, success in the end is inevitable.

It is the duty of every man to establish a goal for himself and to strive with all of his abilities and talents to obtain it. We must learn to master the little things of life, and the rest will take care of themselves. What we do today is the index of what we shall be tomorrow. We must sit steady in the ship with our hand firmly upon the helm, guiding our bark safely through the sea of time. The things in life that are worthwhile are not given to those who are undeserving, but they can only be obtained by hard application, rigid self-denial, and constant self-sacrifice.

I do not say that failure does not bring grief and remorse. It is true, some failures penetrate our hearts and bind our beings with a pang of rue until it seems as if our very souls shall cry out for deliverance from the pains that engulf us. However, if at this time of testing and trial we succumb to the adversary of our soul, we have not only been defeated in the battle of life, but we have lost the inward conflict as well.

So then, let us face the realities of life. Man is the master of his fate, and as master, he holds in his hands the clay with which to mold himself a life of achievement, strength, and joy or a life of poverty, weakness, and pain—a life of success or failure.

Gifts for All Occasions

RUFUS D. LEWIS
JEWELER
"A STORE OF DEPENDABILITY"

146 East Main Street
Phone 918 Spartanburg, S. C.

FOREMOST DAIRIES

ICE CREAM
and
MILK

Jarman Shoes Dobbs Hats

PRICE'S
YOUNG MEN'S SHOP
123 North Church Street
At Kennedy

Manhattan Shirts Beau-Brummel Neckwear

1845 1946

THE DuPRE BOOK STORE
★
Students Cordially Welcomed
★
194 E. Main Street Phone 78

OUR RECORD DEPARTMENT

Featuring: Decca, Decca-Capitol, A.R.A.-R.C.A.Victor Records

THE BEST SUPPLY IN TOWN

BELK-HUDSON CO.

Wofford's First Launderers

* * *

SPARTANBURG LAUNDRY
Phones 32 and 543

HAMMOND - BROWN - JENNINGS COMPANY

FURNITURE

167 N. Church Street Phone 3700

EFIRD'S

Spartanburg's Best Department Store

COMPLETE OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND BOYS

WELCOME, WOFFORD
•
CAROLINA — PALMETTO STATE *THEATRES*
•
Spartanburg's Best Entertainment
STAGE and SCREEN

LA PETITE RESTAURANT

College Headquarters

The Best Place to Eat in Town

EAT

at

The Elite

"Where the Elite Meet to Eat"

Band & White

★

Good Printing

★

S. S. Wallace, Jr., Owner

Telephone 362 - 363 Spartanburg, S. C.

MONTGOMERY WARD

* * *

Spartanburg's

Complete Department Store

Flowers for All Occasions

* * *

FRED'S FLOWER SHOP

* * *

We Wire Flowers

Montgomery Building Phone 1452

Where the Wofford Boys Meet

on Sunday Night

PIEDMONT CAFE

Magnolia St. Spartanburg

MONTGOMERY &

CRAWFORD, INC.

Hardware

Houseware

Sports Goods

Wofford College

SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

1854-1946

1. Standard four-year College of the Liberal Arts and Sciences for men only.

2. Offers courses that lead to Medicine, Law, Business, Engineering, Teaching and Preaching.

3. Member of the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges. The Southern University Conference. On the approved list of the Association of American Universities.

4. Library of 40,000 volumes. Adequate Laboratory facilities in Chemistry, Physics, Biology, and Electricity.

5. Voluntary Senior R. O. T. C. Unit.

6. All forms of intercollegiate athletic and intramural sports.
   Field House for indoor sports and physical training.
   Stadium and playing fields for outdoor sports.
   Comfortable Dormitories.

Write for Catalogue and Full Information to

WALTER K. GREENE

President

Top off your gift bundles with these cheery cartons of Christmas Chesterfields ...They Satisfy.

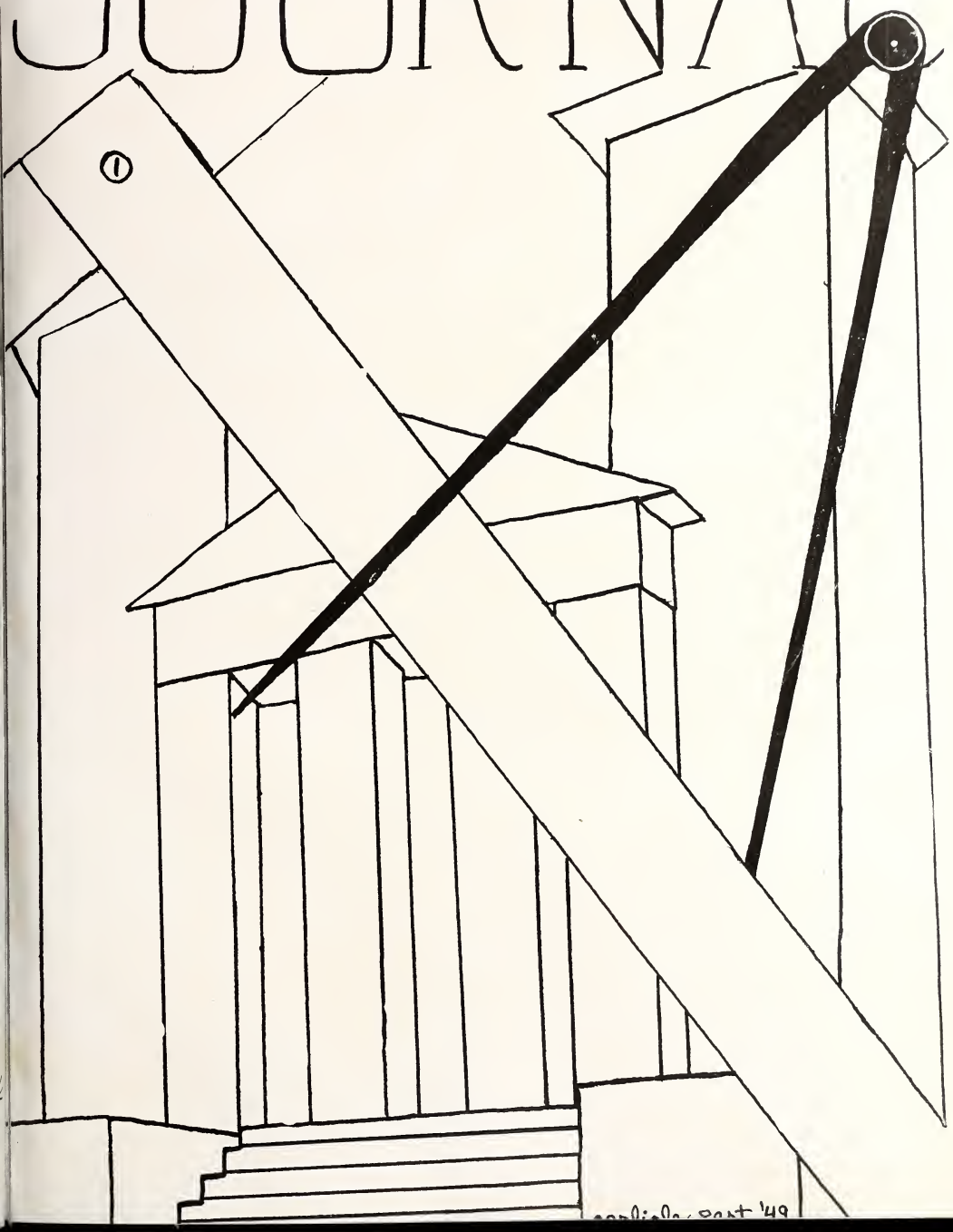
Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

RIGHT COMBINATION – WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS · *Properly Aged*

Copyright 1946, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

WOFFORD COLLEGE FEBRUARY 1947

The JOURNAL



EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

NEWS ITEM, 1944

Cigarette shortage spreads ...Counters jammed... Millions try different brands —any brand they can get.

EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS

the Differences in Cigarette Quality

...and now the demand for Camels —always great —is greater than ever in history.

DURING the war shortage of cigarettes . . . that's when your "T-Zone" was really working overtime.

That's when millions of people found that their "T-Zone" gave a happy okay to the rich, full flavor and the cool mildness of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos.

And today more people are asking for Camels than ever before in history. But, no matter how great the demand:

We do not tamper with Camel quality. We use only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way!

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS

than any other cigarette

Doctors too smoke for pleasure. And when three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?—*the brand named most was Camel!*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE

JOURNAL

Volume LVII Number 3

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... Dick McTeer
Assistant Editor ..... Ben De Luca, Jr.
Poetry Editor ..... Warren L. Molton
Art Editor ..... Eben Taylor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

John Mandanis
Joe Erwin
Peter Karageannes
George Wannamaker

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager ..... Bobby G. Collins
Assistant Business Manager ..... Paul Anderson
Circulation Manager ..... Robert Boykin
Assistant Circulation Manager ..... Robert Cuttino
Advertising Assistant ..... James Greer
Faculty Financial Advisor ..... Kenneth D. Coates
Typists ..... John Willis and Lewis Watts

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, Spartanburg, South Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Journal, Wofford College Literary Magazine, Published by the Student Body five times during the School Year: November, December, February, March, and May. Subscription Rate, $1.25 per Year.

CONTENTS

THE JOURNAL

Table of Contents

The Great Virtue ..... Rab Braddy, Page 3

Puerto Rico—Land of Contrasts ..... J. G. Stroup, Page 4

The Turtle Moon ..... Curtis Pearcy, Page 6

The Accident ..... Joe Erwin, Page 8

Sergeant Malaprop ..... Bob Rowan, Page 10

Singin' Billy Walker, A. S. H. ..... J. T. H. Mize, Page 11

The Real Estate ..... Virginia Ann Gunn, Page 16

The Training Ground ..... D. A. Drennen, Page 17

A Student Looks at Himself ..... John Stevenson, Page 18

The Way It Was ..... John Q. Hill, Page 20

THE GREAT VIRTUE

by Rab Braddy

On a quiet little street in a quiet little town called Vicksburg stand two houses. The one on the corner is dressed in white with quaint little green shutters on the windows and a red brick chimney rising from the slant of the roof. It's not what one would call an expensive home; rather it is one of modest dignity, doubtless a home of one of the well-to-do citizens of the small town. This is where the Guthries live. Standing very close to the Guthries' home is another simple, well-kept little house. It's white, too, but its roof is shingled in red and the blinds on the windows sport the same bright color as that which covers the roof. In this house Fred Warren and his family have lived since they came to Vicksburg seven years ago.

Between the two little bungalows lies a garden. It isn't a very big garden, and at the height of its season it can display only a few of the more common, more easily grown blooms. But to Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Guthrie it is about the most beautiful, best-kept garden in the world. All through the winter months they spend long hours together poring over seed catalogues, deciding where the zinnias should go this year, debating whether or not to try their hand at dahlias. Then, at the first sign of spring they take up their rakes and hoes and, side by side, merrily begin to condition the ground for the coming planting. But no matter how eager they may be, nor how much time it takes to perform each little task, they never fail to take the greatest care that every little task is done exactly right, because it simply has to be a successful garden. You see, the garden is their part of the Treaty. Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Warren play chess together every Thursday night as their part of the Treaty, and son Tommy G. and son Peter W. go to the—but perhaps I should first tell you how the Treaty came to be.

The little garden that now stands between the homes of these two prominent small town families and gives them the impression of holding hands has not always been. The neat rows of flowers only a year or so ago replaced a great, unpainted board fence that stood between the two families and served as a curtain to divide their lives. To the citizens of Vicksburg this board fence symbolized the enmity that existed between the two houses, for there are few of the local inhabitants who don't know every detail of the hostile relations. As a matter of fact, the situation had grown until the little town came to depend upon it as an ever-reliable source of gossip.

The quarrel began over Martha Guthrie's afternoon bridge party. It may have been Fred Warren's wife who had the party—none of the town gossips seem to be certain as to which. One of the two had a couple of tables of bridge and failed to invite the other. The one that had the party, so the story goes, owed the other a social obligation. The one who wasn't invited took offense, and the feud of the two families was born.

From this beginning the breach began to grow—slowly at first, then by leaps and bounds. Martha Guthrie began to save her wash till Tuesday, because Susan Warren did hers on Monday. Needless to say, both did a lot of street crossing in order to keep from passing each other on the sidewalks. When Fred W. needed lumber, he drove fifteen miles to Ancrum, because Guthrie was the lumber man in Vicksburg. It was pretty hard for Pete Guthrie, since Warren owned Vicksburg's only movie. But he would miss many a good picture before he would be seen in a theater belonging to Fred Warren. The climax came when the Guthries withdrew their membership from the Baptist church and began to worship with the Methodists because they felt that they could no longer attend the same church with the Warrens. The only thing the two families continued to share after this was an old colored handy man named Jim, who, by using a great deal of homespun philosophy still was allowed to cut the Warren's grass on Tuesday and tend to the Guthrie's on Thursday.

It had almost become an established fact among the townsfolk that what was between the Warrens and the Guthries would continue to be. That is, until the day it happened.

Fred Warren came home from the office at 5:30, just as he did every day. Pete Guthrie reached his doorstep a few minutes later, just as he always did in order to avoid that Fred Warren. But tonight there was a slight variation in each of their arrivals, for each found pinned to his screen door a plain, unaddressed white envelope. Naturally, question and suspicion quickly mounted high, for it isn't every night that a man comes home to find a mysterious, unaddressed message fastened to his door.

It was something of a let-down for both of them when the contents were made known, for each had expected nothing less than a terrible threat from

(Turn to Page 22)

PUERTO RICO — LAND OF CONTRASTS

By Garland Stroup

EDITOR'S NOTE: During the years 1939-1945, Garland Stroup lived in Puerto Rico and attended the University High School, branch of the University of Puerto Rico, at Rio Piedras. He became familiar with the island by accompanying his father, whose work with the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture took him on extensive trips all over the island. At present Garland lives in Spartanburg and is a member of the Freshman Class at Wofford.

Puerto Rico: to the casual visitor "Pearl of the Antilles." "Isle of Enchantment," "Where the Americas Meet," but to the experienced resident and to many native Puerto Ricans: land of poverty and political unrest, but emphatically home. Although most Americans have heard of Puerto Rico, few have an understanding knowledge of the island, and even a smaller number seem to care about its welfare. During the six years that I lived there, I saw many of its problems and developed a deep regard for the island and its people.

Puerto Rico is one of the poorest and most over-populated areas in the Western Hemisphere, with 500 persons per square mile, as compared with 62.1 persons per square mile in South Carolina. The slums of San Juan would be a disgrace to any city. The little one- or two-room houses are built of scraps of wood and tin, and are mounted close together on stilts in a sea of mud. In case of heavy rains, wooden planks serve as temporary walks. As soon as one little shack falls down in **La Perla**, San Juan's principal slum, another is quickly erected in its place. As may be expected, many of the residents have such a disrespect for the law that policemen often have to go there in pairs instead of alone.

Conditions in the country are somewhat better, although the houses are poor. Most of the small dwellings I have seen have one or two small rooms, and the kitchen is usually a charcoal burner just outside the back door. Hammocks, strung up three and four to a room at bedtime and taken down and folded away during the day, are usually used instead of beds. The farmer's possessions are usually limited to several acres of land and a few domestic animals. It is very common to see chickens, goats, or maybe a pig wandering around in the front yard among scantily clad children.

Because of the mountainous terrain and the scarcity of land, farms are planted on any available spot. One day as my father and I were traveling through the country, we came upon a patch of **yautia** (similar to our potato) planted on a mountain-side which seemed practically perpendicular. The land was so steep that the farmer had his **yautia** growing on small benches carved out of the hillside. He had also placed long poles of bamboo on these steps in order to try to prevent erosion and to facilitate his climbing up and down the slope.

The diet of the poorer Puerto Ricans consists of rice, beans, and salted codfish, a few vegetables, a scant amount of meat, and strong native coffee. Rice and red beans are relished not only by the poorer class, but by the richer people also. Every meal except breakfast must include these two dishes. At a Boy Scout camp which I attended, the scouts were served bread and coffee for breakfast, rice and beans for dinner, and beans and rice for supper for an entire two weeks.

Puerto Rico was discovered by Columbus on November 19, 1493, during his second voyage to the New World. Columbus named the island San Juan after the crown prince of Spain. Later, in 1521, the name of the island was exchanged with that of the port.

During the times of pirates and buccaneers, Puerto Rico became a Spanish stronghold in the West Indies. Several unsuccessful attempts to capture the island were made by the French, Dutch and English.

As all the Spanish colonies in America rebelled against the motherland one by one, many of the Spanish loyalists of these countries came to Puerto Rico to live; this migration did much to increase the population. Years later, however, Spain lost the island to the United States as a result of the Spanish-American War.

Puerto Rico, Cuba, Santo Domingo and Jamaica make up the West Indies group of Islands known as the Greater Antilles. The strategic location of Puerto Rico makes it invaluable to the United States government for the defense of the Panama Canal and the mainland itself. It is small in size—100 miles long and 35 miles wide. Most of the country is covered by two rugged mountain ranges with only a small fringe of flat fertile land near the seacoast. The climate is very mild, and delightful weather is usually enjoyed all the year round.

Although Spanish and English are both taught in Puerto Rican schools, Spanish is the spoken language. It is interesting to notice how subjects are taught in schools there. Teachers use books written in English but explain all the classwork and give the examinations in Spanish. Therefore most American students going to school in Puerto Rico learn not only arithmetic, history, or chemistry, but Spanish as well.

Puerto Ricans, like most Latin Americans, enjoy dressing up for special occasions. In well-to-do homes it is considered improper for the men to come to the table without a coat. At school, when any person had to make a speech before the English class, it was easy to spot the scheduled orator: best clothes cleaned and pressed, shoes shined, hair slicked down, and face beaming. Fellow students would grin and whisper, "If his house burned down now, he wouldn't lose a **thing.**"

In the tropical climate a rest from work is always welcome. All the stores close at noon for an hour and a half, during which time the employees are expected to eat lunch and take a brief **siesta.** Besides celebrating all the American holidays, the Puerto Ricans also include many interesting ones of their own. Most Puerto Ricans are named after some saint, so that they celebrate not only their birthday, but their "saint's day" as well.

At Christmas, they have a large family supper at midnight December 24, but they do not exchange their gifts until January 6, Three Kings' Day. In well-to-do homes children now expect gifts from both Santa Claus and the Three Kings.

There could be no real Latin Christmas without **aguinaldos,** small songs related somewhat to the Christmas carol. All during the Christmas season groups of small children, and sometimes of older men, go from house to house singing songs both day and night in the hope of receiving small gifts. Usually some of the group have instruments, such as guitars, hand-made drums, and **maracas.** Christmas is also a time of feasting. Most people, however poor they may be, supplement their usual diet of rice and beans with **lechon azado** (barbecued pig). Those who can afford them have **pasteles,** champagne, and many kinds of cakes and sweets.

During the entire rule of the United States in Puerto Rico, there has been a constant demand for more self-expression in the government. Today there are three principal solutions offered for this pressing political problem: independence, statehood, and commonwealth government. Needless to say, all three types of government are ardently supported by different types of people.

Puerto Rico is primarily an agricutural country, but because of the mountainous terrain, there is much land that is too steep and eroded to be **cultivated.** This fact and the problem of an abnormally large population make the economic future of Puerto Rico look rather dark. Being the most crowded place in the Western Hemisphere, there is approximately one acre of arable land per person. Furthermore, as the population is steadily increasing, the amount of arable land is slowly decreasing—literally being washed away by erosion. To help remedy this situation, the United States government is spending millions of dollars a year to try to aid the people in conserving their soil.

Because the land is so scarce, many ex-farmers have been forced to move to the city to try to find employment. However, they are not much better off because jobs are just as rare there as any other over populated city or country. Although industrialization has been tried on a small scale, it is not likely that industry can be developed to any great extent because of lack of natural resources. Agriculture will probably always remain the chief means of support for the populace.

In the New Deal days, the federal government embarked on a noble experiment of developing a model community at La Plata. Each participant received a small tract of land and a simple but practical concrete house which was palatial compared to the neighboring shacks. This improved standard of living was thwarthed by the unpredictable Puerto Rican: instead of profiting from his improved economic welfare, he immediately increased the size of his family to share the new wealth and luxury. Result: more mouths to feed; fewer beans on each plate.

In spite of its many perplexing situations, Peurto Rico is in many ways interesting and beautiful. People living there for a period of years usually feel a deep love and sympathy for the island. It naturally hurts the Puerto Ricans' pride when some **norteamericano** comes to the island for a few days to write a book or to take photographs which emphasize its poverty. However, they recognize that there is much room for improvement.

Puerto Rico, as small and as far away as it may seem to us, nevertheless is proving to be very important because it is more or less the testing ground for the foreign policy of the United States toward our Latin American neighbors. The amount of interest which we give to this island possession will have much to do with the opinion of many South American countries about the United States.

Ideas are funny little things. They won't work unless you do.

In this world, you gotta be crazy or you'll go nuts.

THE TURTLE MOON

by Curtis Pearcy

That great master of conversation, Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his Autocrat of the Breakfast table talked of the relative merits of the mountains and the seashore. The mountains have "a grand, stupid, lovable tranquility; the sea has a fascinating, treacherous intelligence." The mountains are like huge dead giants, quite awful, but then not deadly. The sea is a constantly moving, fluctuating and virile force—a veritable powerhouse of destruction when rampant. Who has not heard of the time-honored debate, which is more powerful, fire or water? In formal debate, a query on such lines would only show the stupidity of its author but in the solitude of our own minds such a question often becomes a matter of wonderment, and is even the basis of hours of meditation, only afterwards we pray no one will ever suspect our thoughts. But seriously, what could be more forceful than an ocean of water turned upon a locality? What could leave in its wake more complete desolation? The power of cubic miles of brine is almost beyond the range of human conception. The tides have potential horsepower surpassed by little except atoms, but man has not learned to harness tides. Surely Holmes had something of this feeling when he wrote, "The mountains lie like huge ruminants, their broad backs awful to look upon, but safe to handle. The sea smooths its silver scales until you cannot see their joints, but their shining is that of a snake's belly, after all." The sea is treacherous, mean, murderous. It kills, maims, devastates, and lays waste. It is a Frankenstein monster when it goes on rampage and its rampages are almost unpredictable. But for centuries men have rolled dice with death on the high seas. Some have won, others have lost, and the losers only add to the romance of the water, enticing many more to enter the game. They were awed by the magnitude of the expanse, were goaded on by a pioneer desire to conquer the unconquerable, were strengthened by the struggle with the elements.

Today much of the savage struggle has been won by steamships, barometers, and the myriad of scientific devices conceived by the mind of man. Still the same grandeur, the same unpredictableness, the same gargantuan force pervades every breath of the ocean, every roar of the waves. What have the mountains that is as inspiring as this? The mountains have peace, restfulness. The beach has the savage omnipotence of the ocean spurred by tales repeated since the beginning of time. Now we come to a choice between beach and mountain. Holmes said, "The one where your place is is the best for you." Each one must, therefore, choose for himself; no one can decide for him. In my small way I have chosen the beach, and should like to give you, the reader, something of the thrill of one part of beach life. Have you ever watched a sea turtle plod ashore in her almost unbearable slow gait, lay her eggs, conceal them from any but the experienced, and turn unerringly back to the boundless deep? That is a pleasure in worth not to be measured by gold or diamonds.

I do not feel called upon to go into the family history of old Mrs. Sea Turtle. Libraries of books await him who wishes to know, and he can read there as easily as here. Nevertheless a few words about the old lady herself as a matter of introduction, should not be boring to those lucky enough to have seen her and will help those who have not. She is much like ordinary turtles, except that she is much larger and can't draw her head and flippers in her shell, even to conceal her unbeautiful neck. Her shell is three to four feet long, and her head adds another foot. Her tail is quite as out of proportion as an ordinary terrapin tail, being only four or five inches. She often has barnacles on her back, and on land her eyes run water. She is not pretty, but she is majestic as she cautiously leaves her water for a brief while on **terra firma**. It is not just any old night that turtles come ashore. A few come in May, a few in July, and a scattered one or two in August, but the center of the season is the full moon in June. Then the deserted beaches on temperate waters are nightly visited by the old girls, seeking a safe spot for their nests to incubate under the burning of a tropic summer sun. In the last century turtle eggs were considered a relic in seaboard towns. Men walked the lonely beaches, followed the tracks on the strand up to the nest, and by prodding a stick into the ground, found and robbed the nest, and sold the eggs. This became so widespread that laws were passed forbidding in various manners the molesting of turtle nests. Some people still like turtle eggs, so many nests do not hatch. Conservation is well enough in hand, however, that turtles are not in any apparent peril. The egg that caused the trouble is a little larger than a ping-pong ball, and is much

like one in texture, only it is soft. The white will never harden no matter how long you cook it, and the yolk is much like hen's egg yolk. The eggs are cooked for eating by boiling a few minutes, and eaten by sucking the contents out of the shell. The eggs are rich and make good pastry.

Far be this perusal from any more of the culinary. Let us leave that for the chefs, and go out one brilliant June night in search of one of these majestic creatures. All of you who wish excitement of the physical body kindly return to your parties and journey no further with us. This is an excursion for only those select few capable of feeling the spiritual and aesthetic. Now you who by your own admission term yourselves fit company for our trip, forget your lust for nail-biting trivialities and come into the realm of the supernatural. It is about ten o'clock on this June night. The weather is clear, rather brisk, and a stiff sea breeze whips a mounting crescendo in the palm-fronds to the tempo set by millions of crickets and a booming surf. The moon is waxing, almost full, and leaves its silvery wake over the waves from its position about twenty-five degrees above the horizon. This path of the moon is of prime importance to us tonight because under its spectral mesmeric spell we shall spend our next few hours. The shaft of moonlight on the water begins with you and goes out over the waves in a brilliant platinum-blond streak. On either side of the bright strip is a dark space so in contrast with our silver sidewalk that it is almost invisible and then, moving away from the path the whole ocean seems bathed in a celestial glow. The reflection flickers on the caps of every small swell, giving the impression of a billion light bulbs twinkling beneath the surface. The beach itself is not unblessed by the moon; by no means does the ocean have a monopoly. The sands, bleached twice a day by flood tides and the rest of the time by a broiling, merciless sun, lie in resplendent glory in the pale light. All distances are distorted, and the palmettos frolicking only twenty yards away seem to be a far distant back-drop. Through the rustling fronds is the pale, occasional glimmer of a distant sun that dares brave the power of Luna.

In this majestic setting we begin our quest. Down the strand for a mile or so we wander, so enthralled by the moment that there is no room for paltry words. The beach is now deserted—unmarred by the hand of man. We break the spell of thought long enough to find a waiting place on a dune behind a clump of sea rice, and our vigil begins. No noise, no motion, no sound, only thought. The moon rises higher, the tide ebbs, the magnificence of the water remains. For one, two, or more hours we sit as if under some hypnotic spell. Surely anyone in possession of his faculties would long ago have given up in vain. Perhaps we will be unlucky and not find a turtle; it has happened before. But there—to the left—just inside the breakers—another piece of driftwood like so many we find on the shore? No. This "stick" turns from side to side, examining the shore. All is clear—the turtle plods cumbersomely onto the beach trying to walk on flippers designed for swimming alone. She comes up, straining, pausing to rest, dragging on. She looks like an overgrown oyster broken from its moorings. In the remarkable time of twenty minutes old Mrs. Turtle has crossed fifteen yards of open strand and found a nesting site above high water. We wait until she has started laying before we come out of hiding, because any sign of our presence before she is set will send her back to the water to await a more opportune time under more favorable conditions, with fewer disturbances. We vote to leave. We have accomplished our mission. We feel we must leave our retreat and our world of supernatural for the world of our fellow-man with his foolish chatterings. Rejuvenated and gay, we make short work of our homeward trek. But there are those stupid fellows that they are, who, when approached about a turtle hunt, invariably reply, "Fine. Whom do you want to date?"

ESCAPE

D. E. Holler

Try to stop my brain from working?
Would I could, 'twould pay me fine.
Silly thoughts would then stop lurking,
Past, not present, would be mine.

The days of old, so people say, always were the best.
'Tis true, I say, and ever rue this day,
For present age has no time, for enjoyment or for rest.
Past, not present, holds men's souls in sway.

To linger over memories; grief and sorrow pass
'Tis good thoughts of things once done you feel.
The better, the best, memories like these do last.
Past, not present, should hold the driver's wheel.

THE ACCIDENT

by Joe Erwin

Since Gerald came, nothing had gone right. He had arrived early in April, ostensibly for a week's visit; but the week had lengthened into May and June, and Gerald was still with them. He'd descended upon Luke like a plague, explaining at first that he'd just come for a visit with his cousin. Later, he didn't bother to explain anything at all, and Luke had the impression that perhaps there were difficulties between Gerald and the Internal Revenue authorities back at Daytona. Neither of them ever spoke of it, but Luke knew that Gerald made periodic and mysterious trips to various points near Daytona, always at night, and that he met certain fast boats from Cuba and the Bahamas. It was not impossible that these trips were concerned with passing illegal rum into the country.

When Luke had spoken privately to his wife Elena about Gerald's protracted visit, she had looked at him sharply and muttered, "You can't ask him to go. It would not be **simpatico.**"

"Who wants to be **simpatico?** He's been here almost three months, just loafing. He don't even buy his own groceries. It's a bad season, Elena. I can't afford to support him and us too, just to be **simpatico.**"

"If you have no pride, I have." Elena pouted. "You should be more like him. He's very refined."

"He's a lily," growled Luke. "Not **muy hombre.**"

"Nor **muy toro!**" snapped Elena.

So Gerald had not been asked to leave.

Luke was firmly convinced that the season's troubles had come down from Daytona with his cousin. The reservations from fishing parties had been few—hardly enough to pay for his running the boat; certainly not enough to buy Elena all the little things she usually demanded, and Elena was an expensive pet. Strangely enough, however, Elena had not grumbled or quarreled with her husband for a long time. Not, as a matter of fact, since April.

It seemed that there were no fish in the whole Atlantic that year. The few parties who had chartered Luke's boat caught virtually nothing and returned irritable and grouchy each day, invariably blaming the skipper because the fish weren't running. Luke, in turn, blamed it all on Gerald.

Earlier in the summer, shortly after he'd arrived, Gerald had gone out with the boat a few times. Not often, but occasionally. Now, however, he stayed at home—Luke's home, that is—and while he was sailing over all the water between Matecumbe and Bimini, Luke would wonder what Gerald and Elena found to do all day.

She had been cool and distant for weeks, almost like a stranger. Never very affectionate or demonstrative, now she sometimes seemed to be unconscious of Luke's presence; then she would suddenly look at him with fleeting alarm, as though startled at remembering him. True, Luke had never actually seen anything to prove that Gerald was having an affair with his wife, but he felt that something was wrong. Everything seemed innocent enough upon the surface, but the suspicion was too strong to ignore. Somewhere, Luke knew, Gerald had quite a sizable bankroll hidden away. That, his manner, his good looks, all these would appeal to Elena. And Gerald was a handsome devil.

He was lean and smooth-shaven, not a huge hairy hulk of a man like Luke. Luke could probably have crushed him with one hand, but there was a formidable air about the smaller man, and Luke would have thought twice before fighting him. Gerald was quick and unpredictable. He was clever and sly. To Luke it seemed that Gerald's mind was like a keen razor—sharp and bright and hard—and, if one weren't careful, treacherous and deadly.

One night late in June, Gerald sat with his feet upon a table and Luke's guitar across his lap, picking out the chords while Elena sang **Perfidia** in soft Spanish from the kitchen. Luke sat alone in the corner of the room watching his cousin's fingers on the strings and trying earnestly not to hate him.

"You play good, Gerald," said Elena, as she came into the room." Doesn't he play good, Luke?"

Luke said he played good.

Gerald smiled at the girl, accepting this tribute in silence as though it were no more than he'd expected them to say.

"Be a nice girl," he purred, "and pour us some rum."

"Ah, there is none; Luke took it out with the boat last Monday. Those **turistas** drink like fish. We have nothing but **vino.** I'll get you some."

She poured a glass of red wine and placed it on the table before him. She was about to replace the bottle upon the shelf when Gerald asked, "Aren't you going to give Luke some?"

"Oh, I forgot. You want some, Luke?"

Luke rose rather abruptly from his chair and stalked to the door. "No," he growled at her.

"I'm going out to the boat. The diesel has a cough in her and I got a party to pick up at Boca Raton tomorrow. I'll be back after 'while." He strode through the door and let it slam behind him. As he walked down the steps onto the warm sands he heard Gerald say, "He's irritated at something, Elena."

"Pah," scoffed Elena, "him, he's always grumpy. Play for me some more, Gerald."

The last thing Luke heard as he passed out of earshot were a few bars of a beguine and Elena's velvet voice singing the words.

On the beach he jammed a pipe between his teeth and sucked furiously at the empty bowl. He walked down the strand, letting the warm Gulf tide ripple up around his bare feet. He had had to get out of the house and away from those two. If he'd stayed longer his face might betray him, and Gerald must not suspect what was on Luke's mind.

He walked along the beach for a long time; when he returned, the lights were out. He went to bed without waking Elena.

The next evening Luke discharged his party, disgruntled and fishless, on Boca Raton and anchored his boat in the channel between two of the smaller keys on the way home. He lit his pipe and sat on the deck in the bow for an hour or two. His forehead wrinkled as he calculated the simplest and most convenient scheme to murder a person.

Several days later Luke approached Gerald with the suggestion that they go fishing. Gerald didn't want to go fishing. He didn't feel like fishing that afternoon, he said. But, pointed out Luke, the mackerel were running. It was the first big run of the summer, and it would be wise to take advantage of it. Two lines in the water would catch twice as many fish as one line. And besides, there was no point in lying around the house all day. Or was there?

Elena and Gerald exchanged a quick glance. Elena's dark Cuban eyes flickered once, almost imperceptibly, but Luke noticed, and Gerald reluctantly agreed there was no real reason to stay on the key when the mackerel were running.

Later in the afternoon Elena watched the boat chugging out through the green shallows into the cobalt depths that marked the Gulf stream. Luke was at the wheel and Gerald stood on top of the cabin, looking out over the glare the sun made on the smooth water. A group of dejected pelicans soared idly around the boat a few times and settled lazily upon the surface, looking very bored and sad.

Luke smiled to himself and reviewed his plans. Where there were mackerel there would be barracuda—large, vicious fish, far more dangerous than a shark. A barracuda will attack anything that moves, even a man. Especially a man, thought Luke. It would be difficult, almost impossible, to rescue anyone who fell overboard in 'cuda waters before the fish got to him. It would be very quick and tragic: a sudden brown streak through the water, then another; the brief flash of tooth-filled jaws, like an alligator's; someone screaming for a few moments. The water is churned to a pink froth and the deep blue splashed with red; a few shreds of clothing floating about to mark the spot and nothing more.

"They're over there!" shouted Gerald, and Luke returned from his reverie. Over to the southeast the gulls were having a holiday, swooping and circling and diving into the water. There were myriads of faint ripples and shadows on the water, and from time to time there was the brief flash of white belly as a fish would turn and streak off in another direction.

Luke stalled the engine and the boat drifted gently toward the school of mackerel. He and Gerald baited hooks with chunks of mullet and tossed them far out to the side of the boat. Almost instantly Gerald got a strike, and the cotton line went singing through the sea. It was a heavy strike. Gerald braked the reel and began to bring the fish in to the boat, when suddenly the line slackened.

"Dammit!" he swore "I lost him."

"Reel it in," said Luke.

Gerald reeled in a piece of mackerel. The head and part of the body were there, but the rest had been bitten off. It would have been a big mackerel, but something had bitten through it as though it were an oyster.

"There's a barracuda out there," commented Luke, reaching for a hatchet. "Big 'uns, too. If we get any on our line, we'll need this."

Luke's spirit was soaring. It might be necessary to use the hatchet to make sure that Gerald fell overboard as planned. In a moment now there would be an accident and Gerald would feel a stunning blow at the back of his head. The hook he was baiting would never be cast. There would be only a splash and Luke could sail home, rid of his cousin at last. His fingers closed around the hatchet.

It was almost sundown when Elena saw the boat returning. It chug-chugged up into the bay and stopped alongside the wharf. Only one man jumped over the gunwale and walked rapidly over the beach to the house. Elena went to the door to meet him.

(Turn to Page 23)

SERGEANT MALAPROP

By Bob Rowan

"Bernisteen?"—"Here," the dejected answer of Private Bernstien. "Roland?"—"Here," answered Private Rowan. "Welsh?"—"Here," a reluctant response from Private Walsh.

Yes, there stood our Sergeant Miller, the first sergeant of our company, calling the roll at reveille in his usual malapropistic manner.

Two things that Sergeant Miller took pride in were, first, that he was a Russian immigrant, and second, that he was an American soldier of enviable rank. There was no doubt about it; he had mastered the art of soldiering and along with it had picked up the profane language. The English language, however, gave him much trouble in that he frequently had great difficulty in coordinating the proper word with the meaning he wished to express. This dilemma instead of being his downfall was actually a means of his success. Out of his folk etymology sprang many colloquialisms among the men in his company. It would be useless to try to estimate their value as morale builders.

On winding up a public address of rebuke to one of our erring colleagues, the Sarge always gave us a general order such as: "I don't wanna see no man"—emphasis on the **no man**—"doing what Bernisteen done."

None of us will forget the day when in an attempt to make us more soldierly in appearance, he told us, "I don't wanna see no man with his hands walking around in his pockets. Youse got gloves. Wear 'em if your hands is cold."

Many were the tense times that tried our souls which were broken by some wise guy's comment in an attempted authoritative tone: "I don't wanna see no man feelin' sorry for hisself."

Sergeant Miller was not a young man; his pate had become bald; his face weather-beaten. Most of us estimated his age to be in the late thirties. Despite his being more advanced in age than most of us and despite his great amount of time spent sitting behind a desk, he could still lead the company on a three-day forced march. It was common agreement that he could weather the rigors of a puptent in January better than anyone else in the company. In addition he was a hard man to fool; it became a kind of sport to see who could get away with putting one over on the Sarge. The most successful escapade of this sort was tried on the Sarge by Pvt. Walsh, the company bugler. Immediately following duty call, Walsh had been daily going to bugle school for some time. Sergeant Miller, knowing Walsh to be a perpetual shirker, always asked, "Where youse goin', Welsh?" and Walsh would reply, "Bugle school, Sarge." Whereupon Miller would remember the directive ordering all buglers to attend bugle school daily. When the termination of the school was ordered by headquarters, the Sarge apparently did not see the directive, and Walsh, always willing to try anything, kept going to bugle school—in the nearest coffee shop. The Sarge never did figure out why so many of his riflemen and machine gunners wanted to become buglers.

We remember the Sarge best, however, for the way he murdered the King's English. One of his best came during our return voyage from the Aleutians. Our ship was passing by the Alaskan Peninsula and headed toward Kodiak. The Sarge spent most of his time on deck, probably fancying himself as the great Baranow, about to discover Alaska. The rest of us remained below, out of the grip of the December chill.

Suddenly the Sarge came rattling down the companionway and, in an excited stentorian voice, announced: "I was up on deck and a blankety-blank volcano corrupted!"

Yes, we were always proud of our first soldier. He was a character. As long as the Sarge was with our company . . . "volcanos corrupted."

Death of a Machine

Peter Karageannes

The flashing pencil of a fuselage
Wheels about in the golden day,
Climbs swiftly upwards,
Whines an unseen path into the blue,
Stalls and hangs on the invisible
Thread of laws that govern
Flight by man—
Hangs in the air, facets the sun's
Light in seven directions,
Poises to continue,
But in sudden orange-black finality
Explodes.

SINGIN' BILLY WALKER, A. S. H.

By J. T. H. Mize

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Mize holds five degrees and has attended twelve colleges and universities; has taught music in Rome, Italy, and was a Special Services officer during the war. A catalogue of his other achievements would be too long for inclusion here. Dr. Mize is at present attending Wofford, and we are pleased to publish the following article, written exclusively for the Journal.

The little city of Spartanburg in South Carolina has its distinguished Jimmy Byrnes, its great textile mills, its venerable Wofford and Converse Colleges, its prolific peach orchards, and a few other unique brag materials for its Chamber of Commerce. But a hundred years ago the village of Spartanburg held an even greater distinction—at least in the minds of the religious countryfolk of the South and Southwest it was the highest honor of which a community could boast: It was the home of Singin' Billy Walker, A.S.H.

As accustomed as we are to alphabetical combinations, such as W.P.A., Ph.D., C.P.A., C.O.D., and P.D.Q., the "A.S.H." tag will not strike a familiar note to persons unacquainted with that great wealth of American music known correctly as White Spirituals. But the cognoscenti understand, and pardon the pride of Singin' Billy Walker in that his writing of the phenomenally successful **Southern Harmony** prompted him to further distinguish himself by following his signature with the letters "A.S.H.": "Author of Southern Harmony." Walker was said to have told his friends, "I would rather have A.S.H. after my name than P-r-e-s in front of it." And Singin' Billy used that signature from the publication date of his **Southern Harmony** in 1835 to the end of his days, in 1875, an important autograph that may be observed in many legal records of Spartanburg County. The sobriquet served another purpose, too: that of identifying him from two other William Walkers who were contemporary residents of Spartanburg. One of these men operated a porcine hostelry, "where droves of swine, on their way from the hinterland to the coast market, were over-nighted and fed." The town's wits bestowed upon him the dubiously distinctive designation of "Hog Billy Walker." And with logic and consistency, the son of this hogyardman, William Walker, Jr., was tagged "Pig Billy Walker." But for thousands and thousands of Southerners there was only one Billy Walker, and he was nothing less than a genius, and God-inspired.

America's Sacred Song is a broad genre which divides itself into several types, styles, and idioms. The four principal types are Hymns, Gospel Songs, White Spirituals, and Negro Spirituals. With myopia, prompted by a number of involved considerations, most recorders of America's musical history have been concerned only with music as it existed in New England and in the eastern metropolitan centers, evidently not realizing that the first opera performance in America was in New Orleans; that Charleston, South Carolina, held public concerts two years before Boston did; and that Charleston, in 1762, formed the first musical society in America —the St. Cecilia Society; and that there was a music school in Texoco, Mexico, ninety-six years before the faulty navigation of the Pilgrim Fathers landed them on the shores of Massachusetts. And while prudish Boston was bathing itself in the cliches of European-styled musical indoctrination, the sunny South was being the birth scene of colorful amalgams of Latin and North American musics, the truly mellow Negro Spirituals, and finally the evolution of the eclectic and cosmopolitan Jazz. And even today most of the musicologists ignore—which may in too many instances be interpreted in its connotation of "being ignorant of" the phenomenal popularity of the rural hillbilly types of music, and even more especially of the plethora of modern Gospel Songs created by talented laymen and published from provincial printing shops. And the majority of music students are not at all "hep" to White Spirituals, for which heads should hang, or be hung, in some shame.

In research on White Spirituals one individual stands practically alone: the thorough but unheralded scholar, Dr. George Pullen Jackson. Retired in 1943 after twenty-five years as professor of German at Nashville's Vanderbilt University, Professor Jackson has written five volumes devoted to White Spirituals.[1] In those splendid volumes, and in several articles in music journals, Doctor Jackson has shown rather conclusively that Negro Spirituals are derivative of, or generic of, White Spirituals. It

[1]The five splendid books on White's Spirituals authored by Dr. George Pullen Jackson are: **White Spirituals in the Southern Uplands** (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1933); **Spiritual Folk-Songs of Early America** (New York: J. J. Augustin Publishers, 1937): **Down-East Spirituals and Others** (New York: J. J. Augustin Publishers, 1943); **White and Negro Spirituals** (New York: J. J. Augustin Publishers, 1943); and **The Story of the Sacred Harp** (Nashville: Vanderbilt University Press, 1945). Doctor Jackson makes the rather surprising statement that (**The Musical Quarterly** 1933 10-1-395): "The 'Fasola Folk' . . . still number from about 30,000 to 50,000 souls. One may take it reasonably for granted, therefore, that the complete disappearance of that lusty vestige of our early culture remains far off."

is principally through Doctor Jackson's devotion to this type of American religious music that more and more recognition is bound to be given to it; already several of the more progressive vocal ensembles are programming White Spirituals.

In the history of religious music in the South, two composer-compilers stand out outstandingly above their hundreds of colleagues and competitors. Major Banjamin Franklin White (1800-1879), a double brother-in-law of Billy Walker, left the Spartanburg community for Georgia, where he was responsible for the deservedly famous **Sacred Harp,** a collection which has gone through various editions and is still widely used in Alabama and Georgia.[2] Perusal of the **Sacred Harp** and the **Southern Harmony** will reveal that they are very similar in style and that they present certain common repertory. Walker's collection was the earlier, and is the one which, by choice of subject, we concern ourselves here.

William Walker was born on 6 May 1809 on the Tyger River near the village of Cross Keys in Union County, South Carolina. His father, bearing the same name, had emigrated from Wales in the eighteenth century and had served as a nurse in the Civil War; his mother was a relative of General Stonewall Jackson. When young William Walker was about eighteen years of age, the straitened circumstances of his family prompted their moving to Cedar Springs, in the Spartanburg district; and William finally settled in Spartanburg, to bring deserving fame to this section. High musical talents manifested themselves at an early age. These combined with his religious attitude to prompt him to devote his life and those talents to religious music. J. B. O. Landrum wrote that:[3]

"He (young William Walker) joined the Baptist church at a very early age, and amid the ebullitions of his early Christian piety and religious fervor he conceived the idea that to praise the Lord on string instruments, the psaltery and harp, as well as with the human voice, was not only a requisite, but a grand concomitant of religious worship."

After gaining much fame for the Walker name, and doing much good, in teaching singing schools and conducting teachers' normals throughout the South, Walker took off, jet fashion, in 1835 with the publication of his compilation, **Southern Harmony and Musical Companion,** a book which had gone through its sixth edition and enlargement by 1854. Then, back when Dad's dad was a lad, he probably witnessed **Southern Harmony** hit the Southern Hit Parade's top. Stop. In the prefatory remarks of the 1939 photostatic reprint of this songbook, the following report-statement appears by the anonymous editors:[4]

"Despite the practical reasons for its production, in its incorporation of racial and traditional melodies and the complete absence of all the banalities of individual tune tinkering, **Southern Harmony** was an outstanding achievement, whose author was little short of genius. In buying 600,000 copies over a period of 25 years southern rural Folk seem to have agreed with this appreciation of its value. Prior to the War between the States, it was so popular that it had to be kept in stock in the general stores along with groceries and tobacco."

Walker's second most famous collection was his **Christian Harmony,** published shortly after the Civil War, but none of his subsequent publications equaled the success of his **Southern Harmony.** It was in the preface to the first edition of his **Christian Harmony,** in 1866, that Walker wrote: "We would here express our sincere thanks and heartfelt gratitude to a generous public and a music-loving people for the very hearty and unparalleled patronage given to the various editions of the **Southern Harmony,** there having been sold (as we understand from one of the publishers) about six hundred thousand copies." Thus copies of **Southern Harmony** fairly blanketed the South, and there were few religious white homes which did not have a copy of Walker's book lying alongside the Bible.

Musically, the contents of the **Southern Harmony** hold great interest and charm, for the White Spiritual type is a very different sort of music from that with which the average modern American is acquainted. Since the **Southern Harmony** songs

---

[2]Objectivity prompts our stating that it seems that Major White was thrown a curve by his brother-in-law Walker, probably another of the unfortunate manifestations of egotism with which musicians seem to be plagued. Here it was a matter of credits, or lack of credits. White claimed that he and Walker collaborated on the **Southern Harmony** compilation but that Walker was delegated to make the trip to New Haven, Connecticut, to have the book printed. When **Southern Harmony** was published there was no mention of White as collaborator. With seeming justification, White "blew his top" and removed his family from Spartanburg to Georgia. His revenge must have been sweet, however, for he lived to see his **Sacred Harp** become the most popular collection in the South, even more popular and surviving to stronger degree than **Southern Harmony.** Major Benjamin Franklin White, alongside Mrs. Thurza Golightly White, is buried in the shades of spreading magnolias in Atlanta's Oakland Cemetery. It should be added that the above is the generally accepted story on the disagreement of White and Walker; but since tellers are so inconsistent in their tales it has not been sufficiently verified to this writer's satisfaction. In any event, both White and Walker were geniuses whose contributions to religion and to America's music are easily underestimated, but must be acknowledged.

[3]From page 492 of J. B. O. Landrum's **History of Spartanburg County** (Atlanta: Franklin Printing and Publishing Company, 1900), an article that quotes largely from a eulogy by T. O. P. Vernon which appeared in the **Musical Million** (Dayton, Virginia—VII, 1876, 1 ff.), published shortly after William Walker's death.

[4]This worthy project was sponsored by The Young Men's Progress Club of Benton, Kentucky; the Works Progress Administration made these copies possible, with Hastings House of New York City as publishers.

may validly be referred to as exampling the White Spiritual types, a few brief comments may relevantly be made with regard to this communal, congregational type of group vocal music's differing from Hymns and Gospel Songs as heard in the majority of Protestant churches today. The texts were often paraphrases of the Scriptures, texts which frequently were prepared by members of the congregation who were, however, seldom alloted credits for their creations, the words being reckoned as being of subordinate importance. The first noted departure from today's hymnals is in the physical make-up of these White Spiritual books. They are "prostrate," rectangular, oblong, in form, with the dimensions of Walker's **Southern Harmony** being 6x9 inches. This form and format were most logical and convenient, since the music is written in dispersed harmony somewhat like an orchestral score, with each of the three, or four, voices occupying a separate staff; most of the repertory bas been re-edited and re-arranged to four parts, but the originals were in three-part harmony —trios, as it were. The melody was not, as now, in the upper voice, but was usually in the middle voice; yet the parts were made more individually interesting by tossing the tune around to the different voices. White Spirituals have a distinctive texture, because women's voices are used on all three upper parts, including the usual tenor or baritone third-voice; only the bass is reserved for men only. Likewise, male voices sing the two, or three, upper parts, all of which results in a fusion and fabric somewhat comparable to such modern swing vocal groups as The Modernaires and The Pied Pipers; this texture, it says here, is an unusual, and unusually beautiful, tonal timbre. The music frequently is contrapuntal, with "fuguing tunes," going back to the originations of America's first professional composer, William Billings (1746-1800), being the show pieces. All White Spirituals were originally written in some of the several and ingenious devices of shaped notes, the "buckwheat" or "lozenge" species, in contradistinction to the round notes familiar to today's musicians. Originally, the White Spirituals were sung **a capella**—no piano or organ or other instrumental accompaniment was used to detract from "the deftly interwoven voices." Walker's **Southern Harmony** was written in the four-shape system, known also, and correctly, as the fasola system, which in itself has a long and colorful history. This is a type of American religious folksong which must not be lost; and it will not be lost if appreciative listening audiences are afforded the opportunity to hear it well done, more especially in its pristine beauty. This author knows from rememberable experience that "Uncle Tom" Denson wasn't rhapsodizing when, at a singing convention down in Birmingham, he cautioned: "If some of you don't like this music, all I've got to say to you is you'd better get out. If you stay here it's going to get a-hold of you and you **can't** get away."

Billy Walker's **Southern Harmony** is deserving of enduring fame if only for the fact that it appears to have presented for the first time the practically perfect melody to which John Newton's **Amazing Grace** text is usually sung in America.[5] An aura of mystery surrounds the composition of this melody. Rather that hazard crediting William Walker with its composition, most hymnodists and hymnologists list the tune as "An Early Amercian Melody." Probably no other single melody has such great appeal to rural church-goers as **Amazing Grace**, and its very playing or singing brings tears to many eyes.[6] This stirring song, which is, tech-

[5]Reverend John Newton (1725-1807) seems to have been autobiographical in his **Amazing Grace** text. Newton was literally "the son of a sea captain" from whom he learned to curse and blaspheme. He was forced into the navy but deserted, and became a slave-trader in Africa. Yet finally he was converted so completely that he became a minister of the Gospel, and made many contributions to hymnody. Newton was humbly writing of the mercy and grace which had been showered on him after his wretchful younger days of profligacy and wickedness; in fact he prepared his own epitaph, which read: **"John Newton, Clerk; once an Infidel and Libertine; A servant of slaves in Africa was by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long labored to destroy. . . . "** Yet Newton lived to become a prolific writer of appealing religious texts, the best known of which is **Amazing Grace.**

[6]**Amazing Grace** is easily first in the musical hearts of thousands of rural religious singers. During field research, this writer accepted an invitation to come to a private "sing" at a rural home near Attalla, Alabama. There eight long-time friends had gathered to sing religious songs, and their deliveries, in lucid three- and four-part harmony were things of real beauty. But the casual listener, with ears non-conditioned for the tonal concepts of these good and musical people would not concur with that adjudication. Those people sang with a peculiar nasal twang, which somewhat resembles the timbre of an oboe, but which is ethereally beautiful once one accepts that concept. The amusing and interesting aspect of this "jam session" was that all of the singers partook freely of whiskey as they worshiped God in song. They sang **Amazing Grace** with greatest frequency, but frequently stopped between verses to take the jug down from atop the piano to take a "slug"; but to them it was not incongruous, and seemed to make them more reverential and less inhibited. Who can say that it was incongruous? At least it was beautiful music, and after leaving the aesthetically-moving performance one could but wonder if their concept of vocal tone production might not be the correct one.

In addition to the convincing beauty of timbre, that wonderment is furthered by the fact that these people are, irrefutably, correct in their exploitation of **microtones,** those minutiae of departures from the man-made divisions of pitch, a "natural" concept which is employed in all really vital musics of today, which excludes the too-too mechanical and stereotyped European-styled song repertory based on the artificial man-made tempered pitch, initiated through propaganda as a simple expedient for facilitating the manufactury of piano and other keyboard instruments and which, resultingly, tonally ruptured our so-called cultured musicians.

nically, of the Gospel Song type, is most beautiful in its pristine beauty, when sung with that squeezed twangy tone which the folks who sing White Spirituals impart to it. It would be very easy to assume and presume that Walker composed this haunting melody. But there is sufficient honor and glory for Singin' Billy in that so far as research has shown, the first appearance of the **Amazing Grace** melody was on page 8 of his 1835 **Southern Harmony** collection, a collection which came out of Spartansburg **(sic)**, South Carolina.

Copies of the **Southern Harmony and Musical Companion** are still to be found in many Southern homes, and there are still a few regular "singings" using this hoary volume. At the Etowah Church, eight miles west of Hendersonville, North Carolina, there is a "sing" on the first Sunday in May at which selections from Walker's books are sung, along with other White Spirituals. The most famous **Southern Harmony** "sing" is held at Benton, Kentucky, where every year since 1884 the fourth Sunday in May has been a standing date for an all day sing, a true music festival, with dinner on the grounds.

A few Spartans have supplied valuable information on Mister Walker, and it is hoped that others will come forward with information. Miss Mary Baugham, retired after forty years as director of the Spartanburg Library, says that she has heard residents speak of Walker's resonant and appealing voice being audible for several blocks, when that illustrious citizen lived two blocks to the rear of the library. Outstanding among the valuable volumes of that library is an 1835 edition of **Southern Harmony,** a handsomely-bound de luxe first edition which was a gift from Mrs. William Walker. This Spartanburg Public Library also has a copy of the 1854 edition. The proud possessor of Billy Walker's own tuning fork is Mr. A. B. Pearson, an aged song leader, who lives near Woodruff, South Carolina. Over at Converse College, head-librarian Louisa Carlisle carefully guards the safe-kept copy of the **Southern Harmony,** 1835 edition, with which that college was gifted by an anonymous benefactor. That lady's mother, Mrs. H. B. Carlisle, was one of the leaders in the worthy project which resulted in the South Carolina Branch of the National Federation of Music Clubs placing a marker at Walker's grave on 16 March 1939; the plot was restored by the Woman's Music Club of Spartanburg. And an iron fence was erected around the plot, an iron fence, Mrs. Carlisle says, ". . . no doubt cast from the ore dug out of the hills where his voice re-echoed to that praise of the God he loved and served."

But now the grave is neglected and unkept and is deserving of national and international recognition.

Under the sponsorship of the Associates in American Musicology, the grave of Singin' Billy Walker has been selected to be marked as one of the significant and dedicated spots in America's musical history, and one of the Who Is Who In Music plaques will be erected at the site. Too, arrangements will be made to keep the grave in repair and condition. Thus the little plot of ground in Magnolia Cemetery, a few yards from Spartanburg's railway station, will become another of America's musical shrines.

The neglect of this grave, and music educators' general ignorance even as to Walker's identity, is nothing less than appalling. It was in search of Billy Walker's grave and the wish to include a photograph of it in the book **Panorama (of All-American Music)** that brought this writer to Spartanburg, a little city which so impressed him otherwise that he is making his home here. On his first trip here the author inquired of four music educators here as to information on Billy Walker. Not a single one of these persons had ever even heard of this truly eminent American musician! Which serves also to remind even the dullest thinker that our music education in America is frequently way off the beam. Through a long and involved process of propaganda and invasions of European refugee musicians, with resulting indoctrination, a totally warped perspective of the relative values of European Classics and American Classics has been funneled on down, as it were, and was, and is—pure misinformation and error in concept and evaluation—even transferred on to our young sisters and daughters who are learning to play the piano. Those European-indoctrinated pedagogues have the lag and lack of acuity to preach that Adolf Hickenloopervitchinnis' sterile Mazurka, museum piece, Opus 69, in Cb minor, is better music than **Stardust.** Those attitudes are criminal, their reasons involved, and their discussion another article. It is just as shameful to ignore this great figure in America's musical history, Singin' Billy Walker, A. S. H.

It would be dramatic at this point to have the reader join in the singing of **Amazing Grace.** But since that may not be practical, we'll close this little article by stating that we can not, we must not, forget the great contributions made to American religion and American music by Spartanburg's own Singin' Billy Walker, A. S. H. He's probably writing the fanfares for Gabriel.

The Stranger's Tale

By Eugene Anderson

From the very first there was something strange, almost unbelievable, about the old gentleman, but there he was, standing like a statue beside the desert highway, fifty miles from the nearest town. Since he was alone and appeared harmless enough, I slowed to a stop and asked him to get into the car.

"You're probably headed for Montville, aren't you?" I probed as he dropped into the seat and closed the door.

"No, Paul's Peak over there will be far enough," he answered, pointing to the rough outline of a cone protruding from the horizon at a distance of perhaps twenty miles.

"But there are no people there at this time of year," I objected. "Won't you be rather lonesome?"

"Oh, I don't want to see any people. I'm going there because it's as good a place as any to take my leave," he chuckled.

"Take your leave? What are you leaving?" I stammered. "I don't quite understand."

"Nobody has understood me," he complained. "That is why I'm leaving the world after so many thousands of years."

At this point I opened my mouth, closed it again, and looked straight ahead.

"You see, my name is Truth, just plain Truth," he continued, seeming to forget that I was there. "The whole cause of my mission's failure was that people didn't take the trouble to get acquainted with me. I was no knight in shining armor, poised to strike out alone into a world of darkness. I was rather a spirit in quest of a body, a fresh canvas in mute expectation of the artist's brush, a mass of earth-bound clay destined to spring into form only when vision seized upon a thinking mind. I was everywhere and nowhere, everything and nothing, as befitted the seeker's will to find and the listener's urge to hear. I was the universe man, and the common house-fly. I basked in the brilliant sun of God's day and slumbered in the umbra and penumbra with which man saw fit to clothe himself. For centuries at a time I have lain by the wayside, smothered in the quagmire of ignorance, while the highway was cluttered as far as the eye could see with the endless procession of parading bigotry, glittering illusion, and gilded fallacy."

"I promised neither gold for the finder nor arms in the struggle against those who would beset my adherents. A few of my oracles, to be sure, have been raised to power and prestige—and others to the cross and gallows. History is but the epic of inspired and zealous men cutting a perilous path to my door, only to be followed by others, equally zealous, and perhaps also in some way inspired, who try to cover up the path as fast as it is made."

Paul's Peak had crept unnoticed upon us, and I'd have gone right past it without stopping if the old gentleman had not reminded me.

I'll never know why I didn't offer any objections to his going. Perhaps he had cast a spell over me lest I should rob him of his last victory.

Boardinghouse Reach

Warren L. Molton

Ma didn't know that
  Uncle Ned would arrive,
So to her his appearance
  Was a dreadful surprise.
I like Uncle Ned,
  But to Me he's a leech—
He's a railroad bum
  With a boardinghouse
Reach.
  Well, Ma had guests
That night he came,
  And the look she gave
Was the same old thing:
  To the guests, her face
Was a budding flower—
  But Uncle Ned caught
That sidelong glower.
  Just for a sample
Of his etiquette,
  He told Ma laughingly
That he hadn't "et."
  At dinner, Ma talks, but,
I see her face bleach,
  For Uncle Ned's
Practising
  That boardinghouse
Reach.
  He wasn't mindful
Of the ladies' stare,
  At his feet off the floor
And his knees in the chair.

  Guess Ma was glad to
Hear the train whistle blow
  For she knew Uncle Ned
Was ready to go!
  He grabbed three fish
And a pickled peach,
  And departed more famed
For his
  Boardinghouse reach.

Editor, *Duke Archive*

Virginia Anne Gunn

THE REAL ESTATE

Oscar Fentress sat in front of an open fireplace at the Lowell Men's Club musing over the the prospects of seeing his old friend, John P. Franklin, again. He and John had been classmates at Harvard during the late Twenties. John had recently become an author of some note, having had published two years before a novel which the critics acclaimed as being "a surprisingly real and authentic picture of the years before the great crash of '29 from a newcomer to the fraternity of American authors." Hollywood received it even more eagerly than had the critics. John had told Oscar in their telephone conversation the day before that he had just returned to New York from Hollywood and was on his way to Maine for a rest. He had said that he was driving up and wanted to stop in Lowell to spend a few hours with Oscar. They had agreed to meet at 6:00 at the Men's Club, have dinner, and then John was to drive on through to Maine. He said he preferred to drive at night.

Oscar raised himself from his somewhat slumped position in the high-backed leather chair and reached for the half-consumed Old Fashioned on the table beside him. He took a generous swallow, slouched again, and rested the glass on his chest, holding it with both hands. Glancing at the clock, which hung from a bracket on the wall with its chains and weights suspended, he noticed that it was already 5:15. He continued to gaze in the direction of the old clock, but it now seemed no longer there. Something unpleasant, he was not conscious of what, milled through his mind. A swift depression swept over him, weighting his spirits much as did the metal discs which hung from the chains of the clock.

Several minutes later the houseboy approached Oscar and informed him that there was a phone call for him. He sighed with slight annoyance and went to the telephone.

"Oscar, won't you be home for dinner, dear?" I called the office and they told me you had left an hour ago."

"I'm sorry, Maude. I meant to call and tell you I wouldn't be home for dinner tonight," he lied. He had only at that moment decided he would not be home for dinner. It would be better it he and John ate at some quiet restaurant where they could talk over old times without being noticed or interrupted.

"But, Oscar, I told you that Julia and Ben would be here for dinner tonight. You'll have to come home. We planned to play bridge after supper."

"Maude, I'm sorry, but I don't think I can make it. I have another engagement—a very important one. A business engagement, as a matter of fact."

"Well, you'll have to eat somewhere. Why don't you bring your friends home?"

"I don't think that will be possible."

"Where will you eat, then?"

"Maybe at the club. I don't know."

"That's an unnecessary expenditure, especially since I already have dinner prepared here."

"Let's not go through that again, Maude."

"All right. If you're determined, I can't change your mind, but do try to get home if you can."

Oscar was now irritated even more so than before. Why did Maude have to remind him constantly about their limited finances? She would probably bring that up in front of John if he took him home, and he had no intentions of being embarrassed about money matters before an old friend. Furthermore, he was not of a mind to present John to those boorish friends of Maude's Julia and Ben Hall were, as far as he was concerned, typical old-line Bostonians with that usual holier-than-thou attitude, and he didn't like it. He couldn't see why Maude was forever trying to boost herself to their social level.

Oscar settled himself again in his chair before the fire and resumed his occupation with the drink. Thinking of John, he couldn't help remember their college days together at Harvard. They had become friends in a rather unusual way. Oscar had run against John in the elections for editor of the **Lampoon** in their Junior year, and Oscar had won. At first he avoided John. It was only natural, he thought. He didn't want to hold the victory over the victim. Then one day, not long after the election, John dropped into the **Lampoon** office and asked Oscar for a job on the staff. They worked together that whole year in perfect harmony. Oscar created a publication which some said reached an all-time high in **Lampoon** history. Several years later at an alumni gathering, some of Oscar's issues were still being discussed.

The Spring they graduated Oscar went into business with his father; and John began to travel at will around the country, taking jobs here and there. Oscar had wanted to go with him; instead he became vice-president of Fentress Textile Mills in Lowell. His father had founded the mill, and he

(Turn to Page 23)

Editor, *Fordham Monthly* D. A. Drennen

THE TRAINING GROUND

The writer holds a unique position in society. He is the criterion of a culture's excellence, because he is the product of a culture: His excellence reflects a culture's excellence.

Now, the writer is concerned not merely with form. He is primarily with thought. He is philosopher as well as craftsman; he must feed on the "substance" of truth and the "shadow" of technique. He is thus the first and greatest of artists.

Every writer must go through a period of training in which the fundamentals of his craft are digested, absorbed, and applied. Such a period is as necessary to a writer's growth as is food to a sound body.

For the college student, this period is achieved by writing for his college magazine. It is his training ground. Actually, the sole purpose of a college magazine is to provide such a training ground for the nascent writer.

That is why a college magazine which is founded on any other basis is a failure. If it tries to compete with "professional" magazines it is as out of place as an intelligible song on the Hit Parade.

A college magazine, then, should direct its every effort toward providing the student ample opportunity of expressing himself. The classroom can do so much. It becomes the office of the college magazine to complete the training which the classroom offers.

We feel confident that if every college magazine considered its fundamental purpose and aimed at its clear-cut objective, there would be fewer college magazines lost in a wilderness of confusion. And there would be far less cause for petty criticisms by rival undergraduate editors, berating sister publications for their feminism, or brother publications for their masculinity.

There is nothing quite so disturbing as a college magazine that is not a college magazine. Although some might lead themselves to the point where it is thought smart to imitate current trends in secular periodicals, there is little doubt that such masking is evidently juvenile, and certainly not in keeping with undergraduate taste.

Obviously, it is quite difficult to guage the taste of an undergraduate audience. In such a case, we are forced to fall back upon a purely personal judgment. And it is our personal judgment that college magazines, patently imitative, are as senseless as college students who are patently and affectedly sophisticated.

Perhaps our approach to this question might seem overly harsh to some. Perhaps to others it might appear singularly lenient. In any event, our judgment stands, not as dogma, but rather as opinion.

Experience is a strange thing. It is the most primitive of teachers. And it is to this teacher that the college writer looks. He can glean the fruits of writing-experience only if the organ to which he directs his efforts is conscious of its office. The student's training ground will be of value only in so far as it helps him. But how can a training ground that does not train be of any value?

We believe that the college magazine can realize its purpose simply by "being itself", by assuming a realistic attitude toward its ordained end. If this is done, no college publication need question its position.

This Edging Time

We shall not whisper when the candle trembles,
Hoping it survives the steady wind
Stirring lace curtains beyond Victorian chairs

We shall not wonder if the room resembles
Cubist reproductions that were pinned
Within an album hid beneath the stairs.

We shall not count the contrapuntal tickings
That age the slim antique mahogony
Of some forgotten clock within the hall.

We shall not hear the scrapings and the clickings
Of snapping latches and the agony
Of just evicted kittens tasting gall.

We shall forget the coughing, vagrant night
Sprawling beneath the city's pagan height.

—D. A. Drennen

A STUDENT LOOKS AT HIMSELF

by John Stevenson

It's a curious thought that today's student is more conscious of what people think of him than in what he thinks himself. Intellectual development seems to be suppressed in favor of social recognition and successful attainment of public approval. That we all desire and seek approval is understandable, but what is controversial is the standards we follow. To be "one of the boys" is the slogan of so many young men. What scene is more comic and ridiculous than the young man, a group of young men, mimicking the maturity of the ages with a worldly-wise air of boredom and indifference? Forbid it that an emotion, other than contempt and ridicule, should manifest itself in the presence of others. Ah, the cynicism of youth! How glorious it is to reach the mellow age of twenty and know the mysteries of life. In the presence of beauty we must register scorn or be forever relegated to the ranks of the effeminate and impotent. And in the presence of age and experience, in the presence of wisdom long searched for, we must portray a nonchalant unconcern or be assigned to the standing of "apple polisher" or "long hair". Virility is measured by the degree of indifference and careless attitude maintained for as long a time as possible. And woe unto him who shows an academic interest for he shall be as the unclean, a literary eater of pork, a radical in the midst of the acceptable, and henceforward banished to the status of student and reader of books.

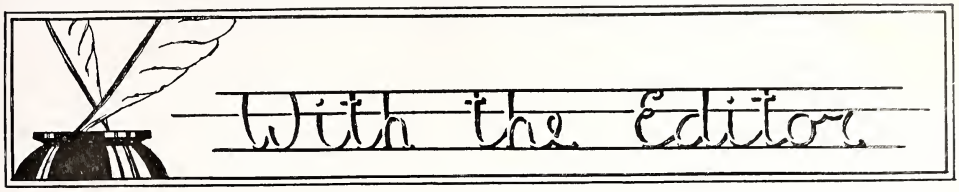
A quick glance at surrounding influences may give us a clue to these standards of social acceptance. The three outstanding examples are probably the movies, the radio, and the modern novel. With few exceptions, the alleged drama that is turned out from Hollywood is notoriously lacking in art, in good taste, and in well-constructed plots. Interested only in the commercial value, they have created a prototype that supposedly characterizes the American man. You know him, the dapper, fast-talking, hard-drinking movie male, with no time for reflection and no time for subjection. The radio, also, with its wide possibilities for constructive education, is to a large degree responsible for the affectation of the "jazz-men", the symbol of modern American masculinity. And hand in hand with these two social yardsticks is the highly publicized modern novel. Read it, and become one of the initiated! Read it, and know life in the raw! Here is realism; stark, poignant reality as we live it day by day. Why search for beauty and delightfulness of well written pages? Life is not lived that way. Life is vulgar and dirty, so let's write it that way. Sacrifice beauty for reality; substitute sex for subtlety, and, above all, remember the standards of the accepted, for we must uphold the indifference and nonchalance of maturity.

Will we forever continue to hide our interest and passions under the bushel of unconcern? Will we continue to flaunt our failures publicly and be silently ashamed? How much longer will a college education be measured in terms of social acceptability rather than in the development of curiosity and imaginative powers for which it is intended? And so, we sacrifice beauty and intellectual development on the high altar of indifference, and spend our days pursuing campus recognition in the somewhat shallow art of becoming the accepted, sophisticated man.

This selection is from "Der Trompeter von Sakkingen," by Joseph Victor. In the "Trompeter" is the philosophic cat, Hiddigeigei, who is adept and pointed in his criticisms of mankind. Something of his philosophy is shown in this excerpt taken from Dr. Chiles' first year grammar. The translation was made by Curtis Pearcy and Rab Braddy.

Many heavy problems, pressing
To my cat heart, have I studied.
Most of these I've solved; however,
One of them remains to me
Unsolved and quite uncomprehended;
Why do people kiss each other?
It isn't hate, for they don't bite,
Nor is it hunger, they don't eat.

Why? I cry in vain.
Why do people kiss each other?
Why is it the young ones mostly?
Why these largely in the spring?
On these questions will I ponder
From the roof-tops in the morning.



Guest Editors for February

The **Journal's** two guest editors for this issue are: Miss Virginia Anne Gunn, editor of the Duke University **Archive**, and Mr. D. A. Drennen, editor of the Fordham University **Monthly.**

Miss Gunn has contributed a short story, **The Real Estate,** written expressly for the **Journal.** She is a native of Wilson, North Carolina; a member of the Chi Delta Phi honorary literary society; and an English major, whose hobby is editing the Duke **Archive.**

The **Archive** has long been one of the South's leading college literary magazines, and Miss Gunn is to be commended for her fine work, both as editor and as author.

Mr. Drennen has contributed two well-written features: **The Training Ground,** an article, and a poem, **This Edging Time.** In a letter to the editors of the **Journal,** Mr. Drennen tells us something about himself. We found the letter so interesting as to merit direct quotation:

"The prospect of writing a personal history causes me to review the dullness of a rather dull life. And beyond this, I admit quite frankly, I have an extremely sensitive distaste for anything approaching personal publicity. Autobiography, furthermore, has always impressed me as being essentially creative, rather than consistently factual: All mortals are prone to live lives other than those with which they have been blessed. We tend to approach the picture of our individual selves with brush and palette, shadowing faults and highlighting meagre virtues and equally meagre talents."

Then: "My age, at last reckoning, was 21 years; this time has been spent, with slight exception, in what I should only affectionately term my 'hometown,' New York—the big city with the small heart. The Armed Services have been spared my presence, the business world having taken first place by default. Two years of incubation in clerkship cured me, and I returned to the hallowed rooks of Fordham, feeling only that God was in His heaven and all was not quite right with the world. Hobbies are the end-product of pensioned senility; by sheer stretch of imagination, I should say that enjoying the fruits of Western Culture is my hobby, which occupies, for me, not spare time, but existence. That is why, forced to adopt a 'major,' I have chosen English literature, study for which has netted a select number of firsts in addition to honorable mentions, as general scholastic rating."

* * *

This Month's Cover

Our rather unusual cover this month was executed by Carlisle Rast. Mr. Rast needs no introduction to **Journal** readers, but his cover might elicit some comment. In the background of the design, the familiar facade of the main building is readily recognized, but is depicted as having steps extending the full length of the porch. Our present steps are not so wide. Thereby hangs a tale.

Our cover symbolizes the new Wofford. When the building was originally planned, it was intended that the steps should be built as wide as the porch. However, lacking the funds to do this, the school had wooden steps built by slave labor. These were later replaced by the granite steps still in use.

When the Development Program for Wofford gets under way, one of the changes will be the extension of these steps to the dimensions of the original plans.

* * *

Deadline: April Issue

The deadline for the April issue of the **Journal** is March 9th. All manuscripts should be typewritten or legibly written in ink.—Dick McTeer.

THE WAY IT WAS

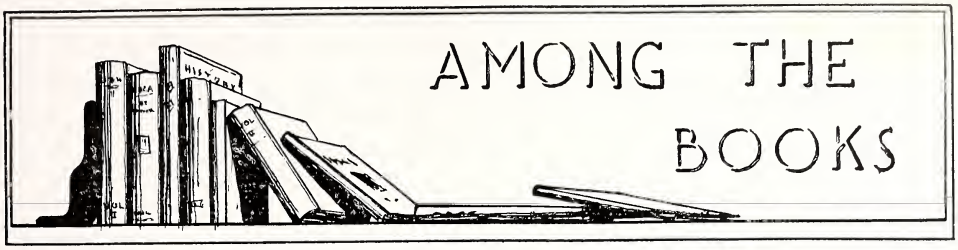
by John Q. Hill

(My greatest fear of the after-life was of stagnation, for there I should know no fear—Jean Collins)

I knew as I passed through that last, narrowest aperture that something was being wrested from me. Something of value, something I could ill afford to lose was being crushed by the inexorable weight driving me in this path I had not chosen. Then came the realization, the cognizance; and with this awareness came all the fear, the shuddering terror of year upon year, of life upon life, all the heart-stopping horror which has been the birthright of man since the First Man. It was my life I was losing! The fear of death seared bitterly through my consciousness, the fear of death which was fast assuming its true character, the fear of an after-Life which would be so much influenced by the Life I was leaving. But the fear, great as it was, paled. Paled and in the next few seconds disappeared entirely and I wondered why. The pain too was gone. Both gone and now I knew why. Both belonged to life and I was not of the living. "So," I muttered, "this is the way it is." Then suddenly: "What next?" Next? Mockery! How long had I been here, and, anyway, where was I? How long? A second? A million years? Forever? It seemed to be a cave; some sort of cave. Irregularly shaped and no place for the entrance of light, yet light there was. At least I could discern bare walls, walls from which there were exudations of moisture which ran in tiny rivulets, very slowly, toward the floor. From there I couldn't see where it went and didn't care. I was dry and comfortable. The ceiling was indistinguishable, seemingly composed of immobile shadows. Vaguely, faintly, like a dream form clutched at and gratefully missed, I thought of the sunlight. Thought, too, of the tales I had heard about death. Of Browning's Caliban who thought "that with this life the pain shall cease" and wondered how so many men could reject such an obvious fact. How much more logical the absence of desire than fulfilment of an infinite of desires! My religion I had found in the hearts of fellow creatures and that last fear had been that something from the musty pages of the history of a race would now exact, gleefully, its toll. Mary Mother, it was the father of lies! The core of all truth had been spoken by a Jew named Jesus who had said: "Blessed are the **pure in heart . . .** " Nothing had been said about purity in any system of religion. What of those who never got beyond the history in that book? They'll be there. And those who read other books or no books? They, too. Same place. "Dead," I murmured again. Peculiar that my greatest handicap in living had been my fear of dying. "But this isn't bad, in fact, its good, but since **this** isn't pianful where is—that other place?" Where is it that men are not men? Where is difference mistaken for defect? Say, for instance, color, which is clearly merely difference, made into a defect which is from birth a barrier to happiness. Or an error in syntax on an unfamiliar tongue? Where do men make their own gods and into the character of these project their own vindictiveness and rapacity? Where do men stand in the midst of Heaven and build around themselves their own private little personal Hell? "Still," drowsily, "I don't know how long I've been here." Long? Time? A part of the artificiality of the game I used to play. As were cares and worries. The fears belong to tomorrow. So here, in the midst of the cave men called Horrible, I slept; the long, innocent, the endless sleep of the newly dead.

It requires a very unusual mind to undertake the analysis of the obvious.—A. N. Whitehead.

Anybody can make history; only a great man can write it.—Oscar Wilde.



THE DUKE, by Richard Aldington; The Viking Press, New York, 1943. 369 pp.

More often than not, the Duke of Wellington is remembered for his defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, and then quickly forgotten in that one military achievement. Unfortunately, the rest of this 'great man's' life is completely overshadowed, if not overlooked, by the light of that one event. It is, therefore, welcome to have the man himself set forth in a biography that is both accurate and descriptive.

Wellington has always been known as a military genius, and Mr. Aldington very smoothly carries us through most of his campaigns from India to Portugal and from Spain to France. With his orderly mind and quick thinking the Duke is always master of his foes, and the author vividly retells the stories of great battles inserting generously part of the general's dispatches and first-hand reports of important engagements. Mr. Aldington himself appears to have a rather keen grasp of military tactics and strategy in his easy way of interpreting complicated troop movements and battle preparations especially during the Peninsular campaigns and the final drive through France that defeated the little Emperor. However, after Waterloo was fought in 1815, almost forty years of life remained to be told of this remarkable man. Through these later years Wellington was the power behind the throne. There were not many positions in the English government that he did not hold. The cry was always "Send for the Duke." For four decades Wellington was as nearly indispensible to England as one man could ever be. The author quotes at the beginning of this work what he thinks is the key to the integrity and diligence of the Duke as a public man: "I am **nimmukwallah,** as we say in the East; that is, I have ate of the King's salt, and, therefore, I conceive it to be my duty to serve with unhesitating zeal and cheerfulness, when and wherever the King or his government may think proper to employ me."

The Duke was a man of strong character and possessed with a shrewd horse sense that amounted to genius. There was no letting up of his belief in ultimate victory in whatever he set out to do. His integrity and honesty were unquestioned and to quote the author: "he was fundamentally more akin to blunt, straightforward men like Grant and Washington." He was never considered a man of letters, but he left a tremendous amount of correspondence and they are filled with irony, wit, and common sense. The reader is conscious from the beginning of the affection Mr. Aldington feels for his subject and, while the feel is contagious, wonders if at times it prejudices his account. However, **The Duke** is a work that flows easily in narrative and style, and presents the facts accurately and fully with respect to its historical context. While this is the first attempt of the author in the field of biography, it measures up to his previous work as a novelist, poet, critic, and essayist. In writing the life of Wellington, Mr. Aldington says, "That I will avoid, on the one hand, a portrait of exhaustive pedantry, and, on the other, the flippant and superficial approach that reduces great men and great events to items of social gossip." Here, then, is a biography that few students of history should miss, nor readers for pleasure avoid.—John Stevenson.

* * *

BEETHOVEN, LIFE OF A CONQUEROR; Emil Ludwig; trans. from the German by George Stewart McManus

Emil Ludwig refutes in his preface any guilt of having tragically described Beethoven along the traditionally prescribed lines:

"Beethoven became a legend early and remained one too long. He was romantically described as always lonely, always demoniac and misunderstood; he was turned into the tragic person par excellence; he was bewailed, even by Rolland, as an ever-som-

ber genius in love with humanity, forever yearning, a Tristan without an Isolde."

Indeed, Ludwig went as far as to subtitle his book, **Life of a Conqueror** and print on the frontispiece page only one cryptic passage written by Beethoven himself: "Strength is the moral code of those who rise above their fellow men, and it is also mine." Yet, I think this only partly true, for Beethoven—though no melancholiac—was not a happy conqueror.

Ludwig divides his work into five books: Gloomy Youth, Napoleon of the Piano, The Master, Intermezzo, and Solitude. The first three and final titles tell a story in themselves; the fourth, a depressing account of a barren period of eight years in which Beethoven produced only one great work. Paradoxically, though, it was in this fruitless period that Beethoven's fame spread throughout Europe; the period when pilgrims came from all over the world to pay homage to the unmannered, eccentric genius whom the Viennese took so for granted. It was in this period that the petty foibles and temperamentalities of the most noble German mind of that generation (except possibly that of Goethe) stand out in such disconcerting relief—foibles that biographers have been ignoring, condemning, or excusing for the last hundred years.

To read how pragmatically Beethoven bartered dedications of the most immortal works of musical literature to the highest bidder; to read how he who looked askance upon nobility of birth, recognizing only Napoleon and Goethe as his peers, (both rose from humble beginnings to positions of fame through their genius alone), cultivated with clever sycophancy his friendship with the Archduke of Austria; to read how Beethoven would promise compositions to five or six different publishers and then play one against the other for the highest price possible; to learn that he did not clench his fist and shake it in defiance at the thunderstorm outside his window just before dying; to realize that the stormy conflicts of his symphonies, comparable to the Shakespearean tragedies (only Beethoven's symphonies always had happy endings), stem from a constant incompatibility with his servants, whom he despised as a class just as he distrusted the **vox populi**; to read how Beethoven accepted the democratic ideals and abstract love of humanity of the French Revolution (because of his somewhat unjustified contempt of the landed aristocrats of Austria), yet never denied the rumor that he was the illegitimate son of Frederick the Great, because the thought was pleasing to him—learning this was a little more than disillusioning!

With some authority the author presents as an explanation to the above characteristics the still rather disquieting theory that the composer, supremely conscious of his own genius, felt that the end (great music) justified the means. Mr. Ludwig further expounds his theory and says that Beethoven ruled himself by a stern moral code of his own making—the code of a conqueror. Though different from those of his contemporaries, this code was more basic, nobler, and more unconcerned with the petty rights or wrongs that are the essence of ordinary morals.

I feel instinctively the truth in this, though it is sometimes hard to perceive and though Beethoven was overly suspicious and too ready to condemn his friends of faults to which he was more prone than they. This perception comes, not from any convincingly phrased hypotheses, but from listening to the works of Beethoven himself. In spite of all biographies, Beethoven remains the giant of music, the conqueror who elevated the art of music from the ante-room of the Esterhazy Palace to the concert hall.

—Lewis P. Watts

THE GREAT VIRTUE

(From Page 3)

his hostile neighbor. Instead, the envelopes each contained the same—nothing more than a page clipped from a Bible, the same page. And on each was a single verse, marked with a pencil:

"And now abideth Faith, Hope, Love, these three, but the greatest of these is Love."

That evening the Guthries and the Warrens met on the sidewalk in front of the board fence. The wives cried a little and the husbands solemnly shook hands. It was decided that for so important a truce a Treaty should be made. The treaty provided that Martha and Susan should share in keeping the garden that now joins the two houses. It provided that Fred and Pete should enjoy a game of chess together at least one night a week, and that the two sons, Tommy and Peter would attend the Saturday double feature together.

They had Jim, the handy man, tear down the big board fence and, as a symbol of their reunion, they erected a tiny marble slab on the spot where the fence had stood. On it they had had chiseled the words, "But the greatest of these is Love."

To this day no one knows who left the two all-important envelopes, but I've never forgotten the knowing, satisfied smile on the face of old Jim, the handy man, as he dug the hole for that little cornerstone.

Unseen the Many Voices

Peter Karegeannes

I am not really concerned with names,
Or faces . . . nor places;
I think of them, not as vivid personalities,
But remember
Their voices, in a sudden flick of recollection,
Upon merest provocation,
Wanted but lost.
Lost to the sunny skies, the blue roofs,
And in the wet-cement ceiling of grayness,
That rolls in and swallows the machines
In which they live
While going up to die.

THE ACCIDENT

(From Page 9)

"You're alone," she said.

"Yes," he replied quickly. "There was an accident."

There was silence for a moment. How was he to explain it to her, he wondered. He'd plotted this thing for weeks, waiting for the opportunity, but he'd not given much thought to telling her. He realized then that he would not be able to deceive her—Elena would know.

"There was an accident," he repeated tensely. "We were in barracuda waters. My line tangled in his shirt and the hook set in his shoulder."

"Is he hurt badly? He's still aboard the boat?"

"No." There was another pause and then he spoke rapidly. "He lost his balance and fell overboard. There was nothing I could do. It was barracuda waters. It was an accident."

Elena gasped faintly, then looked knowingly in his eyes. **"Esta muerto!"** she whispered.

"Yes. Luke is dead. It was an accident. One of those things—the barracuda—you know. I'm sorry."

"Si."

Neither of them spoke then. They each stood looking at the lies in the other's eyes for a moment. She knows, thought Gerald. Elena slipped her hand into his and said, "It is very bad. I am sorry, too. Come, Gerald. I have dinner ready."

She had set only two places at the table.

THE REAL ESTATE

(From Page 16)

would have it no other way. Oscar hated it—Lord knows he hated it! Being confined to the noisy factory during the Summer months made him bitter and morose, especially when he thought of John.

Then in October the crash came. The Fentress Mills closed down, and the Fentress fortune was no more. Oscar's father died before he had suffered too long over his losses, and Oscar was left to care for his mother. Taking what he could get, he became an insurance salesman. People were not buying much insurance then, but he made enough to support the two of them.

When Wall Street became reasonably secure there arose the problem of what to do with the mill. Oscar had known all along what he had wanted to do, but he didn't mention it to his mother until the sale was almost complete and assured. She objected, as he knew she would, but he succeeded in showing her how the money could be invested in a company or business of his own.

The mill was sold in 1933 to a Southern cotton manufacturer, and with the money he received, Oscar established the Fentress Real Estate, Loans, and Insurance Company. And so it was even now, fourteen years later.

Oscar drained his glass and set it on the table beside him. It was already 5:45, and several other club members had gathered around for a cocktail or two before dinner.

Jim Cowper spotted Oscar and pulled up a chair beside his.

"Care for a drink, Fentress "

"No thanks; just finished mine."

"You eating here tonight?"

"Maybe; I don't know."

"You'd better join us. Say, Oscar, you're in the real-estate business. How much do you suppose old Doc Hanford's place will bring?"

This jolted Oscar to attention.

"Is it for sale?"

"Didn't you know?"

"Well," said Oscar, "I had heard that it might be sold, but I understood it wasn't to be right away."

"I was certain you'd know about it. I thought maybe you would be handling it."

"No—no, I'm not. I've been rather tied up with something else lately. You know how it is with property selling the way it is now — everybody building, and such?"

Jim got up from his chair and slapped Oscar on the shoulder.

"You're right about that, old man," he said grinning. "You real-estate men must be making a haul these days. Sure you won't eat with us? We have an extra spot at our table—not but three of us tonight."

"No thanks, Jim. Some other time."

Jim rejoined his group, and Oscar felt relieved. It was almost six o'clock now, and he didn't care

to have a crowd around when John came. John wouldn't want to be conspicuous, he was quite sure.

Oscar thought again of what Jim had said. That darned Hanford property! By all rights he should have been the agent for that sale, considering that he and Doc Hanford were such fine friends. He had tried everything he knew to get that agency. The property holdings of the estate ran into several hundred thousands, he knew. What an injustice!

He felt the sudden depression come over him again, and its cause became too obvious in his mind to be unrecognizable. He thought he should laugh at himself. People usually mocked themselves in their bitterest moments. Instead, he felt only self-pity and an extreme awareness of his failure.

Around him on the walls were portraits of great men of which Massachusetts boasts. There were John Quincy and Samuel Adams, Cotton Mather, John Winthrop, and above the fireplace, John Harvard. He saw in their faces a certain smugness, a contempt for all those upon whom they looked. The little common men who would not and could not join the ranks of the great. He saw in John Harvard's face a somewhat more tolerant expression—one perhaps of bitter disappointment. He seemed to look down into Oscar's face as if to say, "You were given an enviable education, and you did not make the most of it."

This burned in Oscar. He had heard too long the constant reminder from Maude that "a Harvard graduate should be able to take anything in the world he wants." A degree from Harvard with graduate work in Real Estate and Insurance. How perfectly mockable!

Oscar reached into his pocket for a cigarette but found his pack empty. As he strolled over to the tobacco stand, he noticed that most of the club members had disappeared into the dining room. He was glad of that. If he had only now begun to see himself for what he really was, others must have noticed it long ago.

Turning away from the counter, Oscar recognized John coming through the front door. He was tall, distinguished-looking, and his face was brown from the sun. The only change that Oscar noticed was that John was heavier than he remembered. He walked toward him, gave him a hearty handshake and a pat on the shoulder.

"By golly, it's great to see you, John. How long has it been?"

"It must have been about 1940, before the war. I was out of the States for almost three years at the beginning of the war, you know."

"Here, let the boy take your coat and we'll have a drink. Still Old-Fashioneds?"

"Fine for me."

John slipped out of his coat, and Oscar asked the houseboy to bring their drinks. The two men walked together toward the cluster of chairs in front of the fireplace and sat down.

"You were corresponding for—what press was it?" Oscar asked.

"United Press. I was in the Mediterranean area most of the time. Actually I was working free-lance, but I had connections with UP men where I was located."

"What sort of things did you do over there?"

"My work was largely in observation and fact-finding. Not glamorous at all. Like the dirty copy work I used to catch on the **Lampoon**. Remember?"

Oscar laughed and felt more at ease.

"That was only because you knew more about English grammar than anyone else on the staff."

"I was just outshone in your blaze of glory."

"The devil with you, John. You did the dirty work, and that was what counted. By all rights the glory should have been yours."

"I'll be darned if that's so," John retorted. Propping his elbows on the arms of his chair, he rested his chin on the backs of his clasped hands and looked squarely at Oscar with a serious gaze. "You know, it's a funny thing, Oscar. I guess I've made somewhat of a dent in my field. But success is strange, because it's usually so ill-deserved. Take me, for example. On the **Lampoon** I was the underdog; you were the master and ruler. That got me, somehow. I couldn't stand being second-man. And I swore it wouldn't be that way always. I was going to be as big as you were or break my neck in the attempt. Always before me I kept the idea of you and your success until here I am today confessing what sounds like a schoolboy crush."

Oscar laughed genially, afraid that his sudden pride would show had he done otherwise. The houseboy brought their drinks just then and placed them on the table between the two chairs.

Flowers for All Occasions

* * *

FRED'S FLOWER SHOP

* * *

We Wire Flowers

Montgomery Building **Phone 1452**

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY

NO.

"Those were good days, though, when we worked together. Say, John, how long do you have?"

"Only a few hours. I thought I'd get started about 10:00 when some of the traffic should have cleared from the roads."

"Then we'll have plenty of time to run out to the house for dinner. I want you to meet Maude. What do you say we finish these up and hurry out?"

MONTGOMERY WARD

* * *

Spartanburg's

Complete Department Store

BRYN - ALAN

●

Portraits

In the Modern Manner

● ● ●

Telephone 1828 138½ E. Main St.

GREENEWALD'S

Incorporated

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

MONTGOMERY & CRAWFORD, INC.

Hardware

Houseware

Sports Goods

Opportunity

By Glenn O. Long

In its early Roman usage, the word **college** signified any association of persons having a common purpose or performing a specific function. Can this definition be applied to the students of today?

Do you realize that the conduct which you are now displaying is expressing your character? To augment upon this word **conduct**, we shall assume that only those actions which are under your voluntary control can be classified as such. Our daily and abtruse habits are all psychological aspects of our peculiar natures, and they do not fall into the same category with conduct. To a certain extent, these qualities are hereditary and are under our control only in an indirect manner. On the other hand, conduct is something that can be controlled by the individual himself. In the short time that we have been in school, we have all given a concise resume of our characters.

The world is now struggling to rise again to its feet. Opportunity stands at the door and beckons us. There are great deeds to do, great thoughts to think, great exploits to accomplish; and yet, some individuals are squandering their lives in idleness. They are making ineffable waste of the greatest privilege of life by not recognizing their opportunity. Life's time is too limited for us to be addicted to trivialities. We can not run the field of life with the casual reply, "Some day I will take hold of the opportunities that are mine." No, we can not live in the past, and we can not fill the present with dreams of the future. Life is a garden that must be tilled daily and a field that must be plowed methodically if we are to reap the harvest of life's best. Loosen the ropes that bind your mind into the small prism of self-pleasure and step forth into a world of opportunity. The gains outweigh the sacrifices.

It has been said that "A doctor to whom the practice of medicine is not a real privilege is no real doctor." In like manner, a student to whom education is not a real privilege is no real student.

Where the Wofford Boys Meet on Sunday Night

PIEDMONT CAFE

Magnolia St. Spartanburg

Wofford College

SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

1854-1947

1. Standard four-year College of the Liberal Arts and Sciences for men only.

2. Offers courses that lead to Medicine, Law, Business, Engineering, Teaching and Preaching.

3. Member of the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges. The Southern University Conference. On the approved list of the Association of American Universities.

4. Library of 40,000 volumes. Adequate Laboratory facilities in Chemistry, Physics, Biology, and Electricity.

5. Voluntary Senior R. O. T. C. Unit.

6. All forms of intercollegiate athletic and intramural sports.
   Field House for indoor sports and physical training.
   Stadium and playing fields for outdoor sports.
   Comfortable Dormitories.

Write for Catalogue and Full Information to

WALTER K. GREENE

President

THE GEER DRUG COMPANY

★

Wholesale Druggists

★

Charleston :: Spartanburg
Greenville

South Carolina

Band & White

★

Good Printing

★

S. S. Wallace, Jr., Owner

Telephone 362 - 363 Spartanburg, S. C.

Oldest Print Shop

In Spartanburg

Under Same Management . . .

PRINTERS OF
THE JOURNAL

WM. L. ALTMAN

PRINTER

151 Commerce Street :: Phone 2034

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

EAT

at

The Elite

"Where the Elite Meet to Eat"

Gifts for All Occasions

RUFUS D. LEWIS
JEWELER
"THE STORE OF INDEPENDABILITY"

146 East Main Street
Phone 918 Spartanburg, S. C.

FOREMOST DAIRIES

ICE CREAM
and
MILK

Jarman Shoes Dobbs Hats

PRICE'S
YOUNG MEN'S SHOP
123 North Church Street
At Kennedy

Manhattan Shirts Beau-Brummel Neckwear

1845 1946

THE DuPRE BOOK STORE

★

Students Cordially Welcomed

★

194 E. Main Street Phone 78

OUR RECORD DEPARTMENT

Featuring: Decca, Decca-Capitol, A.R.A.-R.C.A.Victor Records

THE BEST SUPPLY IN TOWN

BELK-HUDSON CO.

Wofford's First Launderers

* * *

SPARTANBURG LAUNDRY
Phones 32 and 543

HAMMOND - BROWN - JENNINGS COMPANY

FURNITURE

167 N. Church Street Phone 3700

EFIRD'S

Spartanburg's Best Department Store

COMPLETE OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND BOYS

WELCOME, WOFFORD

•

CAROLINA — PALMETTO STATE *THEATRES*

•

Spartanburg's Best Entertainment
STAGE and SCREEN

LA PETITE RESTAURANT

College Headquarters

The Best Place to Eat in Town

WITH THE TOP STARS OF HOLLYWOOD CHESTERFIELD IS BY FAR THE FAVORITE CIGARETTE
A
ALWAYS MILDER
B
BETTER TASTING
C
COOLER SMOKING
Chesterfield
Ann Sheridan
starring in Warner Bros. Production
"NORA PRENTISS"
ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD
ALL OVER AMERICA - CHESTERFIELD IS TOPS!
Copyright 1947, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Journal

WOFFORD COLLEGE

APRIL - 1947

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!

Remember? You stood in line to get cigarettes...took whatever you could get. That's when millions learned Camels suited them best.

Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality!

● Mrs. Dorothy Newstead speaking: "During the war shortage, I smoked many different brands. That's when I found Camels suit my 'T-Zone' best!"

You and millions of other smokers, Mrs. Newstead.

Result: *Today more people are smoking Camels than ever before.* But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:

Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS *than any other cigarette*

● Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors — in every branch of medicine — to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE

JOURNAL

Volume LVII Number 4

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... Dick McTeer
Assistant Editor ..... Ben De Luca, Jr.
Poetry Editor ..... Warren L. Molton
Art Editor ..... Eben Taylor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

John Mandanis
Joe Erwin
Peter Karageannes
George Wannamaker

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager ..... Bobby G. Collins
Assistant Business Manager ..... Paul Anderson
Circulation Manager ..... Robert Boykin
Assistant Circulation Manager ..... Robert Cuttino
Advertising Assistant ..... James Greer
Faculty Financial Advisor ..... Kenneth D. Coates
Typists ..... John Willis and Lewis Watts

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, Spartanburg, South Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Journal, Wofford College Literary Magazine, Published by the Student Body five times during the School Year: November, December, February, March, and May. Subscription Rate, $1.25 per Year.

CONTENTS

THE JOURNAL

Table of Contents

Keep Football at Wofford ..... Eben Taylor, Page 3

Christobal ..... Edward Hamer, Page 4

A Worm's-Eye View of Radio ..... Jim Davis, Page 6

Belief for the Modern Man ..... Willard R. Hornung, Page 7

It's Up to You ..... George D. Cooksey, Page 8

The Marked ..... Peter Karageannes, Page 9

Some Japanese Tears at Midnight ..... George Wannamaker III, Page 10

An Honorable Profession ..... John W. Stevenson, Page 12

The Pre-Medical Society ..... Carl W. Littlejohn, Jr., Page 14

Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters ..... Robert Cuttino, Page 15

The Professor in English 313 ..... Donna Jo Short, Page 17

Compulsory Military Training ..... Marion J. Patrick, Page 20

A Prophecy ..... Theron E. Montgomery, Page 25

KEEP FOOTBALL AT WOFFORD

by Eben Taylor

(This article was given in debate to the Preston Literary Society on January 10, 1947.—Ed.)

It is my belief that anything which is morally and lawfully right and which draws men closer together, is indeed well worth holding on to and protecting. The men on a team, a **football** team, work hard and share in a common strenuous period of training. There occurs an evolutionary process of building of men into a machine, which, in the beginning, is rough and unpolished but which, by a great cooperative effort, produces a smooth, precisionlike, efficient machine called a team. This team is to pit its strength and prowess against similar aggregations from neighboring schools. The struggle which follows is the greatest in the world of sports.

In the process of team building, which begins when the men first meet, often as total strangers, a state of interdependence comes into existence. These men eat, sleep, and undergo the same arduous training together; a comradeship is formed that does not have an equal on a college campus. You may recognize another possible type in the brotherhood found within a fraternity, but even this common bond does not give the precise kind of comradeship that this welding together of a team affords. When these men, after great training, emerge victorious, the bond between them is truly great; in defeat, it is even greater.

It is my belief that there is no other college activity which is better for unifying a student body than a good football game. When a group of men suddenly find that they all have a common thing to cheer for, to pull for, there is born then the thing we call SCHOOL SPIRIT. We talk about it in chapel, but somehow 500 men aren't just moved into it by telling them that it is a nice thing to have. Oh, indeed, one may talk of it in chapel and one may write about it in the school newspaper, but until it is so sharply and clearly brought to the fore, it can never really exist.

In condemning football at Wofford, a most logical beginning could be made with the actual cost in hard dollars and cents which a school of this size can ill afford to spend. One might condemn the amount paid out for the excellent grandstands, the improved playing field, and all the new equipment which has been obtained for promoting this king of sports at Wofford College.

I might be forced to agree with you if there existed only this cold, one side to the picture—this frigid, harsh, money-loving side. I think, however, that this portion of the issue depends entirely upon how one counts the cost. I do not intend to make a sermon out of this; neither do I apologize for what I am about to say. Character, sportsmanship, teamwork, and similar results cannot be classified in dollars spent. To be true to the man who sees the money angle only, this past season was a colossal and tremendous flop.

I would like to use a very simple illustration here. To me the creating of a successful football team is like the building of a great bridge. In the silt and mud of a river bottom, a firm foundation for this bridge must be built. The results are not visible. To the casual observer no progress seems to have been made. Yet this firm foundation must be put down if the magnificent topside is ever to be completed. So it is with Wofford football after an inactive period.

The thought immediately races through your mind that this foundation, the past season, is not very strong and is not a solid basis on which to build. Wofford College fans, to be quite truthful, are far from pleased with the showing of the Terriers. The record for the gridiron season just ended shows that Ted Petosky's pigskin chasers were on the short end in the final scores of all of their games except in the last with a weak and substitutionless Erskine eleven.

I hold a different view, however. I like to think of this year as the one of sacrifice and as the important contribution to the better teams which are surely to follow. The year was not a total loss. Even the most casual observer can remember the steady up-hill climb our team made. One must remember that an unbeatable team cannot be drawn out of a hat. Next year The Terriers will show the armchair quarterbacks a more successful season. I believe that they shall surely rise, and I ask you to remember this statement five years from now.

Wofford, which we know as a denominational school of some 600 male students, is one of a large group of "middle-sized" schools in the country, and Wofford, in athletic contests **with others its** size, has a record of which it can be justly proud.

Keeping in mind all that I have already said, these contests only with the schools of our own size. Wofford isn't the only school that has been hoplessly outclassed by bigger, richer schools. There have been many.

(Turn to Page 21)

CHRISTOBAL

by Edward Hamer

That evening there was little wind coming in from the sea to assuage the fierce heat of the day. The palms along the seawall stood quite still in the growing darkness. In the distance heat lightning played about restlessly, illuminating briefly the banked grey clouds on the horizon, reflecting itself momentarily in the glassiness of the sea. But in the city the promise of a storm gave no relief from the insufferable heat, which, spreading to every niche and corner like a plague, gave a sense of lifelessness to everything it came in contact with . . . and yet which seemed to have some life of its own, throbbing and trembling in an almost perceptible rhythm. It enveloped, saturated, became a part of all, and in its fierce intensity seemed to kill the mind and the senses, leaving only in the body the persistent whisper: "Tired . . . tired."

But for the American sailors on liberty in the city that night, for those men who knew that the next day would mean the Pacific with its great dreary wastes and month after barren month of shipboard life—for those, the oppressiveness of the sultry August night could have little restraint on their madcap search for pleasure. They milled through the narrow streets, swarmed into the dance halls, made the rounds of a seemingly endless number of bars and nightclubs. Throughout the afternoon they had fought exhaustion, driven on aimlessly by the ever-present realization: "One last liberty, one last fling." Under the blazing rays of the tropical sun they had drunk happiness and bought love. And in them now was the certitude that the more gratification they got this night, the easier it would be to bear up in the tedious months ahead. They paid no attention to the fatigue that plagued them; they plunged on ahead with a determination that was grim beneath the outer disguise of alcoholic good-naturedness.

* * * * *

At about dusk one sailor had turned away from the crowd of shipmates that he had spent the afternoon with. An overpowering tiredness had possession of him—a tiredness resulting not only from the heat and exertion but also from his bewilderment at the newness and strangeness of this tropical port. It was a thing of the senses, Colon. For him, unfamiliar with that section of the world, it afforded a never-ending sequence of sensuous impressions, awoke feelings and desires in him that he had not known existed, and ultimately left him exhausted. Feeling at last that he could take no more of it, he had slipped away from his companions and started on the long walk back to his ship.

The way back carried him through Christobal, the American section of the city. There, where the squalidness of the native dwellings gave way to the more pretentious homes of the Canal officials, the uproar of the amusement district subsided into a sort of languorous calm. The streets were very quiet; the darkness was pierced only by the dim light of street lamps set at long intervals. The sailor walked slowly with his head down. His steps were unsteady; the exhilaration brought on by the afternoon's extended drinking had vanished, leaving him only with a reeling grogginess and a sick taste in his mouth. His white uniform hung loosely, shapelessly on him; it was spotted and grimy; and two widening half-circles of sweat darkened the blouse underneath his arms. His face, which he wiped from time to time with a soggy handkerchief, was running with perspiration; and the lethargic impassivity of his eyes revealed the fatigue which possessed him.

In the utter weariness that his body felt, logical thought gave way in his consciousness to confusion and fantasy, just as the mind of a person in the last stages before sleep wanders off away from reason into the realm of improbabilities. All the sensations that he had experienced during the long afternoon came back in a discorded rush. Thoughts, sounds, voices, faces, odors, tastes returned with a vividness that was stronger than reality. And again, in a few moments in the sultry peace and darkness of that lonely street, he lived it over. . . .

> and again the shrill, foreign cries of the vendors, half-chant, half-melody, poignant and filled with mystery . . . the whimper and beseeching looks of the beggars . . . the strangeness of a single drum being played with a slow, savage rhythm in the depths of the native quarter . . . the knowing attitude and the insulting looks of the pimps . . . and the sick-sweet taste of the first rum . . . the monotonous wandering of a flute in the endless number of Latin dance pieces being played inside the cabarets . . . the high-pitched, jerky gibberish and the excited gestures of the natives . . . the raucous voices of the sailors and the beery smell in the nightclubs and bars . . . the aimless wanderings through the dirty streets . . . scenes changing . . . the heightening of the senses and the make-believe happiness of the stomach-warming drinks . . . the harlots' stare and the sensuous shifting of thighs, the low-spoken proposition and desire mixed with disgust . . . limbs feeling heavy

and rest-seeking, but always more wandering . . . the merciless sun of midafternoon . . . the lithe, rhythmical movement of a woman's hips in a voluptuous native dance . . . the rich, pungent smells from the colorful fruit-stalls . . . wild laughter coming from within one of the tawdry dwellings, laughter devoid of humor, but laden with irony and misery . . . many faces and many colors: smooth white, oriental yellow, soft coffee-colored, and jet-black; good, evil, naive, worldly, serious, happy . . . the heady odor of rich earth and luxuriant tropical vegetation . . . and present in all, a background for all, the beginning and end of all: the heat . . . draining out vitality, sapping the strength, pulsing, throbbing, ebbing and flowing. . . .

In the midst of these fevered flights of his imagination, he began to sense a growing nausea in his system. During the afternoon he had drunk much more than he had been accustomed to, had eaten too much of the rich, highly-seasoned native food. Now he felt his whole being rebel. There was a churning pain in his stomach, and the muscles of his throat tensed unbearably. He shuddered as a freak chill tore through his body. With an effort he speeded up his pace; perhaps he could make the docks. But the extra exertion only seemed to make him sicker. Suddenly a sharp wave of nausea swept through him. His vision blurred. He clapped his hand over his mouth and lurched into a dimly-lit side street. A last spasm twisted his system into a knot; and in an agony of shame and discomfort he leaned over the curbing and vomited. . . .

* * * * *

As he stumbled back along the street a few minutes later, his mind matched his body in its consummate weariness. Only the purely animal desires for rest and forgetfulness were present in him. He was scarcely conscious of where he was. He only knew that as the sidewalk flowed on past underneath him and as the palms bordering the road reached him, passed him, and receded into the distance, he was nearer and nearer to his ship and whatever rest and comfort it might afford him.

Into the torpor that claimed his consciousness there stole a new sound. It was the quiet voice of a violin being played somewhere near. At first, insensible to all as he was, it scarcely claimed his attention. It was there in his mind almost as if it had originated there—almost as if it had no source but in the background of his own exhausted imagination. Cool, liquid, flowing, its tones seemed a thing apart from the oppressive heat which lay over the city. Its almost ethereal sweetness could not belong to this day with its mad, kaleidoscopic sensuality. It was some while before he could realize that the music was actually originating near him—before he could bring himself to stop and look for the place it was coming from.

Through the ironwork of a high fence that ran parallel to the sidewalk, he looked across a shadowy expanse of lawn and garden onto the dim outline of a graceful old mansion. In form, it was that type of building typical of tropical regions settled by Europeans or North Americans—entirely distinct from the Moorish-Spanish type structures of the natives. It was one of those old-fashioned, rambling buildings that in their symmetry and simplicity bring to mind the grace of the old plantation homes of our low-country. In the darkness, its whiteness sent out a soft, white glow. The blinds of an upstairs window had been thrown open, and he could see through the screens and filmy haze of the curtains the figure of his violinist. It was a young girl, slim and graceful and blonde. Her back was toward him, but, seeing the lithe slenderness of her figure as she swayed slightly to the music, he knew somehow that she was beautiful. The light in the room gave a mellow, rich coloring to everything inside. As seen from the outside, the whole scene had a sense of unreality about it. It, like the music, seemed to be a thing apart from the sordid actuality of the time and the place.

And so he listened, leaning forward wearily against the fence, his two hands loosely grasping the heavy iron railings. The serene voice of the violin floated through the hot, still air, filling it with the poignancy of its melody. At times, the tones came down to him with a shimmering richness, with an incredible fullness and deepness about them; at

(Turn to Page 21)

———o———

The Eighth is Out in Force Today

Henry B. Rollins

I gaze into the cold grey English sky
As fog unveils the plane's domain on high.
The stillness broken only by the roar
Of mighty planes, man-made machines of war
"The Eighth is out in force today."

I stand, unmindful of the damp and cold,
Entranced and awed by what I now behold:
A nation's men and planes to duty called,
Display of power holding me enthralled.
"The Eighth is out in force today."

Each plane on high a thundering, winged thing;
A battle cry to lowly earth they fling,
As wave on wave they roll, to crest and break
Upon the target shore for freedom's sake.
"The Eighth is out in force today."

A WORM'S-EYE VIEW OF RADIO

by **Jim Davis**

What follows is neither transcribed nor recorded and likewise it is not to be confused with the confessions of a huckster. The latter will come in a later issue, some twenty years hence. Radio is here to stay and to deny this would make a sucker's list long enough to paper the walls of the Hall of Fame. The most famous medium of entertainment has been hailed, cursed and extolled since Marconi first touched two wires and got a kick that flung him against the opposite wall. In the past twenty or so years the business has been dragged through the mud and beat against the buffets of modern society's "red tape." Still it has managed to maintain its so-called dignity and stands today as unblemished as the soot-covered slush.

There seems to be a great conclusion, and where it came from I'd like to know, that radio does nothing but pay exorbitant salaries to wise-cracking comedians(?) and pseudo-news analysts for telling the people what to think and new jokes to pull on your next-door neighbor, who, incidentally, doesn't listen to the same programs. She prefers the "Private Romance of John's Other Sister's First Cousin's Husband (by second marriage)."

Perhaps they do pay good cash in some fields of radio. As a matter of fact the network salaries are very lucrative and certainly those fellows in the ad agencies are not starving to death in a two-by-four anteroom in an unheated office on the lower East Side.

I, personally, have never worked for any network and at the present haven't any hopes of doing so. Consequently, I don't intend to go into any detail about them, except to explain what effect they have on the smaller affiliated stations; and believe me they have plenty of effect.

To begin with, Frederick Wakeman in his best seller **The Hucksters** offered a very poor example of an agency man in the bodily form of Vic Norman. All I can say is that I hope Gable will do better by the industry in the screen portrayal. While Mr. Wakeman has laid down some of the basic points of radio advertising in his book, he so grossly exaggerated the average agency that it resembled an office full of semi-neurotic sots with a case of Scotch beneath every desk.

In the average radio station, or any other business, for that matter, there can be found several different types of human beings. Naturally so, since someone once said that everyone is an individual.

A good beginning would be with the announcer, since he is the showcase of a station. If any of my associates in this area read this I am referring strictly to the bunch as a whole and not to any one individual in particular. Most stations prefer the rather good-looking announcer (being a veteran I was given a waiver on this score). He must be able to read, although writing is not required, since nearly all his work is prepared for him before he goes on the air. I have yet to find one with any mechanical aptitude to speak of, and most of them don't know an ohm from a mosquito. I am not excluded.

The celebrated disk jockey has only recently come into his own, and more and more authorities in the orchestra world are realizing the importance of wooing the jock over to their point of view. This is due, for the most part, to the fact that for some inexplicable reason the public believes what the jock says about new and more frantic works imbedded on the drastic plastic. Then, too, there are some other announcers in a station, contrary to common belief. The news reporters have a nice job. The news teletypes continually tick away with the latest murder, larceny, or what have you. Announcing can get to be quite a headache, and generally is, but the funny thing is that all of them seem the least bit insane and that helps bear the brunt. Usually, the rule is that no one likes the announcer, because they are the sots of the trade. Why not, you would be too, after reading reams of tripe that you don't believe yourself and force the public to believe.

Next we come to the engineer. The microphone's best friend. They dislike the announcer most, because he gets all the credit for the work he, the engineer, does. It all begins to get very confusing about here. The average engineer is wrapped up in his work and is a walking encyclopaedia when it comes to electronics, etc. The level is always too high or too low; the words are always mispronounced and the announcer generally sounds like he has a mouth full of mush. They are really a wonderful bunch of advanced sadists.

Still in the program department you run across all various forms of the "homo sapiens" and, believe me, they are a varied lot. Script writers, continuity writers, traffic personnel and musical directors and so on down the line, and, the further down you go, the worse they get. If they could invent a method whereby they could do their work

(Turn to Page 22)

BELIEF FOR THE MODERN MAN

by Willard R. Hornung

Always to some extent, particularly after periods of social crises, there is one question in the minds of men which can be expressed approximately in these words: Where are we going? Today, collectively and individually, we are asking that question and wondering what the future holds for us. Yet, while we ponder and reflect, the answer lies before us. The future depends directly upon what we believe. The world can become what we desire it to be. We can mold it close to the ideal if we will simply make proper use of the vast power which lies latent in man and is kinesthetised by the action of catalystic belief.

To prove the infinite power of belief one need only cite a few instances in which it has shaped the course of events in history, science, and art.

Jesus believed in the essential harmony, or goodness, of the human soul and of the Creator. He died in apparent defeat and obscurity, but His belief has affected an immeasurable change in thought, art, literature, politics; and, indeed, in the entire social and economic structure of half the world.

The Curies believed in the soundness of reason and the validity of natural law. After bitter years of empty failure their belief unlocked for them and the world the secrets of radioactivity and physical chemistry.

Enrico Caruso met with withering ridicule when after an audition he informed the greatest voice teacher of the day that he intended to become an opera singer. His belief in himself forced him on through years of poverty and discouragement to the most brilliant career in operatic history; a career which was responsible for the inception of the period known as the Golden Age of music.

The preceding illustrations are peculiarly important for the modern man because they indicate the function of three kinds of belief and all of which are indispensable if he is to devise a happy future. These can be placed in three categories and labeled, respectively: Belief in the harmony of the Creator, belief in reason and natural law, and belief in personal ability. Examine the function of belief to understand how it operates. Consider, first, the concept of the future. It is an infinite amount of time not yet used. It differs from the past and the present in that we cannot know anything about it. We can accurately predict neither the course of events nor the events themselves. It is this quality of time to be that makes belief prerequisite for success. Consider now the engineer who constructs a huge and intricately designed bridge. Without a plan the work must remain a nebulous dream. Belief is analogous to the engineer's plan, for it extends guide lines into the future. These guide lines permit man to concentrate and direct his total capacity for thought and action at one point, to put sufficient pressure upon a single problem that eventually the problem gives way before the pressure; and, as the future becomes the present, the problem is resolved into its solutions. Belief, then, is a directing and intensifying force which infinitely increases the efficiency of human intellect and physical power.

Assuming that the reader accepts these hypotheses, he will be tempted, at this point, to interject the following remark. We have many believers today. We have millions of church goers, countless fine artists, and productive scientists. On the basis of the foregoing contentions we may feel sure that the future will be a happy one. The reply to this statement discovers the whole point of the discussion. We have many people who subscribe to and use one or another kind of belief; but, in the modern world, few men accept and utilize all three classes of belief. For this reason we are rapidly withdrawing from all possibility of creating the happy, ideal future. For to succeed in this tremendous work requires that we use the combined powers of belief with discernment.

The man who fashions a happy future must be more than a competent striver after material success, more than an infallible reasoning automaton, and more than a simple believer in a divine provider who moves men toward happiness as if that state were the checkmate position and the believer the winning piece on a chess board. The striver after material success finds no satisfaction from that success alone. Physical appetites are quickly dulled. No longer does the tycoon tower over other men, nor does he receive unbounded fame and adulation. For today, as never before, there are many who succeed materially and the divided honor and power are not great enough to yield complete satisfaction. The man whose god and creed are reason cannot now attain happiness simply from unlimited exercise of that ability. Sheer mass of data limits his work to a narrow field in which he finds himself merely one of many trained reasoning men. And reason itself is pointless and dreary unless in one's philosophy there is the certainty that his reasoning is being directed toward the attainment of goodness, that the products of this power are intended to be beneficial to

mankind. Reason, as Germany has just proved, cannot bring happiness to its manipulator if its purpose is to accomplish immoral or unmoral ends. Finally, belief in the pigmy gods of Mt. Olympus, in their frail human mentality, has no place in the work of making the happy future. Man must believe in a far greater, more moral god. Jesus spent His life trying to acquaint His disciples with this God. What a mockery of His teaching some of His nominal followers exhibit today. Truly, they receive their rewards, a release of emotion, a mere physical sensation which leaves them further from beauty and truth than they were before the sordid and ridiculous experience.

Belief for the modern man who is seeking the full, happy life, must be a proper blend of these three categories of belief. The result of this combination is a firm base for a complete unified philosophy. This philosophy, in turn, provides universal support for all of life's thought and work. The man who has attained such a philosophy, finds that all his actions are supported by cool purpose, that they can be justified by reason, that they are in maximum accord with natural law, and that they are in the closest harmony with the idea of an infinitely just and good Creator. Such a man advances toward his goal each day, calm and happy in the knowledge that his life has value and meaning, and that he is fitting himself for a place of honor in the vast, harmonious realm of eternity.

The world awaits a generation of men who can combine belief in the infinite harmony of the Creator, belief in human reason and natural law, and belief in their personal ability. The happy tomorrow requires that generation for its conception and birth. When will that generation itself come into existence? Would that we might be that fortunate breed of men.

———o———

"Where yo' all goin' nigger?"
"Ah's bein' rushed by Tri Kappa."
"What yo' all mean, Tri Kappa?"
"K.K.K., nigger."

———o———

A man inspected his wife's new bathing suit prior to leaving for Florida and remarked casually, "Darling, it is just big enough to prevent your being tanned where you ought to be."

—Scripts 'N Pranks

It's Up to You

George D. Cooksey

It is up to you to do something about one of the most appalling situations which has ever plagued the South. You have the power to rectify one of the greatest indignities ever placed before the people of this section. It is an absolute necessity for your personal well-being that you get busy now to change and redirect our educational system.

I realize that this is a nation-wide problem, but is it not better to sweep one's own doorstep before worrying about the neighbors'?

Recent happenings in our own section have brought sharply into focus the fact that something is wrong with the way we are training the children who are becoming our adults, our voters and our lawmakers.

You are all familiar with the incident which took place a few weeks ago in Greenville County. A Negro, accused of murdering a Greenville taxi driver, was in the Pickens jail awaiting lawful trial. An enraged mob of some thirty cabmen stormed the jail, abducting and lynching the Negro. The fact of his presumed guilt does not enter into the matter from our standpoint.

The fact that is pertinent is that an unauthorized mob saw fit to take the law into its own hands and thereby make a parody of the justice upon which our nation is founded. Mob violence is always a concrete indication of the absence of a stable, trained, thinking mind.

The March 11th issue of the Spartanburg Herald published a story about the men rejected in this county by the selective service board. Forty percent of those called were rejected. Of this forty percent 1,719 were rejected for mental disease, 1,666 for mental deficiency, and 1,301 for educational deficiency. One-half of the rejections occurring in Spartanburg County was because of mental reasons. One out of every five of the men called was lacking in sufficient mentality to get into the army.

In addition to these statistics, I ask you to look at the low salaries paid to teachers in this state and, more important to our argument, the low scholastic requirements for teachers. It is possible for a high-school teacher in this county to earn less than twenty-five dollars a week. Many school janitors earn that much. However, it is also possible for a high-school teacher in Spartanburg County to teach with as little as, if not less than, one year in college.

Do these facts not coincide in some way? Is there not a rather obvious parallel here?

(Turn to Page 21)

THE MARKED

by Peter Karageannes

"But we are encompassed with snakes and dogs: therefore some use labour, and others must hold the spears."
—T. S. Eliot

I

He could remember when there had been a nothingness with suddenly, now, a somethingness; a hollow sound. He was awake.

Nothing had changed. He was on the dry earth floor with the sun's heat inside the single room thickly, drawing out of him most of what remained. The weight of everything pushed down on him, all of it a huge, flat shape that had made him its nest.

The smell of horses was yet within him and he still desired another sound besides the ticking of his watch. Thinking, he decided there was less pain now. His wrist remained pinned beneath his temple, the caked blood cutting deep into his cheek but, now, without pain. Except the watch noise, in a manner pain, because to the tc, tc, tc, he thought: there have been too many times when I could have died to the noble sounds of battle: the fire sounds, gun sounds, sounds with pungent powder smells. But this!

Oh, yes; the Movements. To be always involved in them, in some way, to some degree, and always for the betterment of this or that. Am I not the great one for oratory? People. You ignorant people. Believe in this; it is good; it is noble. Fight for it.

In Vienna, I was born; slapped into life by sounds of guns in the stilly night of the cultured city. I saw, not seeking, innocent and unaware, The Squirt, Dolfuss, attempting to make true his desire to be The Monster. And passing, in the light of day, the white fear-colored faces of the oppressed who, having sensed it, were being given proof of what he had dreamed for them.

And, even after The Squirt had been flattened by the palm of a hand larger than his own, I was not satisfied and seeing him reduced to ridiculous lifelessness was not enough. The Movement went westward and I, having been born, followed.

II

He remembered Paris. They were sitting at one of the iron tables of La Paix, **sipping Chablis and smoking those long, thin cigarettes, fancying themselves champions and speaking openly of things ordinarily whispered.**

There were the American, Bruce, the Englishman, Perkins, and I. Bruce the brawn and Perkins the brain. And I was the liaison between those two noble virtues—brain and brawn.

"Spain," I remember saying. "It's in Spain now. That's where I intend going."

"And I," said Perkins. "I likewise intend going to Spain."

Bruce agreed with us. "Anything for a laugh," he said.

Spain, they say, is sunny and the wine plentiful and pleasantly palatable and the views most exquisite. Madrid, we have heen told, is one wonderful town in which the weather is absolutely of the finest in all that great peninsula and the people of the country simply great. The people are most certainly great. It is the people who must bear the burden of this new attempt at rule by lone authority and the people who must fight against it and who have instigated this latest of the Movements and it is to the people we must rally. For the cause! Viva **el al la les** something-or-other!

But time is obstinate and events contrary. Combined, they love to punch ragged holes in pretty canvases. They laugh: in Spain, the nights were dark and filled with hurtling death. The hills were most important, not collectively, as views, but individually, as prizes. And the wine is gone when you have left behind the musty cellars to those who win them. Over Madrid, the skies rained chunks of steel.

III

Events went rapidly in Spain.

Everything became a tight shell suddenly and there was never time to think clearly as to what was happening but only to realize that you were in it solidly and there was nothing to be done objectively any longer; you were there, amidst it, dodging, running, heading for a cover that never happened.

On that afternoon, the sun had broken through the black clouds and draped itself along the silent hills. The column had dispersed, spreading itself erratically, like germs seen through a powerful microscope. Perkins had gone beyond the trees for some natural function and Bruce and I, we had crept beyond a thicket, casting cautious glances to the rear so that no one saw us when we uncorked the flask of wine.

Then: drinking, not having finished with it, the wine sliding down the throat, we heard the cry. The Moorish giants swept down and slashed the column with animal cries and flashing steel in the new sun.

(Turn to Page 23)

SOME JAPANESE TEARS AT MIDNIGHT

by George Wannamaker, III

In the Spring of 1936 people mingled quietly about the beautiful parks at Nara, a Buddhist shrine city on Honshu in little Japan. Tame deer confidently approached groups picnicking on the green lawns and ate out of the friendly human hands. It was evident the people at this place were enjoying life more completely than they had before coming to visit the sacred shrine city. Some inspirations had toned their lives to more pleasurable sounds.

A lovely rose-colored glow fell from a Japanese parasol onto the soft-textured skin of a young maiden. Delicate little shoes trod over paths leading to a favorite rendezvous. The perfectly-blended flowers of her eloquent kimono seemed to float and sway as planted flowers being blown in the wind. Asa bore herself with grace and dignity, as a queen not over people but of her own heart. She was sensitive to all living things around her, the deer, the birds, the shrubs and trees and people. She was created for love, and love was especially rich in her this day at this sacred place.

Green grass carpeted the path which remained. Coming nearer, her heart beat more and more rapidly, and then there he was, and a calmness came over her. For two years she had known and loved this one man and during that time they had found much beauty together. As lovers, they felt the inspirations of old Nara most happily. Love was everything to these two. Now they lived not as two separate people but as one. When Asa smiled, it was not for herself alone but for both, and when Satoru grasped her little hand, it was as a melody being played together.

Thinking of Satoru as the man with whom she was entirely willing to live the rest of her life, she asked her gods to grant forever this love, and she promised to live the inspired life and do the will of the gods, as expressed in the Buddhist church doctrine. Realizing that Satoru returned love with love, she was thankful and prayed that worldly conditions would permit her to remain with him. Satoru had also prayed.

Asa and Satoru had not prayed for wealth and abundance. They had not prayed for anything material other than the necessities. Their wealth was love and she was queen and he king in a special world of their own. This park was their castle grounds, and the presence of others in it was ever a pleasure to them. Somehow lovers rejoice in the happiness of others.

Now in this year 1936 Japan had risen high in the modern world; her educational system was excellent; her science and industry were highly developed; and the army and navy very strong. Asa and Satoru felt much pride about this, as did sixty-nine million Japanese on those little islands.

Having been instilled during youth with the creeds of military honor and glory, Satoru, in his honest desire to be noble and good, had experienced a feeling of obligation to join either the imperial army or navy. Now the young man hesitated. He had learned from the classics enough about the psychology of national life to doubt the sincerity and wisdom of military and political leaders. Satoru did not make known his doubts. He was not only afraid to do this, he was ashamed for entertaining such doubts. His problem was temporarily solved by rationalization. It was, in Japan, an honor for a young man to engage in higher learning, even if it delayed his military service. Satoru decided to be honorable in this way. It was still 1936.

Facing the same problem, Asa became frightened. She too had learned and now doubted. Of course, she knew she could be prouder before friends if Satoru "proved his nobility" by volunteering. Somehow, though, love and war were not of the same mold. Asa was determined to lead Satoru into a further realization of the importance of learning.

On another Spring morning the rhythm of nature in the swimming of golden fish, the flight of silvery birds, the bouncing of a frisky rabbit and the swishing of crowded green leaves in the breeze, became music and scenery for love. Satoru and Asa strolled around the castle grounds, laughing and playing, being themselves completely, and being thankful. Asa loved Satoru for what he was when she was with him, and Satoru experienced a similar love for her. A promise was exchanged and a vow taken together. Here were two happy people adjusted to life forever.

But had the world adjusted itself to lovers? Japanese and visiting foreigners had realized some of the truth of old Nara, but too few could understand.

And so, as the brass bands pounded, conscientious hearts swelled to the mad bugle shrills. The noble Japanese manhood was becoming ready to right wrong and to drive out the capitalistic encirclers. In 1937 the tense Japanese heard of an outrage committed to Japanese by Chinese on the

continent. That was, in their state of hysteria, the final trial of patience. The healthy and hearty people marched.

Having endured for too long the strains of nationalistic emotions, Satoru volunteered for service. Asa consoled herself and Satoru with a prediction of short war. It was only a temporary emergency, she hoped, and she was somewhat proud of her man for having answered the call.

When Satoru had gone, Asa secured a job in a war factory. She was placed in a group of young women of her own social standing and worked with them under the direction of well-educated and cultured men.

Letters were exchanged and they were more precious than anything else the two possessed. At first, Satoru wrote of the beauties of sea travel and of China. The disposition of Satoru was one composed by their love.

It happened that many men offered favors to Asa. These she refused politely, explaining delicately her love for Satoru. She would be faithful and wait. And perhaps in her lovely flower garden at Osaka, she shed some tears at midnight, as is the custom in Japan.

And as for Satoru in China, she believed the vow held true. So it was for a long time, but war was man reverted to beast and killing savagely. How long could Satoru act the beast and not be it? His increasing lust for flesh domination, which is developed in every army, began to affect his life more and more. Now he desperately coveted the letters from Asa. The letters became sacred; they were his quiet refuge from Hell. They were his castle of the natural world from which the music of love had come. Reading these letters, he rose to be a man again.

Regrettably though, Satoru lived in a fickle world. One day it offered him life; the next it laughed at him and presented the spector of death again. He thought, "Why don't the gods make up their minds? And life; what is life to be so tossed around?" The only thing of certainty was the flesh before his eyes. And as has occurred through the centuries, the warriors' vanity was satisfied in ripping the bodies of the enemy.

What could other men, being as they are, expect of Satoru when, after several years of struggle, he entered Chinese cities with the armies? Could they expect him to quietly sit down and read the letters from Asa, becoming once more a man? Satoru became weary of year after year of letter writing. He was a cultured being, but for him there was a limit.

Asa had heard from returning soldiers whispered words about the behavior of Japanese troops in China. At first wrath and indignation overcame her. Then she exhaustively fell into a state of quiet meditation. War was different. The good woman became thankful if only that Satoru were alive. She could later help mend the wounds, and she would be happy in doing this.

Asa had heard stories of horrors committed by the Japanese troops. Although such stories at that time were not easily believed. Asa, in her shrewd reasoning, could believe some of them, but she was no radical or martyr. Her sense of loyalty caused her to have the fanatical faith in Japan, right or wrong.

At irregular intervals letters arrived from Satoru, but they were not the same. The young man had become hard and bitter, and his heart was not sensitive to life. Asa answered each letter more cleverly, understanding very well the make-up of her man. Then letters from Satoru came no more. Some tears fell at midnight for many nights. Satoru was not accounted for on the last report of his organization.

It was now the spring of 1945. Japan had many enemies and her people had become desperate in their struggle to repulse a threatening invader, the first in modern Japanese history. Asa stared into a clear blue sky. Some birds flew by, and the white clouds, floating as they did, caught her fancy. Two people had once before ridden the white clouds and looked at the world from above.

Then there was a roaring undertone which the city knew only too well. "The hated Americans" were coming over. Boeing 29's were bombing that day. Fire fell and houses blazed. Asa tried, as did everyone able, to help the firemen and rescue workers.

Next day the young girl went through the ruins. Wooden structures had burned most readily. Where were the families she knew? Many were buried alive. Her most cherished girl acquaintance had died with her family, trapped under a falling roof.

Many people left the doomed Osaka and fled to the hills or to Kyoto. Asa was resigned to her fate. Her mother and father chose to remain at their ancestral home.

Death became victor over life. In her wisdom, Asa did not hate the flyers. She pitied them at their dangerous tasks, for she knew they followed orders. Even so, on one day anger overcame her. American P-51's had machine-gunned crowds of civilians, destroying life purposefully. She was re-

(Turn to Page 22)

AN HONORABLE PROFESSION

by John W. Stevenson

It is almost impossible to pick up a current magazine or newspaper today without finding an article on teachers or the teaching profession. While the writer is only an undergraduate by no means fully informed on this subject, I feel that an expression from this corner is in accord with the existing sentiment.

Teaching, like the ministry or medicine, is almost a crusade. It is a humanitarian impulse or desire to serve that can be satisfied only in the instructor by helping the development of young minds into new worlds of thought and action. The significant question today is that there are many young men well qualified and able to prepare themselves for teaching, but, when approached on the subject, shy away from it as if it were a plague. And therein lies the rub! What is it, then, that repels young men from a future in the classroom?

The paramount reason, unfortunately, is the problem of inadequate income. In almost no part of the United States are teachers easily able to live up to the standards and social requirements expected of a person in this field. Too often, if we are to accept the answers of the statisticians, there has been a failure of school boards and trustees to bring the salary scale up to the present cost of living. This one important truth is by far the primary reason why so many fail to consider this profession as a life-work. However, this lack is being daily brought to the public attention, and the tendency now in most states for higher pay is encouraging to the young student seeking a dignified profession.

Secondly, the attitude, common to Americans, that school teachers belong to some sort of mythical third estate composed of sexless, lofty, and bloodless individuals creates a formidable, if inaccurate, mental hazard to the young virile man. Another possible reason for our young man's lack of enthusiasm might be what he feels is the absence of glamour—I use that word with all its modern connotation—in the seclusion of the classroom. In this age of mechanics and specialists, of Hollywood, and the Air Corps, a young man's thoughts are literally and figuratively in the air. He dreams of far places and great events, of conspicuousness in the fields of science, politics, radio, and big business, and the significant, important job of teaching and training is lost in the maze of glorious achievements.

What, then, is there to look forward to in teaching for the student seeking a profession ? I wish it were possible to convey my own enthusiasm and desire to enter this field. To the young man today, interested in building a "brave new world" and creating a more enlightened society, what better influences could there be than those wielded by teachers guiding students toward the goal of enlightenment. Too many people measure happiness and success by the state of their pocket-books, when, in reality, they sacrifice happiness and peace of mind in the confining worship of Mammon. What could be more satisfying than watching young minds discard early prejudices, receive new knowledge, and begin to think for themselves? To discover new truths and experiences in a chosen subject, to watch new faces and personalities come under your care each year, to go back again and again into the darkness to lead each new group into the light—these are the things that no man can measure in terms of silver and gold; these are the things that bring inner happiness, inner contentment.

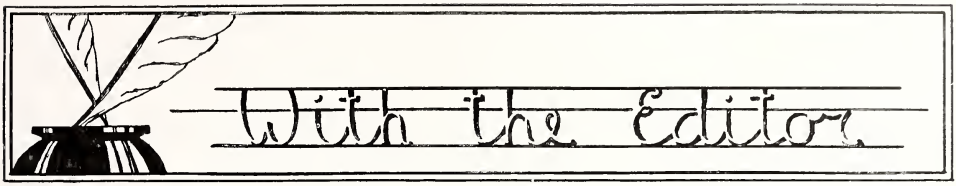
Finally, it takes a man to teach, a man with strong ideals and a firm belief in mankind. For as only the strong can lead the weak, so must the man of vision lead the blind and direct their steps toward truth and knowledge. Here, then, is a challenging work to be done—so very few have heard its call.

———o———

To Whom?

Dedicate? To whom?
To those who
Do not understand;
Who read
and do not comprehend
And attempt to hide
Themselves in
Laughter?
Don't you know that
Laughter
Is the hiding place
Of ignorance?

—Peter Karageannes



A NEW PUBLICATION

Each month the **Journal** receives, through its exchange department, publication copies from some of America's leading colleges and universities. Unfortunately, the **Journal** receives only one copy of each institution's publication, and this copy is studied and appraised by the **Journal's** editorial staff; therefore, it is impossible for the entire student body to read these exchange issues.

Some of these exchange copies are extraordinarily fine examples of student publications, and each member of the Wofford student body should have the opportunity to read these magazines.

Under the present exchange process, this is impossible; and there is only one solution: Wofford College should have another student publication.

This new publication should be a college digest; that is, a magazine compiled of digests of the best material appearing each month in college publications. The compiled material should not be drafted from original magazines verbatim, but digests made by the publication's competent staff writers.

A publication of this type would be beneficial in two distinctive ways: (1) Wofford students would have the opportunity to read the finest in literary material from outstanding collegiate publications, and (2) a magazine of this type would help create a closer understanding between other colleges and Wofford.

As Editor of the **Journal,** I feel certain that other colleges would co-operate with Wofford to make a publication of this type a success, and possibly several other colleges would adopt similar plans.

Without a doubt, a publication compiled of the finest collegiate literary material available would be beneficial to the college and to the students.

———o———

The members of the Wofford College News Bureau are to be congratulated on the fine work accomplished by the organization during its first year.

GUEST EDITOR FOR APRIL

Miss Donna Jo Short, author of "The Professor in English 313," is a junior at Oregon State College, situated in Corvallis, Oregon. Her home town is Redmond, Oregon, where she lives on a modern version of the western ranch—not movie style. Miss Short is graduating in the School of Education because "that is where I can get liberal arts and not because I wish to grow old in the service of the public schools." She will receive a B.A. degree at the end of next year with a major in speech and journalism.

Miss Short is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta and she also belongs to Theta Sigma Phi, a national professional journalism honorary. Previously she was the editor of the **Lamplighter,** campus literary magazine which has now disbanded to give way to the present publication, the **Quad.**

———o———

CONGRATULATIONS

The **Journal** extends its congratulations to Associate Editor John P. Mandanis and Contributors Eugene W. Anderson and Theron E. Montgomery, the three newly-elected members to Phi Beta Kappa.

———o———

CONTEST

The **Journal's** contest for the May issue has already been announced in the **Old Gold and Black** and in chapel; so if you have not entered your manuscript, please do so immediately. Manuscripts should be typewritten or written legibly in ink. Contest entries will be judged by three faculty members of the English Department.

THE PRE-MEDICAL SOCIETY

by **Carl W. Littlejohn, Jr.**

As a pre-medical student I am naturally interested in anything pertaining to the education of pre-medical students at Wofford College. I have followed with interest the formation of a society by a group of energetic pre-medical students this past year.

The purposes as outlined by the organizers are: "We, the pre-medical students of Wofford College, in order to obtain a keener insight into medicine, band together in a common cause, promote cooperative fellowship now and in future years, and form a progressive, expanding organization, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the Pre-Medical Society."[1]

This organization furthers the individual interest of each pre-medical student at Wofford and familiarizes him with his responsibility to humanity in this chosen profession. Outstanding members of the staffs of local hospitals have been addressing the society at its monthly meetings. Visits to local hospitals are now being planned in order to witness operations and technique.

In the constitution of the youngest and one of the most active groups on the campus as well as the only scientific organization at the present time, a lyceum-type program once each year is provided for. At this time some nationally known specialist in the field of medicine will address the Pre-Medical Society, the Wofford Faculty, the entire student body, and the public at large.

This year's student lecturer will be the eminent surgeon, Doctor White, distinguished bone specialist of Greenville, South Carolina. Doctor White has studied abroad and is known in world medical circles as one of the most outstanding leaders in his field.

This organization is not only giving its time in preparing each individual within the Society to be able to help humanity in the future, but shortly after the details of organization were complete it sponsored a public service program. The annual Tuberculosis Christmas Seal Campaign, sponsored nationally by the National Tuberculosis Association, is now sponsored at Wofford by the Pre-Medical Society.

Professor R. A. Patterson has been the faculty inspiration to those who have worked so conscientiously to make the Society a success and give it a permanent place on the campus. He inspiringly addressed the first session and at the same time expressed his satisfaction and enthusiasm for the formation of the society and pledged his full support. He then pointed out the great responsibility that lies on those who have chosen the field of medicine as their life work. Those present were impressed by the human aspect brought out by Professor Patterson and also by his wholesome suggestions. In a few words he outlined the possibilities of the Society.

Membership is limited to pre-medical students of the junior and senior classes who are in good standing with the college and who have been extended an invitation to join the society. Members who do not show a continued and cooperative interest in the society are dropped from the rolls. Any member who is expelled from the organization is not eligible for reentry. Scholarship is stressed as well as a record of worthy service and recognition of potential ability.

In closing, I wish to express my greatest appreciation to the President and members of the Pre-Medical Society for extending to me a cordial invitation to attend the well attended meetings.

[1]The Preamble to the Constitution of the Pre-Medical Society.

---o---

When You Have Cares

George Morgan

When you have any tears to hide
or doubts to put away,
please give them to me, my dear,
as part of my day.

Let me assume whatever thoughts
are heavy on your heart,
and let my love encourage you
to carry on your art.

Give me your weary eyes to close
while I endure the night,
and dip your dreams in silver stars
to make them extra bright.

Let me have all the little cares
that ever bother you,
that you may never have to have
the smallest thing to do.

And let me promise you, my dear,
that when life is old,
all the love that is in me
will still be yours to hold.

CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS

by Robert Cuttino

What was the use? It would be the same tomorrow—only worse. Why did he have to try to tackle "Dutch" instead of just clearing out the interference and letting the half back get him? But no—he had fought off two blockers and gotten the tackle himself, and what happened—yeah, the bad knee again. Gil nearly knocked the whole leg off, it seemed, when he tried to block him. That was the way it had been for the last two years—always the hard licks and always the suicide squad. Why was he so infernally small? What could his 149 pounds do against a couple of real football players? There was "Dutch" at full back, Gil at quarter. Both were placed on the All-Western team. Then there were Andy and "Bull" at half backs, both regulars for the past two seasons. What chance did he have? Sure, he had speed, more cuts than any other two men on the team, and, above all, a determination that picked him up off the ground a thousand times in the last three years.

He knew what it was that kept him going. He also knew only too well that it would keep him playing football as long as he could. His dad had been to every game played for the last three years to be where Don was playing, but not to see Don—for he was blind. That was the one thing that kept him going, the one thing that made him jump from the ground and sprint back to his position when his knee felt as if it were breaking off. He had always covered up his aches and pains, pepping up the defense and sparking the offense, but there was still a lot of difference between the first and second teams. Big and famous though the college was, the two teams were far from equal.

Now what would happen? Would his dad recite to him again word-for-word the little article about the sub-quarter back, Don Walton, playing a good game against Tech? Gee! It seemed that he lived through Don.

Instead of the cheerful "Is that you Son?" Don had expected, Dr. Berry met him at the door, with a slightly worried look on his face.

"Hello, Don. How's the football?"

"Hello, Doc. It's fair—is there anything wrong, Doc?", Don replied.

"I'm afraid so, Don. He called me early this afternoon. I checked him over and put him to bed. Son, you might as well know . . . that old heart of his has had a rough time and it's in bad condition."

You're everything in the world to him since your mother's death, and it's up to you to keep his spirit up. I'm having a nurse stay with him all the time. Go in and talk to him . . . and be cheerful." With this, the doctor finished gathering his things and disappeared through the door.

Fifteen—twenty-five years passed through Don's mind. Through his memory flashed years of happiness and of tears, of dreams of being a doctor, and, above all, the years of perfect companionship between father and son, and a devotion that could never be forgotten. And then . . . all the things his father had taught him about football, the times they had had together, and Don's dreams of taking his father's place in the University's football hall of fame. Then, his dad's operation on his head, an old football injury, when his vision was impaired, and his mother's sudden death . . . the hard blows his dad had taken, and the faith he had shown—all these flashed before Don's mind. Was it fair for a man to suffer like that? There in that bedroom lay a man whose life had been characterized by a verse he had repeated many times, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." Yes, he had cast his bread upon the waters. He had given to life his best, his all, and he had led Don to give his best.

Getting hold on himself, Don went into his father's bedroom. "Hello, Dad. So you're going to take it easy for a few days, eh? Well, you'll be all right by the State game. Gosh, are we going to put it over on them Saturday!"

And thus, football again helped to put them both at ease. This time, however, Mr. Walton didn't react as usual, and soon, he forced the topic aside.

"Don," he said, "being a mother and father has been a pretty big job, and at times I've wished I'd done some things differently, but before . . . "

"Dad, don't ever think of . . . "

The older man's hand reached out and found Don's. A few moments passed as both hesitated. Don lowered his head as a tired smile appeared on his Dad's face.

"Yes, Son, there's a day ahead of us that we've got to face . . . a day that has been delayed a long, long time." The front door opened and footsteps were heard coming down the hall. Dr. Barry appeared with a nurse.

"Better get some rest now. Don't want you to overdo it!" greeted the doctor.

At this, Don laid his hand on his father's and said softly, "Don't you worry about a thing, Dad. Everything will be all right." Don and the doctor left the room.

Don stayed awake thinking until early in the morning. Then, about three o'clock, the front door slammed. Jumping up, Don ran out into the hall to see Dr. Barry rushing into his father's room. With his heart pounding, Don hastened to the door only to be stopped by the nurse. After a few minutes that seemed to him years, the doctor slowly opened the door and met Don with a lowered head.

"Is he . . . ?"

"Yes, Don, he's dead."

* * *

Two days later, the day of the State game, it was a surprised crowd of players that saw Don come into the fieldhouse and put on his football togs. However surprised and bewildered, they were sympathetic. But Don didn't seem to respond to the sympathy and apparently he resumed his usual quiet self.

The coach gave a surprised glance as Don took a seat by him when the teams lined up for the kick-off. The State team was everything it was rated to be—big, fast, deadly, and, as yet, undefeated. The first quarter went to state as the University eleven seemed to be the underdogs. A series of passes set up a touchdown for State. The kick for the extra point was good and the University trailed 7-0. Don glanced anxiously at the coach. The University received the kick-off and made a short return. The ground attack failed and on the third down a quick punt almost took the State eleven by surprise. Once more State began picking up yardage, and Don asked the coach for a chance to play. Sure he knew this was no time to take a chance, but he could make good. This came to no avail, however, as State continued to outplay the University team. The half barely saved another State touchdown drive from going through.

As the teams retired to the dressing rooms, Don lagged behind with a hopeless expression on his face. State hadn't shown their power yet, and the whole "U" team was worn from giving all they had.

The second half began with State receiving the ball. The crowd sensed immediately the much improved playing of the State eleven, while the University team was fast losing its pep. Another series of passes carried the ball close to the University goal line, and it was then that Don gave up hope of persuading the coach and dashed out on the field. Gil, the quarterback, came out with a bewildered look on his face as he met the coach on the sidelines.

A time out was called and the whole University team huddled around Don. For long minutes the huddle scarcely moved. Then, suddenly, with a loud shout, they sprang up and raced to their positions. Now, as the State eleven tried to continue their drive, they seemed to meet a brick wall. Three plays were attempted, but with no success on State's part, turning the ball over to the University. Now, the bewildered crowd rose to its feet as a small figure lunged through the State line and into its secondary. A fifteen yard gain followed by another ten yard thrust through the line carried the ball to the 30-yard stripe. A series of unexpected plays pushed the State team back into their own territory. Then, on what seemed to be an end sweep, Don carried the ball nearly to the sideline—suddenly stopping and throwing the ball far over toward the opposite side and into the end zone. There "Dutch" grabbed it into his arms and the University scored. Don carried the ball over on a delayed line buck for the extra point and tied the score.

Don seemed to be all over the field at the same time. Almost single-handedly he stopped the State offense, sweeping through for brilliant tackles behind the line of scrimmage and breaking up several passes. On offense his field-generaling, calling the plays, and the way he executed his plays were nothing short of a coach's dream.

That afternoon Don Walton played probably the finest game ever played on that field. The game remained close, but the University defeated State for the greatest upset in the mid-west. After the game, it was a tired but happy group of players that carried a smiling Don Walton into the dressing room on their shoulders.

Once inside, the coach came over to Don and said, "That was the finest game of football that I've ever seen, Don, and you exhibited the greatest playing of any one player I've known. Tell me, Don, what did you tell those guys in the huddle, and what changed you so?"

A silence seemed to fill the room as the smiling players gathered around Don and the coach.

"Well sir, I told them that . . . for five years my father has waited to see me play . . . and . . . well . . . today he was watching all of us."

The crowd diminished; the sun began to settle in the west, and as Don left the fieldhouse, these words were in his mind; **Cast thy bread upon the waters: and thou shalt find it after many days.**

Editor, Oregon State Quad *Donna Jo Short*

THE PROFESSOR IN ENGLISH 313

Hate! What pain, what soul-rending pain comes from that little word. Hate! Carefully he printed the letters on his desk pad, staring at them as if hypnotized. The letters blurred, faded, and he saw a tiny country church. A tall man dressed in somber black robes bent over a small boy. As he talked, a silver crucifix swung down from his neck. The boy, fascinated by the shining cross, scarcely heard the father's words—"Never hate, my son, for hate does strange and horrible things."

Hate! The word surged back, and again he was conscious of his surroundings. A desk squatted in the exact center of a bare room. The four walls were lined with books. A hand-painted miniature of a small girl stood slantwise on the dask. Her face was vivid and alive. There were daisies nestled in her hair and around the neck of her old-fashioned dress. And there were stars in her eyes.

On the other corner of the desk was a charcoal drawing done by some obscure Parisian of the crooked, picturesque Rue de la Font. Only this and nothing more.

A bell rang in the distance. Immediately a scuffling, scraping rumble filtered down from the floors above him. "Animals!" He spat out the word viciously. Animals—being herded from one room to another, having learning stuffed down their gullets one hour's worth at a time. I can't stand this any longer! I can't! I won't! Another bell rang. Obediently he arose, gathered up his books and started for the door. Hate moved beside him, an invisible companion, but he was used to that. Some days it was Hate, some days Despair, but seldom was he alone.

As he pushed open the door of the classroom the murmur of voices faded and stopped. He made his way to the lecture in dead silence. It didn't take long to acquire a reputation. He was tough, strict, didn't take any nonsense. That was all right with him. He hated; they feared.

He called the roll rapidly, noticing the frequency with which the same voice answered, but he never raised his head from his book. The stupid fools. Did they think he gave a darn whether they attended class or cut, studied or played, passed or flunked, lived or . . .

"Today we shall study the writings of the English poet, Shelley. Percy Bysshe Shelley was born at Field Place, Sussex, on August 4, 1792. As a boy he was sullen and rebellious, constantly in trouble." . . . I was born in a small town in Ohio on August 24, 1905. I was sullen and rebellious. The neighbors thought I was queer, always by myself, always alone. I found my first real happiness when I learned to read, and I passionately devoured everything I could lay my hands on. . . .

A book banged to the floor, and he jerked out of his daydream, but his reverie had not interrupted his lecture. The words poured out as if from a well-oiled machine. He felt like a spectator of the whole affair.

. . . Hate stirred restlessly beside his desk. Oh, no, I couldn't forget you. I hate this room. I hate those forty numb imprisoned minds. I hate those forty blank, stupid faces. I hate particularly the boy on the end of the third row. He looks like a weasel, with narrow, close-set eyes, pinched mouth, and a pasty grey face. And the girl rhythmically chewing her cud, her face so lifeless, her hair hanging in dull strands. Faces can be so vivid, so alive; hair so soft, so lovely, with daisies. . . .

The picture was shattered by the bell. The machine stopped grinding out meaningless words. It was over, another class, another day.

Mechanically he finished the day's routine and walked the few short blocks home. As he turned in the pathway to the boarding-house, he abruptly changed his mind. It was a beautiful spring afternoon. All that awaited him inside was another empty room.

He crossed the gravel driveway and opened the door of the garage. Here was his only luxury—a grey coupe. He lived simply with his few extravagances, but sometimes when Hate grew too strong, Despair too stifling, he would drive through the neighboring hills and forget for awhile.

It didn't take long to reach those friendly hills again, but this time he stopped and hiked up a green knoll to where a solitary cherry tree glowed in the rays of the lowering sun.

"To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms." The rolling, soothing words of **Thanatopsis** poured like a heaven-sent balm over his sore spirit. Suddenly he felt at peace. Hate crept away. He leaned back against the tree folding his hands behind his head. Bits of blue filtered through the blossom-laden branches above him. The flowers swayed, blurred and melted into a rosy haze before his tired eyes.

There had been cherry blossoms in Paris, too. After he graduated with honors from the University, his father gave him permission to go to the

Sorbonne. Already he had received recognition for some of his writings. He had definite talent, and Dr. Wilson had convinced his father he should go to Paris to gain experience, atmosphere, and a deeper knowledge of the old world classics. He fell in love with Paris because it had cherry trees—and Mary, but Mary came first.

He could still hear the hysterical beep of the French taxis as they careened perilously down the twisting streets. He was strolling along the Rue de la Font that special March day and wondering idly who the American girl was, walking a few steps ahead of him. She seemed distrait, and as she neared the corner, she abruptly turned out into the street. There was a great scream of horns and high foreign voices. Quicker than thought, he grabbed her hand and pulled her away from the irate citizens and into a neighboring cafe.

She was pale and trembling violently. "I thought they were going to kill me."

"Parisians are very emotional and you did cause quite a traffic tangle."

"Yes, I guess I . . . You're an American!"

"Granted, may I introduce myself? Dean Gilbert."

"Oh, thank God! This is my first afternoon in Paris. All afternoon I've wandered around this city looking for my hotel. I can't understand a word of French and the more I walked the more confused I became. . . .

"You are confused! Here, sit down and have an aperitif with me. By the way, what is your name?"

I'm sorry. My name is Mary—Mary Samuels."

"Mary. Will you join me in a drink, Mary, and afterwards I'll help you find that elusive hotel."

They loved each other from the first moment like only you can love when it's Paris, and it's Spring, and you are twenty-two.

He was with Mary when he discovered the cherry tree. She and her parents had moved to a pension. They had explored every corner of Paris, savoring every drop of their happiness. He told her how very much he wanted to write poetry and she told him how she had wanted a permanent home. Her father was a newspaper man, and they moved from one hotel to another wherever they had been ordered. She begged him to tell her of his boyhood in a small town, of his family, friends, home. And then they found the cherry tree—a twin to the one which blossomed in Ohio. That afternoon he told her of his love. She had daisies in her hair and a white spring dress embroidered with daisies. And the stars in her eyes matched the star in the sapphire ring he gave her, and the roses in her cheeks. . . .

They were to be married that fall. Married—no two people could be that happy, and the fates made them no exception. For the rosy cheeks and the bright eyes and a small deceitful cough were signs of disaster, love-blind eyes do not see. One night in late August he was called hurriedly. He arrived in time. In time for a promise and one kiss—one kiss when there could have been a lifetime of kisses.

Mary never became a bride, his bride. He never became a poet, and Hate came to walk beside him—black hate; and Despair, numbing despair. Oh, Lord!

He looked up to the sky and through the pain he saw a face, a laughing vivid face framed by black glossy curls and bound by a band of daisies.

He sprang up. "Mary! You did come."

"Yes, my darling. I promised, you know."

"But it's been so long—so very long. Why—"

"Just twenty years, but let's not talk about that. This is our anniversary. Remember?"

"Remember! For years I've been tortured by nothing but memories! Memories!"

Hush, darling. I'm here now. I'll never leave you. It's all over. Sit down again and we'll remember together."

He sat down and she curled up in his arms. Burying his face in the same lovely hair, he felt the old remembered ecstasy.

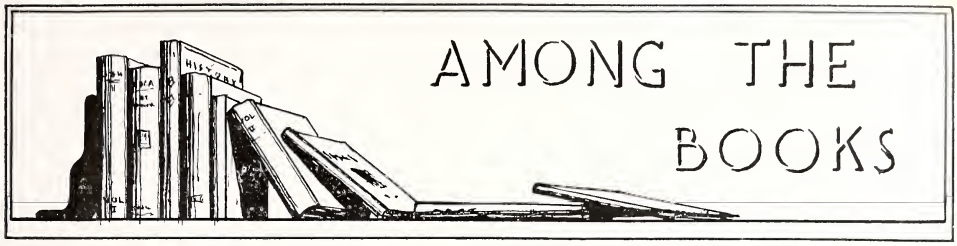
He tilted her face up and kissed her gently as if afraid this vision would disappear. He kissed her eyebrow, the one that cocked so impishly, he kissed her saucy nose, and the tip of her pointed chin. Then his restraint broke and all the frustration, denial, agony and loneliness of twenty years flooded over him. His heart beating a deafening tattoo, he kissed her fiercely, passionately, wildly.

* * * * *

It was morning before they found the grey coupe and finally the professor. Heart failure—the coroner said. Only the students still wondered, for beside the professor they found a small miniature of a young girl, a volume of Shelley's poems, and a band of wilted daisies.

———o———

He had just caught his buddy tenderly embracing his girl. There was a long silence, then he said, "I don't mind your necking my girl, but get your hands off my fraternity pin."



LYDIA BAILEY, Kenneth Roberts.

Lydia Bailey, Kenneth Roberts' new book, is a fine example of the style in which he has written his famous historical novels. It is quite as good as any of its predecessors and probably superior to all but **Northwest Passage** and **Oliver Wiswell.**

The story begins in Maine shortly after the Revolutionary War and tells the early life of Albion Hamlin, the son of a former Loyalist officer. Albion begins his career as a lawyer in a hopeless defense of a Boston newspaper editor, who is being tried under the Alien and Sedition acts by the infamous Justice Chase. Albion's defeat by Justice Chase and his work to settle the estate of the editor's niece brings him to Washington, where he encounters Tobias Lear. Tobias Lear had been the secretary to General Washington during the Revolutionary War and at this time was holding important political offices by virtue of his retaining Washington's wartime correspondence.

Albion next goes to Haiti, where he becomes acquainted with Toussaint L'Ouverture, Dessalines and King Dick, one of Roberts' famous fictional characters. These three Negroes are all members of the Haitian Republic, and the first two should be among the most famous of their race. While Hamlin is in Haiti, the French come with the idea of putting down the Republic and re-establishing Haiti as a colonial dependency. During the war which follows, King Dick and Albion, in an attempt to escape through the jungles, meet Lydia Bailey, the girl for whom Albion has traveled so far. After great difficulties, the three escape to France with three French refugees and a traitorous American captain named George Lee. Shortly thereafter, Lydia and Albion are captured by Tripolitan Corsairs. A short period of enslavement follows for Albion and Lydia until, through the offices of King Dick, they are rescued. They then join the forces of General Thomas Eaton in his attack of the Tripolitan cities. The re-entry of Lear and the mis-

(Turn to Page 22)

AN EDUCATIONAL ODYSSEY, H. N. Snyder; Abingdon-Cokesbury, New York, 1947.

The Honorary President of Wofford College has used the same style of expression, marked by simplicity and the beauty of words, which made him known as one of the outstanding speakers of his time to give us the story of his life and experiences, and to tell something of the growth of Wofford and the progress of Southern education. Since Wofford men are familiar with the beauty and effectiveness of Dr. Snyder's use of words, suffice it to say that they have not been lost or marred by being put into print.

In describing his early years, Dr. Snyder reveals some of the things that influenced his life and inspired him to higher accomplishments. There were: A job sweeping floors in a bookstore for $2.50 a week—Emerson's **Essays,** Edwin Booth's playing Brutus, a few complimentary words from an employer, Carlyle's **Heroes and Hero Worship**—all helping to shape the life of a bright young boy who had to stay out of school because, at fourteen, he was too young to enter college. Later, he came under the influence of the scholarship that was Vanderbilt's in its first days of greatness, both as undergraduate and as graduate student in Latin, Greek, and English. At Vanderbilt he began his notable speaking career by winning the state oratorical contest. (And, it is said, he was the first pitcher in college baseball to throw a curve.)

Then to Wofford as a teacher, and to Gottingen as a student again, back to Wofford, and into the president's chair went our Dr. Snyder. When he became president he was still quite young, as college presidents go, inexperienced in many aspects of college administration, and, as he puts it, "ignorant." But if anyone doubts his ability, let him consider some of the obstacles which he faced and surmounted single-handedly—the problem of hiring, firing, and retiring professors, the matter of academic freedom in a church-owned college, and getting a sufficient endowment, to mention a few. Any

(Turn to Page 23)

COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING

by Marion J. Patrick

During this scientific age, one scientist or one physicist is worth more to the security of this country than thousands of troops. The war-minded leaders and the leaders of governments are much more interested in scientific workers than soldiers. Every war has brought to man's knowledge better and more destructive weapons than had existed before. From the standpoint of science, one can see that armies are obsolete.

The military training bill now pending in Congress is being supported by political machines and military groups who hope that its passage will enhance their political and economic future. The bill is being maneuvered through the Congress by those who dream of being able to exercise their own power as a military god. This bill will eventually steal certain civil liberties from the American citizen.

Military men are filled with despotism, and passionately glory in the authority vested in them. The power he receives as a soldier engulfs him with yellow pride too dangerous to be wielded by the feeble hand of man. The ideas of military men are as sharp as a two-edged sword. Their ambitions are as tricky as sin. Their ways are poisonous as an adder, and their evils sting like a serpent. From without they are as noticeable as apples of gold in pitchers of silver, but from within they blissfully exercise the injustice of Pilate's court. They are pastmasters in deceit, bigotry, stupidity, and a horde of other superfluous evils. In using high-sounding phrases and beautifully worded articles, they persuade many of our people to enter the gate that leads to destruction.

The young men, forced against their will to exist under military rule, will in succeeding generations lose every birthright as a citizen. Their minds will be regimented to believe that military power and dictatorial rule are the most significant treasures of a democracy. Their hope will be transferred to the tangible things of life, and their obeisance will be meted out to those who are mistakenly referred to as "Gentlemen." The young men will be encouraged by their leaders to be not only brave soldiers, but to be technicians in the sloppy streets that lead to the cesspools of wickedness. This military program may strengthen our invincibility but the moral and spiritual souls of young Americans will be scattered and trampled like pearls under the filthy feet of swine. "As a bird that hasteth to a snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life,"[1] so will young men, who are introduced to life in this fashion, run violently to the four best known vices of an army camp—gambling, drinking, profanity and prostitution. America cannot afford to sacrifice her most priceless possession—young men—for the strength by which no nation has yet prevailed.

The Congress of the United States has had ample time to foresee the perennial evil in this bill. They have seen, in the past four years, the tragic demonstrations of the glorified "gentlemen" of the Pentagon Building. If Congress passes this bill into law, they will have committed the unpardonable sin, and only God can forgive them, for the American people will never.

[1]Proverbs 7:23.

---o---

Naked Tree

Rab Braddy

Silhouettes of black begin as threads
And, moving ever downward, twist their way
To broaden, merge and form a sober stem,
Then end abruptly, pressed to Earth's broad breast.

The sallow sky maintains eternal guard
Above Earth's captive—a cruel comrade
This sky.
In heartless spite, he etches naked limbs,
And yet, unsatisfied, flings down in glee
First rain, then sleet, then snow upon
The tree.

Cold Winter's tongue, the wind remains
Unseen,
Although its presence voices soulful moans
That rise from out the twisted arms' embrace
As prayers to spring for merciful relief.

Keep Football

(From Page 3)

Many alumni and students are hungry to see their team win. I advocate the formation of a new conference of these smaller schools where the comparative size of the schools would produce close games; the kind that build spirit and rivalry between schools; the kind that give spectators the thrills they pay to see.

Wofford had a schedule during the past season which fairly well illustrates what I advocate. Truly enough, in several games there was no semblance to closeness or to the providing of the thrills a spectator paid to see, but I contend that if we stay in "this league," we'll grow, and the material effort which has been expended for football here will begin to reap ample rewards.

I do not want to think of Wofford's attempting to schedule football games with Southern Conference teams, for instance, other than perhaps The Citadel, Furman, and Davidson. In baseball we are to play Duke in our season's opener. Let us not even entertain the thought of such an encounter on the gridiron; that is, at least not until some day, far off in the misty future, when it might be a little more practical.

Only once in a great while does a small school successfully play one of the big-name football teams. Center College of Kentucky once beat Harvard in Harvard's heyday — but only once. Frank Ashmore, writing in the **Furman Hornet,** stated: "There is glory in such an achievement, but that kind of glory is too rare to be satisfying to those who come before or after. There is glory more satisfying in the long run and much easier to obtain. That is the satisfaction in being able to say, 'we can give a good fight to any team our size, and we can lick most of them.' There is no satisfaction in beating a smaller school and neither is there satisfaction in being beaten by a larger one."

Football is a business at many schools today. I sincerely hope that it can remain a sport at Wofford. Please note! I said REMAIN!

(I give credit for a few points used to Nolly J. Sams, Sports Editor of **The Charleston Evening Post,** whose article containing Frank Ashmore's statement appeared some months ago and has been misplaced by this scribbler, making proper recognition impossible.)

———o———

A GOOD SALESMAN

A good salesman is one who can sell a double-breasted suit to a man wearing a Phi Beta Kappa Key.—Dr. C. C. Norton.

Christobal

(From Page 5)

others, they assumed a forlorn, plaintive quality. It was Bach, filled with Teutonic dignity and coolness—unimpassioned, calm, and gentle. It took possession of his soul. He closed his eyes and let the waves of tone sweep over the weariness that claimed him, let them diffuse through every part of his being, until it seemed to him that the music was the only reality and the only truth. . . .

The music had stopped. The girl had moved away from the window, and from inside the house came only the faint sounds of voices and laughter. Slowly, reluctantly, the sailor straightened himself, turned and continued his walk down the street toward the waterfront.

He walked as if in a dream. What was it? What had it been? What in the strange beauty of it had crept into him, lifted him above and beyond actuality, and stealing gently away had left him in this melancholy calm that was infinitely more than anything physical rest could have done for him.

He could not know. It had happened. It was lovely and strange and beyond understanding. There was nothing more.

A light, steady breeze had sprung up from the sea. The cloud banks and the lightning seemed much nearer. The sharp, unwavering brightness of the dock lights was near at hand. He was back.

———o———

It's Up to You

(From Page 8)

There is something wrong with our educational system. What can I do about it? I do not want my children to be forced to blunder through the same morass as I did; I do not want my children declared educationally deficient; and I do not want my children to take part in the brutal maneuverings of a mob.

We, as a nation, are endeavoring to instill the essence of democracy abroad, among the recently subjugated peoples of the earth. What an anachronism this is when we ourselves do not think enough of that democracy to properly educate our children, who will become its guardians.

What can I do about it? I can do little alone. How about it? It's up to you!

———o———

All men are poets at heart.
—Emerson

Radio

(From Page 6)

and at the same time keep their mouths shut, it would indeed be a boon to the industry.

There was never any business, except with the possibility of newspaper work, where there is so much internal hatred and jealousy, especially in the programing department.

The administrative staff of a radio station is without a doubt the most confused bunch of all. This includes the manager, the bookkeeper and the sales department, which should be a division all to itself with its own private fight ring.

One might get the impression that I am wholly against the radio industry. I am. I will make this final statement though: Once you get in it and the bug bites you, there you stay. It's like a rut, a vicious circle. There is no business like it and there never will be. There's only one conclusion to draw, and that is: Radio is here to stay.

—o—

Japanese Tears

(From Page 11)

minded of the changed Satoru and how all people were changed in this war.

Proud Americans on a day in September, 1945, landed at Taisho airport on the outskirts of Osaka. Proud Japanese were silent, but sensible. That night the huge city was silent. Once busy downtown sections were masses of blackness and death. Might had conquered lesser might. The victor and loser now staggered in the false glory of war, rot, decay, disease and death.

What manner of men were these hated Americans? Now Asa also had hate for them. She had come to associate her misery with the name "America". She was no longer a true intellectual being. The war had struck her heavily both through Satoru and through her life in torn Osaka.

After the Americans had been there sometime, one became especially friendly with the Buddhist priest, who served Asa's family and was her close friend. The young man explained many things about America and Christianity. The priest, Fujimasa, explained about Japan and Buddhism.

And it happened that the priest went about saying to his people the truth concerning Americans. Many people became relieved and were more friendly to occupation troops. As it has always been a Japanese custom to bestow frequent gifts to friends, many gifts were given graciously to Americans. The Americans retaliated with food and clothing, though this was illegal. It seemed that the proud Americans and the proud Japanese were especially proud to demonstrate to each other the fact that they were generous.

Asa, instead of continuing her hate for the conquerer, came to admire them. To her they represented hope. If good and truth could come from these men considered so evil, did she not have reason to hope? And a love, the complete love, flowed once again freely in her heart. Satoru was there and she would not let him leave, though friends told her she was being foolish, not to be more receptive to other men.

And many nights at midnight the lovely lady meekly tripped into her flower garden and shed some tears beneath a mellow moon. And once she whispered to Satoru, who looked down from the moon, "Satoru, I love you."

—o—

Lydia Bailey

(From Page 19)

chances which he brings about form the end of the story.

In this book, Kenneth Roberts has maintained his reputation of literary excellence and has strengthened his reputation as an historian. As usual, Roberts' hero is half simpleton, half genius, and his heroine is all beauty, courage and intelligence. These two are not particularly well rounded characters, but their function actually is to be sounding boards for Roberts' opinions on history rather than to be personages. The historical characters, on the other hand, are beautifully depicted. Toussaint L'Ouverture is presented as the master strategist, politician and democrat that he was. Dessalines, the harsh, cruel dictator and unequaled military leader, is an especially unforgettable and many-sided character. Tobias Lear is the usual fumbling political self-seeker, whose wrong-headedness and obstinacy really form the core about which this tale is wrapped.

There is an undefinable quality of enthusiasm and partisanship in Roberts' writing which enables him to bring before the reader a tremendous power of description. When Roberts takes hold of Justice Chase's conduct of a courtroom, he makes the reader almost burn with indignation at the gross miscarriage of justice. He also hammers at a point so long you can feel an impending crisis long before it actually makes its appearance in print. An example of this is that when Tobias Lear appears in the Mediterranean theatre, you cannot help but feel that somehow there will be some tremendous error made.

In his former books, Roberts always villianized a class of people rather than an individual. Sometimes it was the English, sometimes the patriots of the Revolutionary War, sometimes the Tories. In this book, however, Tobias Lear, primarily, and George Lee, secondarily, as epitomes of political and social stupidiy and ignorance, are the forces at which Roberts is striking.

Roberts has written here with such power and smoothness and with such ability to portray emotion and action that the book maintains its steady pace of interest throughout, and there is no point at which the reader wishes to set it down. Despite this interest, however, the book's main value lies in the fact that it tells little known but important historical facts.

—J. H. Staub

———o———

Odyssey

(From Page 19)

success or failure the college may have had in such matters can be attributed to Dr. Snyder, for he was, during all of his long administration, a virtual dictator, with almost complete control over the school.

Closely related to the life of the author were the growth and development of Wofford and the progress of education in the South. The story of Wofford is one which none of us should leave unread: the story of the conception, birth, life struggle, and years of glory—service and recognition that stand behind our Alma Mater. The story of Southern education was somewhat surprising to us, for we did not know that it was so intimately connected with almost every religious or political movement, with industry, or with the question of whether Coca-Cola is a drink of the devil. The president of Wofford and others like him had to struggle continually to bring education to the masses and to keep standards moving upward.

If for no other reason, this book is significant in that it gives a great educator's opinions on education. Dr. Snyder puts utmost confidence in the "Mark Hopkins on a log" system of teaching, and doubts that any other system can equal it. He emphasizes the importance of the Mark Hopkins end of the log, saying that "a college is its faculty," but seems to believe that the "log" is a necessary evil. High-towered buildings, laboratories, libraries, and large endowments may have their place in education, but the very heart of education is the teacher-pupil relationship.

—Paul A. Wood

The Marked

(From Page 9)

"Bruce, get down!"

But Bruce, the brawn, threw caution to the drying air and through wild judgment ran into the arms of a grinning black. And brawn to larger brawn falls prone, yielding, screaming into the high sky, spurting red in answer to the flashing arc of stained metal. The black pinned smaller brawn with one huge knee and with jerky, short stabs deprived of life my good American friend, the brawn—ol' Bruce.

In the end, going into France—illegally, of course—Perkins was very brainy and philosophical about it all; not just Perkins any longer but, bred to violence, a Lawrence of Spain.

"Death," he had said, "is a means to an end." Jolly, jolly brainy was the Englishman.

IV

When he awoke again, he could feel only the portion of his body immediately around his eyes. The rest of him was dead.

How extremely strange, this. I can think, therefore my brain is yet alive. My wonderful brain; it lives on while the rest of me is dead and thinks on while I succumb to . . .

In the big Movement, the really huge one, the universal Movement, there seemed, actually a final issue at hand—the sum total of all the smaller issues, unlike in size to that of the Spanish issue. Actually, it was that issue and the Dolfuss issue and the Abyssinian issue and all the rest, all fed behind the curtain of darkness and secrecy that is easily manageable in a complacent world. And when they had stuffed themselves into hugeness, they merged into this one big issue, too obvious to be ignored any longer.

Oh, it was good to see them all concerned; to no longer be the quiet voice shouting to the mighties. It was especially good to see the British and the Americans concerned. And they were—extremely.

From the innocent bystander in Vienna, from the ordinary footsoldier in the Brigade, the big Movement placed me in an aircraft to wind my way down out of quiet skys and kill with the knowledge that behind me stood the British Empire—as witness the ensigne on the wing.

And, then, the end. And, despite all reasoning against the idea, the end was not the end but a spell for breathing calmly the air of a distant promise; the beast limped—wounded but not dying. It

was like those lengthy nights of chess we played at school where you end one day's game and propose tomorrow's. And tomorrow is again the same. Same maneuvers and, although a little variation now and then, the game ends with checkmate.

And with the end, they gave you nothing. Even the postscript came before the end:

In Tunisia, I ran into Perkins. Perkins of Spain, brainy Perkins of the hillside who still persisted in saying, "Death is a means to an end."

In the silent night of the coast town, we toasted his departure for England; back to Devon, to his young wife.

"Come along, won't you, to the aerodrome?"

And, at the aerodrome, I shook his hand and watched him climb aboard the transport. But, the the aircraft, lifting itself into the dry, hot air noisily disintegrated into tiny bits above the water's edge and drifted down in many burning shapes and shadows.

V

Lying on the hot ground, he stopped thinking about that part of it and remembered that he was here, dying now because of the latest phase of the newest of the Movements.

Yes. To die to the ticking of a watch is, perhaps, not to be envied. Certainly Bruce and Perkins would not care for it.

But, wait.

Is it really as bad as all that? I should have known better—yes. I should have dodged more swiftly, having done it often enough, to destroy the accuracy of the British gunner. But, you know, it was really worth it. I should say.

To see the lovely portico of the British-built hotel go up in smoke and screams and know that all the brass and polish went with it. Isn't it absolutely, terrifically, most mirthfully, most satisfyingly funny, most funnily funny, to see that there is no nobleness and that affection is easily switched from Spain to the World and the British and, in the end, to the stock from which you are bred?

VI

The sun was high in the chalk-blue sky. Outside the clay hut, the British recon car squatted at an angle, almost on its side. The sand was up thick around the wheels. The driver had rubbed away the thin film of the sand that covered his portion of the windshield.

Inside the hut, the two men stood above the outstretched figure.

"See if he's breathing," the sergeant said.

The young man stooped on his knees and listened.

"Yes," he said.

The sergeant swore.

"What's the matter?"

"That means we'll have to take him with us."

The young man looked up at his sergeant's sunblacked face. "You mean you'd leave him here otherwise?"

"Why not?"

"Right here? In this heat?"

The sergeant looked at the boy. He shook his head. "You'll learn," he said.

The boy bowed his head and looked at his shoe laces.

"What's the matter?" asked the sergeant.

"Nothing. I was just thinking."

"About what?"

"About another Jew who used to walk around here."

Flowers for All Occasions

* * *

FRED'S FLOWER SHOP

* * *

We Wire Flowers

Montgomery Building Phone 1452

Where the Wofford Boys Meet on Sunday Night

PIEDMONT CAFE

Magnolia St. Spartanburg

BRYN - ALAN

•

Portraits

In the Modern Manner

• • •

Telephone 1828 138½ E. Main St.

A PROPHECY

By Theron E. Montgomery

Time: Thirty years from now
Place: The White House
Occasion: The Inaugural Party

Dr. Chauncey Lever, the newly elected President of the United States of America, made a solemn compact with the author to the effect that when he went to the White House, I would go to the Supreme Court. Believing that the pickings of politics are riper in Washington than Columbia, Lt. Governor Dean, Governor Lem Grier, and the political boss of the Edgefield Ring, Tom Greneker, accompany me to the White House. Greeting all guests is Rev. H. H. Parker, who is trying to persuade the President to turn the White House over to him for a B. S. U. convention. (He hopes to have the Government Printing Office print the announcements.)

As we enter, we notice first the Speaker of the House, Larry Jackson (God's gift to politics), talking to Dr. Hames and Dr. Chreitzberg, the perfectors of the cold-cure drug. Listening intently to all that passes are the snoop-scoop trio: Guilds, Holler, and Karelakas. We move toward the refreshments, and as would be expected, find Dr. Kennedy (Professor of History at U. N. C.), between stuffings, discussing with the ace White House reporter, Howard Moody, the appointment of Rollins, Prince, and Linn as commissioners to Russia. George W. Wannamaker, the Secretary of State, comes over and welcomes us. He is extremely interested in the latest scientific discovery of Dr. John Q. Hill. It is in connection with his discoveries that Representative Ramin has proposed the expedition to Saturn. Strong opposition to such an undertaking has come from J. James Miller, the famous televiser.

Looking over the parasites (all politicians, professors, and doctors thus far), we see Senator Bell, the silver-toned orator, discussing with General Brooks, the chief of staff, the proposed compulsory military training for women brought forth by the League of Equality, headed by Collie Brown, John Staub, and Will Holmes.

The medical aide to the President, Dr. John Mandanis, walks over with Ed Greer, the new head of the American Broadcasting System. They ask us if we have read Dr. Hornung's critical review of Dunk Burnside's latest, **Theology: A Mathematical Factor,** which ranks with the recent **Social Significance of Living,** by Dr. E. Taylor.

There is a loud laugh and we turn to see Don Fraser, the new president of Standard Oil. It is rumored that he will draw the modest salary of half a million. Enjoying the same joke are Willie Timmerman, Marion Wright, the Floyd twins, and Rufus Rowe, who are all connected with Joe Parker's prospering enterprise of jet-propelled baby carriages.

We reached the President, who cleverly directs the subject of the conversation to South Carolina. He had accepted Dr. Rice's invitation to speak at Wofford. "Red," now President of Wofford, has added Dendy Garrett to the faculty as Professor of Christian Thought. Grady Kinley, the secretary to the President, comes over to ask about Bill Hubbard's "Reform Campaign" for the governorship. We told him that the Wilmer Simms faction had split the Edgefield Ring wide open. Bill would have a good chance if he did not press McTeer's Racketeers too much.

Time passes and we must leave. There are many familiar faces we regret that we have missed. Many questions linger in our minds—for instance: Did Larry marry a blond, brunette, or red-head?

———o———

Next to being a great poet is the power of understanding one.

—Longfellow

MONTGOMERY WARD

* * *

Spartanburg's

Complete Department Store

GREENEWALD'S

Incorporated

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Wofford College

SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

1854-1947

1. Standard four-year College of the Liberal Arts and Sciences for men only.

2. Offers courses that lead to Medicine, Law, Business, Engineering, Teaching and Preaching.

3. Member of the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges. The Southern University Conference. On the approved list of the Association of American Universities.

4. Library of 40,000 volumes. Adequate Laboratory facilities in Chemistry, Physics, Biology, and Electricity.

5. Voluntary Senior R. O. T. C. Unit.

6. All forms of intercollegiate athletic and intramural sports.
   Field House for indoor sports and physical training.
   Stadium and playing fields for outdoor sports.
   Comfortable Dormitories.

Write for Catalogue and Full Information to

WALTER K. GREENE

President

THE GEER DRUG COMPANY

★

Wholesale Druggists

★

Charleston :: Spartanburg
Greenville

South Carolina

Band & White

★

Good Printing

★

S. S. Wallace, Jr., Owner

Telephone 362 - 363 Spartanburg, S. C.

Oldest Print Shop

In Spartanburg

Under Same Management . . .

PRINTERS OF
THE JOURNAL

WM. L. ALTMAN

PRINTER

151 Commerce Street :: Phone 2034

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

EAT

at

The Elite

"Where the Elite Meet to Eat"

Gifts for All Occasions

RUFUS D. LEWIS
JEWELER
THE STORE OF DEPENDABILITY

146 East Main Street
Phone 918 Spartanburg, S. C.

FOREMOST DAIRIES

ICE CREAM
and
MILK

Jarman Shoes Dobbs Hats

PRICE'S
YOUNG MEN'S SHOP
123 North Church Street
At Kennedy

Manhattan Shirts Beau-Brummel Neckwear

1845 1946

THE DuPRE BOOK STORE
★
Students Cordially Welcomed
★
194 E. Main Street Phone 78

OUR RECORD DEPARTMENT

Featuring: Decca, Decca-Capitol, A.R.A.-R.C.A.Victor Records

THE BEST SUPPLY IN TOWN

BELK-HUDSON CO.

Wofford's First Launderers

* * *

SPARTANBURG
LAUNDRY
Phones 32 and 543

HAMMOND - BROWN -
JENNINGS COMPANY

FURNITURE

167 N. Church Street Phone 3700

EFIRD'S

Spartanburg's Best
Department Store

COMPLETE OUTFITTERS TO
MEN AND BOYS

WELCOME, WOFFORD
•
CAROLINA — PALMETTO
STATE *THEATRES*
•
Spartanburg's Best Entertainment
STAGE and SCREEN

LA PETITE
RESTAURANT

College Headquarters

The Best Place to Eat in Town

Copyright 1947, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE

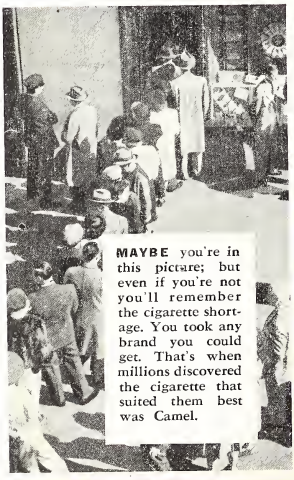
JOURNAL

MAY - 1947

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!

Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality.



LET POLO STAR Cecil Smith tell you in his own words: "That cigarette shortage was a real experience. That's when I learned how much I really appreciated Camels!"

Yes, a lot of smokers found themselves comparing brands during that shortage. Result: Today more people are smoking Camels than ever before in history. But, no matter how great the demand:

We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—in every branch of medicine—to name the cigarette they smoked. *More doctors named Camel than any other brand.*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE

JOURNAL

Volume LVII Number 5

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief ..... Dick McTeer
Assistant Editor ..... Ben De Luca, Jr.
Poetry Editor ..... Warren L. Molton
Art Editor ..... Eben Taylor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

John Mandanis
Joe Erwin
Peter Karageannes
George Wannamaker

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager ..... Bobby G. Collins
Assistant Business Manager ..... Paul Anderson
Circulation Manager ..... Robert Boykin
Assistant Circulation Manager ..... Robert Cuttino
Advertising Assistant ..... James Greer
Faculty Financial Advisor ..... Kenneth D. Coates
Typists ..... John Willis and Lewis Watts

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office, Spartanburg, South Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Journal, Wofford College Literary Magazine, Published by the Student Body five times during the School Year: November, December, February, March, and May. Subscription Rate, $1.25 per Year.

CONTENTS

THE JOURNAL

Table of Contents

Dona Bella ..... Marion Holt, Page 3

Destiny ..... Willard R. Hornung, Page 5

You Never Can Tell ..... Dick McTeer, Page 6

Dormitory Termites ..... Wallace M. Wright, Page 7

A Foot of Desert Land ..... Peter Karageannes, Page 9

Clippings From the Past ..... Page 11

Decision ..... Jack Guilds, Page 12

The Bulwark (A Book Review) ..... John W. Stevenson, Page 13

Futility ..... Haley F. Thomas, Page 14

Autumn, 1946 ..... Jim Asper, Page 14

Outlook on Education ..... Jack Ergle, Page 15

Open Letter to Graduates of 1947 ..... President Walter K. Greene, Page 16

Open Letter to Wofford ..... Henry B. Rollins, Page 17

Trapped ..... James M. Moss, III, Page 18

Oddities in Nature ..... J. M. Gore with B. R. Fitzgerald, Page 20

The Prince ..... Eugene W. Anderson, Page 22

Compulsory Military Training ..... William Guillespie, Page 23

A Farewell Address ..... Page 23

Contest Winner . . .

DONA BELLA

by Marion Holt

In the blue dome of the evening sky were myriads of scintillating lights; the soothing breezes of night began to caress the leaves; an aura of enchantment slowly enveloped the **Islas de las Velas Latinas,** transforming the sultry, odious archipelago of the daylight hours into islands of magic, Now, for a few transient hours, I sought reprieve from a monotonous routine and entered into the portals of a private world.

All around me were the ageless, subdued sounds of the earth's movements. Out where the reef offered no protection, the sea pounded furtively, incessantly, against its ancient antagonists: the land, the rocks; but on the shore of the lagoon, the waters rose and fell with only a gentle sigh. I loved the night and its symphony.

As I ambled along the narrow beach, I wanted to remember that only a few months ago these white sands had been tinted red with the blood of men, but the rain and the tides had done their tasks too well. Even the twisted and incongruous hulks of tanks and mechanisms of warfare had been swallowed by the rapid-growing tropical vegetation and now lay rusting in nature's tombs. Yes, the days of death were only an episode of the elusive past, and destined by the inexorable decrees of heaven to fade into obscurity. Today is today and then forever lost to man.

What were these islands like when Magellan first saw them? What emotions moved him on discovering new lands unmarred by the civilization of the European? He beheld the glistening sails of the Chamorran fishing boats on the lagoon and was inspired to call these the Iles of the Lateen Sails. What kind of a man was Magellan? Did he find what he sought?

Suddenly I was roused from my meditation by the strum of a guitar and the sound of a soft voice singing a strange, haunting melody. I noticed a man sitting cross-legged on the sand. It was Francisco, the old Chamorran chieftain. When he saw me, he ceased to play.

"Buenas noches, Hijo," he called to me in melodious accent. "Why are you here alone? Surely you did not come as I, to speak with the invisible ones." He chuckled in his inimitable manner.

I knew Francisco well, for he had talked with me many times about the history of the islands and his people. Always I was fascinated by the strange, alluring tales that only he could tell. Francisco belonged to an ancient family and had been educated in an European university. He was very proud of his noble blood and almost equally proud of his storehouse of western knowledge. I sometimes wondered why he preferred the simple, unproductive life of the islander to that of the European. But Francisco was a wise old man.

"Francisco, I'm afraid I'm a worthless dreamer."

"Well, sit down, **Hijo.** Sit down and we shall dream awhile together." It was an invitation extended like a father's and yet like a friend's.

I sat down beside him on the warm sand, and for a moment we both remained silent.

Finally I asked him, "What were you singing, Francisco?"

"Singing?" he replied. "That song was the story of Dona Bella. You could not hear the words, could you, **Hijo?** But then you would not understand them anyway."

The Chamorrans spoke an unusual dialect which was a mixture of their native language with Spanish; however, many of them had been taught to speak Spanish, German, and even English in the schools established when the islands were a part of the efficient German Empire.

"I like that song very much. Perhaps I'll be able to recall it when I have gone from here forever—a magic carpet to spirit me back to the Marianas. Will you tell me the story of Dona Bella?"

He smiled with his lips, an assent, but his eyes were sombre. **"Hijo,** I have told you, have I not, of the five Padres and the group of colonists Queen Mariana sent to this island in the seventeenth century?"

"Yes."

"Old Roano was the chieftain of my people then. Even as he was welcoming the **espanoles** to his domain, he was plotting their destruction. But it was not willed that the **espanoles** should die, for the defeat was destined to fall upon the house of Roano."

His long, brown fingers plucked the strings of the guitar, producing a series of sinster, ominous chords.

"He had a daughter, his only child and a maiden very fair to see. When the **espanoles** saw her, they were captivated by her rare beauty; so they called her Dona Bella, beautiful lady. Even my people have forgotten her real name, and when we speak of her we call her Dona Bella—fairer than the Hana bloom."

Now a soft, lilting melody.

"In the retinue of the Padres was a youth who chanced to look into the eyes of Dona Bella one day. They became lovers, and this beach, Kanoa, became their trysting place. Here the beautiful lady gave her heart to the **espanol.**"

He began to sing a melancholy song:

What is life?
What is love?
No man gives an answer;
No man dares reply.

"Then the young man asked permission of the Padres to marry the girl, but the request was refused because Dona Bella was a Chamorran; so they ordered him to return to Spain and forget this improper love of his."

Once more the sinister, ominous chords.

"Rather than be separated, the young lovers decided to be united eternally in death. That very night they stole away together to the great sea-cliffs and leaped to their deaths. A few days later the broken body of the **espanol** was found on the rocks beneath the cliffs, but the beautiful Dona Bella had been borne away into the depths.

"Roano was overwhelmed with grief for his beloved child, and vowed vengeance upon these foreigners who had taken her from him. All of my people mourned for the dead maiden, but they believed that she had found that happiness which she sought. Then they discovered that the spirit of Dona Bella still dwelled on the island. One night someone saw her appear on this beach, the place where she had given her love to the **espanol.** Soon others saw her too. Always she was alone, searching the long night for what was forever lost to her. This place came to be considered evil, and men were afraid to walk here as they had done in days past.

"But the beautiful lady was not forgotten. My people began to tell her story in song, and young men sang to their **senoritas** of the great love of Dona Bella for her lover and of her cruel fate:

"Oh, Kanoa!
The spirit maiden weeps,
The spirit maiden seeks
Her lover.
Kanoa, hers forever;
Hers alone, alone, alone. . . ."

As Francisco chanted the plaintive dirge, the stillness of the night air was broken by a rustling in the leaves, as if the wind had begun to blow. But there was no wind. Then from out of the deep shadows, the slender figure of a young girl appeared on the beach. She was coming nearer.

"Who is that, Francisco?" I whispered.

But Francisco sang on.

"It can't be—! But yet . . .

The song grew ever more impassioned.

"Dona Bella?"

She came closer and closer. I saw her clearly now; I saw her ghastly countenance, a face horribly contorted by some indescribable anguish, an eternal sorrow that had transformed her eyes into burning, hungry coals. Speechless, I gazed at the piteous thing that stood before me, clasping thin bone-like fingers tightly against her breast. It was for but a second that I looked into those eyes, yet for that moment all barriers of time were swept away and I seemed to share the unfathomable loneliness that possessed her. Then suddenly, she turned away and passed on into the dark shadows from whence she had come.

Now Francisco was singing the last, haunting minor notes of his song:

What is life?
What is love?
No man gives an answer;
No man dares reply.

* * *

The Younger Set

Warren L. Molton

(Dedicated to The Editor)

Do you know a guy who
On his women brags,
But you see him at night
And he's always stag?

And you wait at the booth
And he hangs on the phone,
And you see him that night
And he's still alone?

Do you know of a guy who
Talks of his Beauties,
Knowing full well that
They aren't even cuties?

And to listen to HIM,
He has SO many calls,
Yet he's very uncute,
Unrich . . . untall.

And isn't he rude while
You're doing your best
To convince him YOUR Dot
Won a beauty contest!

DESTINY

by Willard Hornung

Once upon a time there was a beautiful city in which there lived a race of intelligent, graceful, stalwart men. That was centuries ago. Today we possess a few of their books and statues. We can see the ruins of their city if we visit the land they inhabited. These mere traces are all that remain of the once brilliant civilization of Athens. Hutton Webster, the historian, tells us that the decline of Athens set in when her raw, citizen-soldiers were unable to stand against the trained armies of Philip II of Macedonia.

Two centuries after Athens had fallen, another great nation ruled the world. Will Durant explains the rise of Rome in terms of the industry and wholesome morals of the old Romans. When they had become masters of all men, they renounced the ways of their fathers and entered into a period of debauchery, cruelty, and lust. The magnificent empire quickly crumbled, and the glory that had been Rome passed from the earth.

Out of the darkness of the middle ages, the western world began to rise, to take form, to become a world of strong nations, of virile, daring men. In **Beowulf** we see the fathers of western civilization in all the splendor of their savage strength and indomitable courage. Through the centuries these men fought, conquered, and became the masters of Europe. They built nations and empires, they crossed oceans, and founded colonies which in turn became mighty nations. The supreme product of these ages of war and conquest, of rising and falling nations, is America, the United States. It's equal in power, in scientific and intellectual achievement, in economic development, and in political justice has never before been seen on the face of the earth. In 1945 A.D. the United States stood supreme among the nations in power and progress. She was the mistress of the world. What will she be in five hundred years?

The answer to this question is very momentous for it affects our entire way of life. This answer is ours to make, for we can determine our destiny. We can disprove, if we will, the proposition put forth by Oswald Spengler who foretells, in his **Decline of the West**, the eventual fall from power of the western world in the face of the rising power of the East.

In order to understand our present power and position, it is necessary for us to see clearly the philosophy upon which the western world has been built. It is, essentially, a belief, in the value of temporal life, in the dignity of man, and in the ability of man to fashion the world he desires. It is the opposite of the eastern philosophy which advocates self abnegation, which denies the value of temporal life, which leads its followers to seek Nirvana—the extinction of life. The western world has always embraced the first of these philosophies, a philosophy of life, of growth. Because of this we are blessed with the fruits of progress and cursed with intermittent wars. For war has been to social growth, what labor is to birth. It is painful and it produces misery, but it often brings great advances, and it speeds up the progress of man. War is not good, nor is it desirable, but since man has not yet reached perfection, it is clear that wars have been necessary evils.

In any world, where strong men mould their destiny, there are bound to be conflicting ideas, selfish purposes, greedy men and nations. To remain free and yet avoid war is the desired purpose of just nations. Wendell L. Willkie gave the solution to the problem when he said, "Only the productive can be strong, and only the strong can be free." Spengler, and other pessimists believe, of course, that we will not accept and apply this proposition. Their view is borne out by every essay which appears, advocating appeasement of aggressors or the weakening of our military strength.[1]

The people of the western world, the American people in particular, must determine their fate. Are we to allow ourselves to become soft, weak, unable to maintain our place as leaders among the nations? If so we must be prepared to accept the domination of some other stronger nation in years to come. Perhaps we may sink into slavery, under the cruel power of a successful aggressor. If we are not able to accept that end, we must assume our place of leadership, and work manfully to bring justice and her handmaiden, peace, to all nations. We must further be ready at all times to defeat injustice, on the battlefield if necessary. To do this requires that we maintain a strong army, an army composed of vigorous, healthy, young men who are well trained and well disciplined to the rigours of combat. It requires further, that this army be composed of men who have strong, high moral

[1]Cf. Wofford Journal, April 1947, p. 20.

(Turn to Page 24)

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

by Dick McTeer

Two men were seated in the small, dimly lighted room. They just sat there staring at the shadows on the wall in sober silence. The small window on the east wall did not ventilate the room properly, and the two men were perspiring heavily. Finally one of them spoke.

"I guess we should talk about something just to break the monotony. My name is William Brown, and I'm nervous as heck," he said.

"I'm Robert Smith, and the feeling is mutual," the other replied and moved to a seat nearer his newly found acquaintance.

"How long have you been here, Bill? I'll bet I've been sitting here for three hours. What time is it?" Smith asked in a tired voice.

Bill Brown glanced at his watch and replied, "It's a quarter past twelve. I've been here for two hours, more or less."

"Heck, I've been here for two hours and a half, but it seems like three. I'm going nuts!"

Brown attempted to smile and said, "Yeah, me and you both. Another hour or so, and they can call the paddy-wagon for me. Smoke?"

"No, thanks. I've got some. Seems like I've smoked a carton already."

The flame from Brown's lighter cast a dim light on the immaculately white wall, and the two men got a close view of each other's features.

Smith voice was the first to break the silence again.

"This your first time here, Bill?"

Bill nodded that it was and took a few quick draws off the smoking cigarette butt that hung loosely between his lips.

"It's mine too," Smith continued. "I swear I'd get drunk right now if I was a drinking man." With these words, he stood up, took three or four steps across the room and returned to his seat.

Brown was in the process of removing his tie; then he retrieved his handkerchief from his hip pocket and mopped the perspiration from his face.

Smith spoke again: "I wish my father or mother was here. I wonder how my wife is taking this."

"She's probably taking it the same as mine," Brown answered.

"But I can't help feeling that it is mainly my fault that she has to suffer. If anything should happen . . ."

"Cut it, Bill. That's no way to talk. Women don't mind suffering for the men they love—not this kind of suffering anyhow. This monotony is driving me crazy. This place stinks clean doesn't it?"

"Yeah, Robert, it smells funny. Maybe you're right, but if I can just get through this one O.K., I'll make sure it'll never happen again. You'd better quit biting your finger nails. They must be down to the quick now."

"I've got to do something. You know dern good and well that this won't be the last time. They all probably say that—all the guys that have experienced this sort of thing, that is."

"Well, maybe you're right again, but I'll be dead at an early age if I have to go through this every time. I just don't see how some guys can go through this ten or twelve times. It's beyond me."

"I'll be the same way, Bill, but it's life. I don't know why I'm trying to cheer you up when I'm just as bad off as you are. What time is it?"

Bill Smith extracted a cigarette from his coat pocket and lit it with a shaking hand.

(Turn to Page 25)

* * *

"C" Time

We go up,
Creating a slow sound
In the blue sky—heavy
With substance, wavering
But constant, unseen
But felt.
Our rubber masks are
Wet though warm, yet
Appallingly cold.
Our hands move, touching
Cold metal.
Electric sounds whine
Out of black, precise
Cabinets.
White light comes from
Outside—living
At the source but, here,
Reflected dead.
Material things become
Forgotten: the danger
Waits not behind us
Nor below us and above
But ahead.

—Peter Karageannes

DORMITORY TERMITES

by Wallace M. Wright

All sorts of boys live in college dormitories. The purpose of this account is, then, to acquaint those who have never roomed in a college dormitory with certain types and examples of characters with which the dormitory student has to contend. Most of the characters depicted within are purely fictional, dealing with types rather than individuals. In certain cases, however, resemblances to actual persons, either living **OR** going to college, is purely intentional.

First to be considered among these pests is the dormitory song-bird, otherwise known as "Frankie," or "the voice." He is the fellow who believes that he has a wonderful voice, and spends his waking moments with his mouth wide open, bellowing his favorite song. Of a necessity, he is a tenor who insists that he is a baritone. Blessed with a pair of lungs that would do justice to an elephant, the roar which comes from his mouth leads the imaginative spectator to compare it to a cross between the sounds of a fire siren, a fog horn, and a braying donkey. What's worse is that he insists on "singing" during the afternoons when every self-respecting college student is peacefully sleeping, unmindful of the furor which surrounds him while awake.

The glamor-boy-type pest is the fellow who is always "using" his electric razor just when most fellows are trying to hear some important radio program, such as the World Series broadcasts or "John's Other Wife's Other Lover." In order to keep his glossy locks in beautiful array, glamor boy makes it a point to use, with or without consent, the hair dressing of his neighbors. He also makes frequent use to others' soap, shaving lotions, etc. Insofar as this is concerned, he is infringing upon the realm of the borrowing nuisance with which we will deal next.

The borrowing nuisance is the fellow who never seems to own anything he needs. Always present, he wants to borrow your shoe-shine kit in order to be ready for the R.O.T.C. inspection the next day. Toilet articles are among the lesser articles which he is incessantly using. He borrows books, pencils, paper, your pipe, or even your radio. The extremist is the guy who likes your clothes and borrows them just long enough to get them dirty and then return them so that you will have them cleaned and ready for him the next time.

The dining hall is blessed with two types of trouble makers. They may be classified as the I-got-here-first-so-it's-my-seat boys, and the chow hounds. The former make wild dashes into the dining room seeking some attractive seat in which to deposit themselves. The most peculiar feature of this type is that they invariably grab **your** seat. As for the chow hounds, they are combatted by the simple but effective method of boycott. This involves the passing of all food **away** from their long reach, and serving them only after everyone else has helped himself.

The cigarette "bum" is in a class all to himself. He smokes more than anyone else, yet he has the audacity to brag that he has never bought a single package of cigarettes. This tobacco parasite promises to repay his victims at an early date, but his promises are backed by feeble intent.

I am personally affected by the fellow who never studies, or, I should say, is never caught studying, and who always makes better grades than you do. He seems to slip upon you when you least expect or want to see him and exclaims with great disbelief, "WHAT!! Are YOU Studying THAT." The emotion in his voice is of a quality that would be sufficient in itself to secure him a position in the movies, co-starred with Bette Davis in some psychological mystery thriller.

Occasionally roomers are visited by some serious-minded bird who should be either in a cage or chasing around with the rest of the "Quiz Kids." He is always worried about the future of this old world, and is often dumb enough to think that there is something that he can or should do about the situation. He sits with his head in his hands and worries himself sick without a thought of doing anything substantial enough to merit consideration. By attending all of the atomic lectures, he believes himself an expert on the subject and calmly predicts the end of the world.

Fortunately, the percentage of members of the following classification is comparatively small. This classification is composed of those students who take it upon themselves to see to the religion and the religious needs of their fellows. Tactlessly blunt, they believe that everyone else is a sinner, and they waste few words saying so. They want you to go to church every time they do, regardless of when you went last. Their attitude leads one to the opinion that they believe themselves to be Truth Personified, while you are an ignorant savage. This attitude frequently leads

to short tempers and occasional invitations to step outside.

Next in line for consideration is the telephone hound. He is the guy who keeps all incoming and outgoing telephone lines clogged for hours at a time. It is impossible to make a call without waiting in line for many precious minutes while some wireless Adonis is talking sweet-talk to the object of his latest amour. To further complicate matters, he is forever running from room to room asking for small change with which to enrich the Telephone Company.

"Would you by any chance happen to have a hundred nickles for a five dollar bill."

There are several types of characters on the dormitory halls which are not so annoying, but which it would be impossible to omit. One of these would be the "persecuted" fellow. He is generally a freshman, but sometimes lasts into the other classes. Always an only child, he believes that everyone is trying to take advantage of him. Previous to his college career he obviously saw little of the world, and I doubt not that the world is all the better for it. He is seldom seen in public, going out only at the most odd hours. One often sees his tiny back slinking around some corner as he attempts to escape from the reality of the world. These characters are often taken under the protective wing of a benevolent upper classman who introduces him to the evils of this bad, bad world ever so gently. Regardless, however, of the manner in which these fellows become initiated into the realm of worldliness, they all become acquainted with it sooner or later during their college career.

The "jitterbug" clan also puts in its appearance on the halls. Dressed like a fugitive from a nightmare, the jitterbug representative is seen lazily leaning against the telephone booth, twirling his long brass key-chain. The long, shaggy hair on his head hangs over the collar of his lengthy sport jacket. His brightly checkered pants are tightly pegged above his over-size feet. This monstrosity is always dancing or crooning to some popular hep-cat's favorite. His hobby is calling up the local platter-jockeys to have them read his name over the air and play some favorite jive tune for him. Popular opinion is that we are lucky to have so few of this type of humanity in the dormitories.

In closing I would like to admit that some of the foregoing was written in the heat of resentment, and not without slight bitterness; but I

(Turn to Page 24)

Evening Fire

Kostes Palamas
(1859-1943)

"Do you remember that small shabby cottage
Beyond the town, beneath the forest's dome?"

"Yes, I remember the small shabby cottage
So like a temple and a hermit's home."

"Do you remember, too, the hermit of the cottage?
(Was he a monk, a shepherd, or a thief?)"

"Yes, I remember. In the air still lingers
The secret voice of his flute in grief."

"Do you remember his worn pallid face,
His slender frame in patience slightly bowed?"

"Yes, I remember his enticing gaze
Beneath his bushy brows' impetuous cloud."

"Do you remember then the wood in fire,
That glazing evening fire of alarm?"

"Yes, I remember. Lamia. And the hunt in ashes.
The verdant forest gone. An hour of harm."

"Do you remember? What happened then? No eyes
Have ever seen the hermit's face again."

"I do not know. Yet, above all, deep in my mind,
The memory of the cottage I retain,

For, leaning o'er those glowing embers,
A careless Eros cruelly still sings,
His babe-like hands warming up with pleasure
And his angelic wings."

—Translated from the Greek
by John Mandanis.

* * *

Wofford Tradition

David Holler

Wofford tradition is not to be slighted,
Full many a path it has well lighted;
When knowledge of books was no trend,
Tradition shone rightly the ways of men.
Tradition is priceless, you get it at cost,
While you're at Wofford don't let it be lost.
A school is a school, well you might say,
But Wofford is life in a different way.
Not only do you learn what ought to be known,
But your character as well is also full grown.

A FOOT OF DESERT LAND

by Peter Karageannes

The water slapped against the dock. Somewhere at the other end of the water, thunder rolled in booming chorus. At first, there had been a full moon above the tiny cafe, but it had sunk beneath the blanket of clouds, unwinding rapidly and catching for a second the light against the rounded edges; then black.

He sat across the table from the painted blond named Ethel. She was watching him out of the corners of her eyes. She raised her glass and looked at him through the pale color of the liquid. She giggled.

"You're a screwball," she said. "That's what you are."

"You really think so, Ethel?" he said. "You wouldn't kid me?"

She raised up slightly and said, "Shut up! You're making fun of me. She fell back into the chair. "You're a big kidder," she said.

He lifted the glass. "Here's to you, Ethel. The recognizer of screwballs and kidders. Ethel, you're wonderful."

"Look," she said, as if putting a proposition to him. "What do you do for a living?"

"Living? Who's living?"

"What's your name?" she asked.

"I'm hungry," he said. "Yes; that's my name, I'm hungry. Say, Ethel, that's a clever name for a guy like me, isn't it? I'm hungry."

"Aw, nuts!"

"No, Ethel. I'm hungry."

She looked at him. "Yeah, you look hungry. What's it you want?"

He grinned. "Food," he said.

In school, they told him that in order to write, you had to have, among other things, unity of plot.

Unity of plot. Try and get unity of plot. You have got to live as life is, and life is certainly not unity of plot. There is first the discord of being born in a life you never asked for and which, living it, is certainly no unity of plot.

One night, out on the beach, he met a fellow who had just written a play.

"Love makes the world go around," the genius said. "The success of every endeavor to create depends on the love factor. Have you ever told a girl you love her?"

"No," he said. "Never."

"Have you ever loved a girl?"

"Yes," he said. "I have."

"Then why didn't you tell her?"

"My good man, have you ever heard of the unity of plot? Love does not give you a unity of plot but, rather, an un-unity of plot."

"You don't make sense. Does she live here in New York?"

"Yes."

"Well, friend, you'd better go tell her this or you'll never have unity of anything. When's the last time you've eaten?"

"I don't know. Two or three days ago."

The playwright felt in his pockets and came up with a palm full of coins. He counted them. "Exactly 63 cents. What can you eat on 63 cents?"

"Enough. Are you going to buy me something to eat?"

"I'm going to give you this 63 cents."

Why?"

"I don't know. I feel sorry for you."

"You do? You feel sorry for me?"

"Yes. Go look at yourself in a mirror."

"Why should I look at myself in a mirror?"

"Then you'd feel sorry for yourself."

He stepped back, away from the playwright. "I never feel that way. Take your 63 cents and and shove off."

"What?"

"Shove off. Leave me alone."

He turned around and moved heavily through the sand.

"Hey, wait a minute!"

But he did not hear.

The big Negro sat alongside him on the sloping ground. He looked down at him, smiling. "Wheah you from, mister?"

"From down South."

"M-m-m-m," the Negro said.

"From the deep South where they don't like your race."

"M-m-m-m," the Negro said.

"Aren't you sore?"

The Negro grinned and held out the can of salmon.

"Have another fistful," he said.

He dug his fingers deep into the soft substance and brought it out on his fingertips. "Thanks," he said.

"How you like New Yawk?"

"It's all right."

"Been heah long?"

"Three months."

"What's youah line of work?"

"Nothing."

"Nuthin'?"

"That's right."

"That's really somethin', that nuthin' business."

"Plenty to do."

"Yeah. Think mostly."

"How do you know?"

"Why, man, don't you know that us Negroes are great thinkers?"

"Is that so?"

"We think about ev'ry little thing what comes along. Only it don't last."

"You worry much?"

"Never worry. Thinking and worrying is two different things."

"That's a good philosophy."

"H-m-m-m," the Negro said.

They were both silent for a few minutes.

"What's the trouble, son?" the Negro asked.

"No trouble."

The Negro reached over and put his arm around the young man's shoulder. "Women or money?"

He did not say anything.

"Well," the Negro said, "maybe a little sleep'll straighten you out. You can sleep under that big rock oveh theah."

"Doesn't that belong to somebody?"

"Hit belongs to nature, the city of New Yawk, and a Negro named Billingsley. But's he's gone foah while, so I reckon you can use it."

"Well, thanks."

"Don't mention hit. G'night."

Under the crisp darkness of the sky above this hobo's land, he laid with his hands beneath his head, listening to the wash of water against the solid coast.

He could not sleep, thinking.

He could see her, standing there against the light of the slanted upstairs studio window, painting silently with the sharp, defined movements of a soul that was wasting itself in the oil and canvas, working into the hard cloth the dead life from within herself.

Her drawn face, paled by her reluctance to go outside of the studio, came into his mind's view and he felt the inner pain it gave him; that and the supple figure that was dying slowly from the want of a simple thing that had never been given to her.

There was genius in those tiny fingers; that carried the power of expression in them, releasing it with quiet violence on the taut canvas.

And there was that unspoken bond between them, stretched by their own strong, unspoken desires like a piano wire that never released—tight whenever they were apart and loose with deep relief when they were together.

He remembered the quiet breakfasts they had had together and the unspeakable present between them, fearing, yet wanting the future that never seemed possible and the constant expectation kniving him daily, piercing his breast and stifling his breathing.

And then the fragrance of her black hair when she was against him and the pleading tone of her moving fingers against his face; the constant internal shouting of his heart, wanting to give her all the world, yet unable to bring her even one square foot of desert land.

And the nights, and the days; when time was not measured by hours but in seconds and their life in those seconds.

He felt again the blow between the eyes; the day she had thrown back her head, black hair up and spreading freely, laughing spontaneously for the first time, her lovely throat arched; and, then, her eyes snapping back to look at him and telling him that he had slapped her in making her laugh. That was the day he had made up his mind to leave.

He awakened early next morning. The Negroes were still asleep. The light of the up-climbing day was over the ocean's edge, gray and cloudy without the promise of a sun.

He wrote a note for the big Negro and tucked it into the giant's pocket. From there, he climbed up and walked toward the highway. A milk truck stopped and the driver took him into the town.

As he came closer to her home, he was again on the beach. A solid wind came in from the waving sea and thundered on the beach, reaching for him. Thunder rolled again with the coming of a new summer storm. In the distance, the gray heights of Manhattan were visible.

As he walked around the high bank of sand, hiding the house from sight, the storm split above him and came down in heavy drops of water, spattering the sand into wet pin-points beneath his fast-moving feet.

The house was before him, low, flat on the higher bank and his eyes went to the window upstairs. He saw her face inside and then watched it as she pressed it in surprise against the window, the palms of her hands straining hard against the glass.

Suddenly, she was gone and he saw only the reflected sea in the slanted glass. He slowed; stopped. The world came crashing against his stomach.

(Turn to Page 24)

CLIPPINGS . . .

From the Past

(In answer to many requests for a joke page, the **Journal** presents this page of jokes compiled from past issues of the **Journal.**

Humorous quotations, poems and jokes first appeared in the **Journal** under the title of **Clippings.** —Ed.)

* * *

Small boy: I want some medicine to reduce flesh.
Drug clerk: Anti-fat?
Small boy: No, uncle.

—Journal 1908

Bessie: Are you fascinated by your fiance?
Tessie: Fascinated! You ought to see the cute way he kisses me under the chin.
Bessie: Yes, it is cute; I taught him that.

—Journal 1908

Jones: Where have you been, Brown?
Brown: To the cemetery.
Jones: Anyone dead?
Brown: Every one of them.

—Journal 1911

He: "Good night, dear. We must not kiss or you would take my cold."
She: Never mind—I can pass it on."

—Journal 1912

Officer in battle: "Fight like heroes till your powder is gone, then run for your lives. I'm a little lame so I'll start now."

—Journal 1915

Converse Stude: "Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?"
Wofford Same: "Don't believe they ever did."
Converse Stude: "Then where'd you get the idea?"

—Journal 1934

Mother: "Sonny, don't use such bad words."
Sonny: "Shakespeare used them."
Mother: "Well, don't play with him any more."

—Journal 1935

She: "I want a lip-stick."
Clerk: "What size, please?"
She: "Three rides and a house party."

—Journal 1937

"Frequent water-drinking," said the specialist, "prevents you from becoming stiff in the joints."
"Yes," said the Co-ed, "but some of the joints don't serve water."

—Journal 1937

Wise Guy (boarding a street car): "Well, Noah, is the ark full?"
Conductor (disgusted): "Nope, we need one more jackass! Come on in."

—Journal 1938

"Well, I think I'll put the motion before the house," said the Winthrop student as she did the rhumba at the student-body meeting.

—Journal 1939

"So you've been to Wofford, eh?"
"Yeah."
"How high can you count?"
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king!"

—Journal 1935

"The pressure is all mine," said the lad as he squeezed the Converse lass.

—Journal 1936

"What sort of toothbrush do you want?"
"Lemme have a big one—there's three other guys in my room!"

—Journal 1932

New father: "Is it a boy or a girl, Doc?"
Doctor: "Have to wait till it comes down from the chandelier before I can tell."

—Journal 1947

* * *

Stolen From . . .

Employer: "Myrtle, who told you that you could neglect your office duties just because I give you a kiss now and then?"
Stenographer: "My attorney."

—The Yellow Jacket.

* * *

He: "But, darling, why aren't you wearing my fraternity pin?"
She: "All the fellas said that it scratched their hands."—The Rebel.

DECISION

by Jack Guilds

Tom McDonald lay quietly on his back in his muddy foxhole, his hands propped behind his head in an effort to fit himself more comfortably in the wet, cramped quarters. His heavy netted steel helmet lay upon his chest and on his left arm rested his freshly oiled M1 rifle. The cartridge belt fastened tightly around his waist was weighed down with ammunition, two unopened packs of American cigarettes, a trench knife, and a full canteen of water. His green combat jacket showed no signs of wear, and on the left collar remained a Quartermaster tag that he had failed to notice. Each of the jacket's top pockets bulged with hand grenades, and still another grenade hung loosely by its handle from an empty button hole, only its safety pin preventing it from immediate use. The heavy combat boots he wore were mud-soiled, tightly laced, and rubber soled.

Tom McDonald was a sandy-haired, blue-eyed, well-built youth who had just begun shaving during his basic training at Fort Benning. Tom's powerful, lithe 6-foot 3-inch frame had enabled him to plunge for many a first down during his senior year in high school back in Biloxi, Mississippi, just two short years ago. Two short years ago . . . how long ago it seemed now!

Tom had just joined Company C early that morning. He had to pinch himself to make himself realize that he no longer was a replacement depot K. P. . . . that he was now a combat rifleman with a veteran, front-line infantry division. No, not a combat refleman . . . not yet. He glanced swiftly at his wrist watch. Not for thirteen minutes yet.

His heart. Tom wondered why his heart pounded so rapidly, so fiercely; why his whole body was wet with cold, slimy sweat. The opening kickoff had never affected him like this. He had always remained calm, eager for the thrill of combat. But this was different. Somehow Tom realized this. Perhaps it was the haggard, bearded faces of the youthful men around him—faces that seemed to have forgotten how to smile, to frown, to live. Faces utterly devoid of expression or emotion. Perhaps it was the stark, blank look in their eyes—eyes that seemed to stare into nothingness. Perhaps it was the knowledge that the man he had replaced had been blown into oblivion by a heavy mortar shell earlier that very morning. Tom McDonald felt the cold, horrible hand of fear clutch at his soul for the first time in his life.

As he lay there gazing at the noonday sky, Tom tried to get a firm grip upon himself. He repeated over in his mind the instructions the lieutenant had given the platoon some twenty minutes ago. "Move swiftly and quickly across the streets. Remember that these houses are still infested with German snipers. Take advantage of all cover and concealment. Take no prisoners." He had added that last statement casually, without emotion. TAKE NO PRISONERS. The thought hit Tom like a slap across the face.

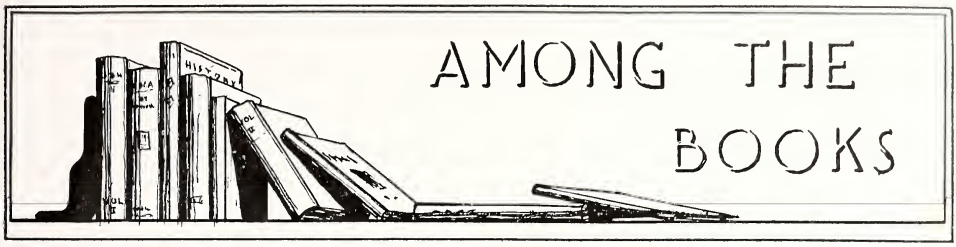
Just then Tom heard his squad leader whistle softly, the pre-arranged signal that they were ready to move out. Tom looked at his watch. 1200. They were right on schedule. He raised himself from his muddy surroundings, picked up his helmet, placed it upon his head with trembling hands, and slung his rifle over his shoulder.

Already the squad was making its way through the narrow, devastated streets of the small German village. Funny, thought Tom, that he should think at a time like this of how his mother had squeezed his hand and kissed him goodbye. He remembered his father gripping his hand and telling him to "keep his chin up." He remembered the letter his sister Carol had written him from college and how he had laughed when she promised him she would take good care of Ruby for him. Ruby. Her very name thrilled him. Suddenly he realized that he loved her more than he ever dared to admit. A horrible thought then crept over him: MAYBE HE WOULD NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN!

Just at that moment Tom was startled almost out of his wits. As he was beginning to dash across the battle-torn street to the cover and comparative safety of the building in which the preceding rifleman had disappeared, a huge grey-clad form emerged from the cellar door of the adjoining house. Panic so overtook Tom that he froze in his tracks, unable to force either his mind or body into action.

The Wehrmacht sergeant approached Tom with his hands high above his head, waving a white handkerchief with one of them. He wore a broad smile upon his face, apparently greatly amused at the obvious fright of the young American. He carried no weapon, and his uniform was freshly pressed, his face well rested.

(Turn to Page 24)



THE BULWARK, Theodore Dreiser; Doubleday & Company, Inc.; New York, 1946. 337 pp.

The tragic theme in this last novel of Theodore Dreiser is the conflict between a righteous Quaker and the materialistic demands of a twentieth century world. Solon Barnes, through his industry and quiet faith, arrives at the enviable position of having all his wants and desires fulfilled. He marries the girl he has loved from childhood, becomes treasurer and director of a large Philadelphia bank, and establishes a secure position in the Society of Friends around him. There are five children born to this union, and he sees in them the continuation of his frugal Quaker philosophy; to mature, not as people affected and influenced by worldly pleasures, but as quiet citizens of a successful Quaker community. However—and this is the basis of Solon's tragedy—his children grow up in a modern world completely changed from the world he knew, and all turn away from the deep moral order in which he lived. Shocked and confused as he becomes from the rebellion of his children, he nevertheless remains certain in his belief of divine truth and the source of his faith—the "Inner Light." "He remains a bulwark of faith in a world tottering to ruin."

As this is Mr. Dreiser's first novel in twenty years, there has been a tendency among the critics and publishing world to dismiss this powerful artist for the newer disciples of realism. Yet it is impossible to deny this great naturalist an eminent place in the American novel, for, in spite of his hesitant philosophy, the author of **An American Tragedy** was sincerely seeking an answer to the great problem of life and the underlying reason for man's inhumanity to man. Unike Thomas Wolfe who, as an intense egoist, tried to find a place in society for the creative artist, Dreiser felt an overwhelming pity for humanity and not the self-indulgent pity of a man for himself. In **The Bulwark,** Dreiser has created a remarkable parallel to **King Lear.** There are differences, to be sure, in the characters of Lear and Solon Barnes, but the essential theme of the alienation of their children is the same. The tragedy of Lear is his egoism and self-indulgence, his pride and selfishness that motivate his daughters to deceit and treachery. Solon Barnes' sin is his self-righteousness and narrow sectarianism to a changing world that prompts his children to do evil and turn away from their parent. Both fathers suffer deeply, although, just before his death, Lear recognizes his errors, Solon, firm in his belief in a strong moral order, feels only that the outside world is at fault and that in the narrow confines of devout Quakerism is the protection and peace from worldly conflict. But Dreiser makes his reader feel a great pity for this lone man fighting against the evils of a materialistic world. In the end a strange humility comes over this stern father; surrounded by disaster and disappointment, he searches deeply for an answer to his questionings when he suddenly notices a small bud on which a green fly is feeding. Fascinated by the beauty of the bud and the emerald-like insect, he ponders: "Why was this beautiful creature, whose design so delighted him, compelled to feed upon another living creature, a beautiful flower? Surely there must be a Creative Divinity, and so a purpose behind all this variety and beauty and tragedy of life." Whether this is Dreiser's complete answer to a meaning for life is difficult to say. At the close of the story, Etta, the youngest daughter, strangely resembling Lear's youngest, Cordelia, because of her honesty and final reconciliation with her father, is discovered by the rest of the family weeping at Solon's funeral. When asked why, she murmurs poignantly: "Oh, I am not crying for myself, or for Father—I am crying for **life."**

Throughout the story Dreiser is again trying to depict an era, a mode, a suggestion of life. With his ability to characterize and set his characters against a grudging world, he nevertheless fails to answer the question and problem of Solon Barnes' inner conflict. He does not deny, but he never admits that essential goodness will triumph over evil. However, there are few writers in our present day who can measure up to Dreiser's artless introspection into human motivation and many who fall far behind his genius.

—John W. Stevenson

Haley F. Thomas . . . '46

FUTILITY

They are ghostly, they are ghoulish, men who
marched away to fight,
Trumpets playing, trumpets braying, saying loudly
in the night,
"They are marching, ever marching." Cadenced
echoes pound the brain.
"They are marching, ever marching," to the tattoo
of the rain.

They are shadows, wan and haggard, forms of men
who used to be.
Used to laugh and love and labor, cry in pain and
shout in glee
Now they march in solemn column. Broken bodies,
bloody feet
Paint the pavements of the city, stain the sands of
village street.

They are searching, ever searching for an under-
standing tear;
For a man who knows their faces; for a man who
heeds their fear;
For a man who shouts, "Remember," when we
cheer a tyrant's roar;
For a smile, a light, a welcome; for a widely open
door.

Will their weary feet e'er falter? Will their
troubled hearts know peace?
Will the wild incessant pounding, will the echoes
never cease?
They are searching, ever searching for a truth that's
undefied.
They are searching, ever searching for the cause
for which they died.

* * * * *

One merit of poetry few persons will deny; it says more, and in fewer words, than prose.—Voltaire.

* * *

The man who writes about himself and his own time is the only man who writes about all people and about all time.—George Bernard Shaw.

* * *

Poets utter great and wise things which they do not themselves understand.—Plato.

Jim Asper, *Editor* : *Pen,* Utah U.

AUTUMN, 1946

Forgotten for almost a year:
chalk white crosses,
black bordered telegrams, these
living dead who live unnoticed:
Easy to forget.

Bodies:
to be returned home
for consolation, we say;
tot homines, quot sententiae
make one last trip:
No nearer yet.

Should they arise, we would see:
faces
blood-burned ash-charred
scar-lined
mouth-moving
frenzied garble
tongue cut:
White is black.

They would say
no mirage world is this
reflection
money-mirrored in
tear-fallow
pus-water
lurid with green decay:
Never come back.

Should they cry:
ad nauseam
sic transit gloria mundi—
your earth-dream
dream green in vain
hard would-world
soft wood-dreams,
where is your purpose?
Forgotten for almost a year.

* * * * *

Every man is a poet when he is in love.—Plato

* * *

The difference between literature and journalism is that journalism is unreadable, and literature is not read.—Wilde.

Jack Ergle, *Editor* *The Scribbler,* Spartanburg High School

OUTLOOK ON EDUCATION

Education is becoming more important every year to young people over the land; every day education is becoming more necessary in order to live successfully in this complicated world; and every time a high-school senior turns around he is faced with the question of whether or not to attend college. Many seniors can confidently answer this question, but many need to look deeper and see education as it really is today.

Every second something new happens. Every second the world faces new problems. When problems are met without education as a tool with which to work, they will remain unsolved. Educated men can learn to live together peaceably, making a prosperous world.

Education is too often thought of as simply training the mind. It is, however, the training of three things: the mind, the body, and the spirit. Education in any one or two of these without the other will be incomplete. What good is a strong body with a good spirit but without knowledge or a trained mind? What good is a strong body with a good mind but lacking in spirit? What good is a football team without a quarterback? And so it goes with any combination that is not complete. No coordination can be built in either a man or a machine with parts missing.

Seniors have many different views on why they are going to college.

There are some students who would honestly like to continue their studies, but who are financially unable to do so. This type of person should have a college education, and scholarships are now helping many of these.

In the next group we find the kind of person who could attend college if he wished but gives two reasons for not doing so. Some boys and girls say that they are simply "fed up" with studying. They think they have all the education they want and that they will be satisfied just to settle down and watch the world go by. These seniors will probably be greatly disappointed to find that they are not prepared to meet the problems of the business world.

In every group you will find the fellow who is going to make a million overnight. He argues that many great men of the world did not attend college, and that he is going to work just as soon as he can.

The above two groups should be no reflection on the boys and girls who cannot afford a college education.

From the seniors who are going to college, we get a great many views on why they are going. Many are going not to specialize in a definite vocation, but because they realize that when they finish they will be better prepared to secure good positions in the work that pleases them most.

The future musicians, doctors, lawyers, scientists, educators, journalists, and ministers realize that a lot of hard study is needed before they can fit into any of their chosen professions. These boys and girls who have thought seriously and chosen their professions have found that by loafing they receive nothing, but through hard work and study, they can conquer any problem. These are the kind of students colleges need.

When the next fellow is asked, "Why are you going to college?" you receive the reply, "Aw, I don't know," which is probably a very honest statement. When, and if, this type of boy or girl leaves college, it is very likely that he still will not know why he went.

Many seniors are going to college merely to have fun. College life to them is going to be a world of freedom compared to the life they have lived at home. They plan to wave flags, have dates, go to football games, and do all the things that go with college life. To a certain extent they are right. All these things that are fun are part of everyone's education; but the senior forgets too often that studying and learning are also a definite part. The boy or girl who can arrive at a balance in his educational aims has reached a goal that many cannot attain.

The seniors who go to college just because their friends are going, and just because they hate to be left behind, are liable to miss the whole idea of education. It is nice to go to college where you have friends, but these are certainly no reasons for going.

Many who are now high-school seniors are going to miss their chances at a good education; many will wake up in time to change their ways; and many already know the road that they are going to take. We are living in a day and age in

(Turn to Page 25)

OPEN LETTER . . .

To Graduates of 1947

* * *

WOFFORD COLLEGE
May 1947

My dear young Friends:

The day is near at hand when the degree for which you have been working will be conferred upon you. You will receive the diploma, the symbol of academic achievement. You will become members of the Wofford Alumni Association—the official fellowship of Wofford men.

Some of you will enter graduate or professional school for further training, while others of you will take your places in that larger and stricter school of community life and activity. Wherever you go and whatever you do, you will be Wofford men. You will bear the seal of your Alma Mater—the foster-mother within whose classic halls your enthusiastic spirits were nourished. By your example of worthy living, the light of your college, with all its sacred associations, will flash down the pathway of the coming years with untarnished honor.

As your President, I congratulate you upon the commencement of even a larger and richer life than you have been privileged to know as undergraduates. Seize each day as it breaks in splendor over the eastern horizon and make the most of the opportunities it brings. Keep your souls aflame with the light of a noble purpose and dignify service by putting it above self. Keep ever in your remembrance the fact that Wofford is fundamentally a tone, a spirit, and an atmosphere and that the part you see with your physical eyes is but the symbol of invisible realities.

In years to come, when you re-create imaginatively the scenes of your college days, it is my earnest wish that a host of happy recollections will come trooping down the aisles of your memory and that the bonds of affection for your Alma Mater may be strengthened by a growing realization of the part it has played in the creation of the world in which you really live.

Affectionately yours,

Walter F. Greene

President of Wofford College

OPEN LETTER . . .

To Wofford

* * *

WOFFORD COLLEGE
May 1947

Dear Wofford:

As our graduation draws near we begin to look back over our four years here and to partially realize the value and significance of this period in our lives. Only in future years, which will bring to us greater wisdom and understanding, will we be able to fully appreciate the benefits of the liberal education we received here. There comes to us the realization that to a great extent our future successes and failures will depend upon how well we have applied ourselves to the various phases of college life and whether or not we have taken advantage of the many opportunities offered to us here. We deem ourselves extremely fortunate in having been a part of a school capable of preparing us so that our future successes will far outnumber our failures.

We came to you, Wofford College, as adolescents, and it was under your wise guidance that we spent the critical period of growth into manhood. Your role in the development of our characters has been of prime importance, second only to the influence of our homes, and we are indebted to you for the basic principles of human decency which are as much a part of your curriculum as Mathematics or English. The changes wrought in us were inspired by these principles, and by basing our lives on them we hope to be worthy of the name of Wofford Graduates.

Under your influence, exerted through your faculty, athletic coaches and the directors of other phases of college life, we have developed mentally, spiritually and physically. It has been rightly said that "Ignorance is the greatest curse of mankind," and you have at least partially lifted this curse from us and prepared us to continue the job on our own. Your intangible gifts to us; the friendships formed here, the appreciation of knowledge, the ability to live in harmony with one another, the desire for learning, are priceless and we will never be able to repay you for them.

Those of us who had our stay here interrupted by military service already know what it means to leave you, faced with the possibility of not coming back, and it is a tribute to you as an institution that so many of us did come back to you after years of war and travel to the far corners of the earth. Out of that experience we gained an appreciation of you that usually comes only to graduates.

In saying farewell to you we know we are leaving four of the happiest, most beneficial years of our lives behind us, and the knowledge that we are privileged, each of us, to take a small part of you along with us when we leave gives us faith and confidence in the future.

Henry B. Rollins

President of the Graduating Class of 1947

TRAPPED

by James M. Moss, III

Streaks of sharp pulsating pain were shooting through my entire body as the groggy fog of unconsciousness slowly cleared before my eyes. At once I realized it was night and that I was dangling in the air. Then suddenly it all dawned on me. I remembered the loud explosion under our right wing, and how our plane had whipped itself into a vicious spin. When I bailed out and pulled the rip-cord registered only vaguely, but Peebles did jump clear and open his chute—that I did remember. Then came the plunge into the matted tree tops of a Pacific jungle, smashing blows, and unconsciousness.

The weird shrieking squawks of tropical birds against the desolate blackness of the night chilled me to the marrow. What to do? How high was I? Where was Peebles? How long had I been senseless? Was I hurt? Only one of these questions I could answer. After moving all my limbs and shaking myself thoroughly, I knew I had no serious injuries.

Suddenly the moon popped into the sky, as it has a way of doing in the equatorial regions. I glanced up and saw the silk of my parachute forming a big white blotch in the tree tops that would stand out like a light to anyone who might be near. I was horrified as I visualized those gloating, oily skinned, yellow, slant-eyed vultures who certainly must have seen us bail out, and who were probably closing in by the minute.

What was that? Something was moving through the underbrush! I snatched my .45 from its holster, and peered into the darkness toward the direction from which the creature was approaching. Closer, closer, and closer it crept. Where is it? I should be able to see it. I wanted to scream at the top of my voice to ease the nervous tension.

Then suddenly, "Moss! Moss! Where are you?"

I was so relieved that it took me several minutes to muster enough strength to squeak, "Up here!"

"Are you okay?" Peebles inquired.

"Yeah, if I could only get out of this tree. How high am I?"

I saw him now as he emerged from a small group of shrubs with his chute tucked under his arm.

"About fifteen feet," he replied.

He surveyed the ground beneath me and said, "Loosen your straps and drop. The ground is soft."

I fumbled with my fastenings, which finally released me and I dropped to the ground. My feet hit hard but I broke the fall by tumbling forward.

"Well, what now?" I asked as I brushed leaves and dirt from my clothes.

"We can't leave that chute up there," he answered.

We'll play heck getting it out. Why don't we wait till morning?" I offered.

"That might be too late, but we sure can't do much about it tonight. Guess we'll have to run the risk. Let's try and find a place near here to hide and get a little shut-eye," he replied.

I asked him many questions about where and how he landed, what time it was, and how far away he thought the Japs were. All his answers were short and to the point. I realized his mind was busy with thoughts of much more importance, and so I said very little more, but turned my attention to finding an abode for the night.

We had fumbled along for about a hundred yards when suddenly we came into an opening. Across the area there arose a high bluff at the base of which flowed a small stream. After discovering the stream flowing from a cave in the side of the embankment, and testing the water for depth, we grasped the extreme ends of his parachute and he led the way in. We moved along for several minutes in knee-deep water before he stopped.

"Hold up a second, and I'll strike a match," he said.

His voice echoed on through the cave and could be heard repeating itself several times in the depths of the dark interior. The match scraped against the box and the light of the tiny flame revealed the coarse structure surrounding us. Huge gorges penetrated into the hardened lava on all sides and the blue-grey rock gave the jagged walls the appearance of long black fingers of death reaching out to engulf its victims. On the far side, however, was a small beach which seemed to be dry and flat. So, as the match offered its last ray of light, it was toward this that we moved. Upon reaching this strand of black sand we both dropped our tired bodies to the floor of our new home.

The quietness within was frightening. Our lungs contributed the only sounds to be heard. Even the oily water of the stream was silent as it steadily slipped its way into the open. A moonbeam shone across a small section toward the entrance, making

the water look like a tremendous black snake sliding from its hole.

The stillness was unnerving Peebles, too, for he sat up quickly and fumbled for his cigarettes, saying, "Let's have a drag before we turn in."

The acoustics of the cave made his voice groan as one would imagine a supernatural voice sounding.

I took a cigarette from my pack and shared his match to light it. Once more we got a glimpse of our surroundings.

"Nice place for crocodiles and snakes to hang out," he growled.

"Darn it! Shut up!" I replied. "You want company tonight, don't you?"

He reached back and pulled his parachute up to him, saying, "Well, shall we use the silk sheets tonight?"

I didn't see any humor in his remark, but I realized he was trying to cheer me up, so I replied, "Ye-e-e-e-s, let's do."

We stretched the canopy across the ground as best we could and commenced to roll ourselves up. After wiggling and twisting awhile, we got as comfortable as possible under such circumstances, and my cute bedfellow sarcastically cooed, "Goodnight, darling. Sleep well."

I wanted to make a comeback, but the soft warm silk around my fatigued body was like a sedative, and I quickly lapsed into deep sleep.

Peebles was shaking me viciously when I awoke.

"Hey! The Japs are outside," he whispered.

I snapped up to a sitting position and yawned. Every muscle of my body was sore and stiff.

"Where?" I yelled.

"Shut up, you dope! Do you want them to hear you?"

I staggered to my feet, still half asleep, and looked around me in amazement. At first I didn't know where I was. Certainly all this must have been a bad dream, but outside I could plainly hear the high pitched voices of the excited Japs as they ran around in circles jabbering.

A ray of sunlight had found its way through a small crevice overhead, giving partial light within. We seemed not to be alone. Big crusty lizzards about two feet in length scampered for cover when we stirred. Our hiding place was even worse than I had imagined. Fortunately we had rounded a bend in the stream while entering last night, and a wall of rock obstructed our view outward. This also meant that the Japs couldn't see in.

"What are we going to do?" I whispered.

"Nothing but pray. They have evidently found your chute in the tree, and will certainly be looking for us up this way before long. You get over that side of the water and I'll stay here. We'll hold them off as long as our ammo lasts. They probably want to take us alive so they can torture some information out of us.

I carefully crossed the narrow strip of water and took a position behind a big rock. Drawing my automatic I knelt, concealing myself, and waited.

Our pursuers were almost screaming now. Had they found our tracks leading toward the bluff? Nearer and nearer they came.

They're coming this way!" Peebles yelled, "Get ready! It won't be long now!"

"Good luck! Nice knowing you," I answered.

Cold beads of perspiration were popping out all over me, making my spine tingle as they trickled down my back. Every muscle in my body tensed. My limbs felt as if there were hundreds of needles in them trying to gouge their way out. I wondered if I would be too scared to shoot when the time came.

The Japs were on the open plateau now. We could hear their voices distinctly. They were running and shouting even louder now. They had spotted the cave! It sounded as if the whole Nip army was outside as their feet resounded against the rock. They stopped at the entrance, lowering their voices as if discussing some strategic move by which to rout us from our hole.

Seconds passed like hours. Why don't they come on in and get it over with?

The sound of splashing water echoed through the cave. They were entering the water. This was it! The splashing slowly grew louder and louder as they edged their way inward.

I shut my eyes momentarily to offer a silent prayer, when a blood-curdling yell filled the air. Then another and another!

The Japs were running through the water now, but I suddenly realized they were running the wrong way. What happened? Was there some monster in here that we couldn't see?

My eyes met Peebles', and his face wore a question mark also.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Beats me," was his reply.

The Japs hadn't stopped at the entrance either. Their voices could be heard fading into the jungle.

"Listen!" Peebles yelled.

I strained my ears to their utmost, and off in the distance I could hear the familiar music of airplane engines. We dashed through the water to the entrance to see the sky filled with planes. Then the roar of big cannon from our battle-wagons contributed to the turmoil. The invasion was underway!

ODDITIES IN NATURE

by J. M. Gore with B. R. Fitzgerald

I have always had a feeling of deep sympathy for the unfortunate souls who have never learned to understand or appreciate the mystic beauty of nature and who live in complete ignorance of the majestic biota in their midst. Moreover, I have always harbored contempt for the pretentious naturalists who claim they can penetrate the unfathomable secrets of nature through the medium of books, encyclopedias, magazines, pictures, etc. The irrefutable truth, I am certain, is that one must continually live, drink, and breathe the poignant air of thicket, underwood, and swamp to unveil the hidden treasures of this earth and to ferret out the oddities of fauna and flora.

I have lived all my life in nature—Aynor, S. C., that is—and during this time I have tried to observe incessantly the habits and activities of wildlife. I know little—there is so much to know—but I have seen some of the strange wonders of conformance with and infractions of the laws of nature which are obscure to the average person. Some of these wonders may well deserve space for purposes of bringing such light to city slickers.

You may be one of the misinformed persons who think that the lowly, slothful, docile turtle is always a peace-loving creature and content with the status quo. Now, down in Aynor, S. C., the turtle is one of the most savage and intrepid fighters of the wild when he is aroused to anger. I was once fortunate enough to witness a battle between a large alligator turtle and a nine-foot diamondback rattlesnake. Returning home from work one sultry afternoon in August, I heard a queer rustling in the bushes beside the road and stopped to investigate. Of course, I knew it was a rattlesnake by the rattling noise it made, but I was—to say the least—surprised to see the snake engaged in bloody combat with a lazy old turtle (it's the truth, s'help me!). The turtle had secured a firm grip in the middle of the snake's body and had then drawn its head, feet and tail into the protective armor of its shell. The rattler, writhing, and convolving, was striking desperately in a vain attempt to sink its poisonous fangs into the turtle's shell. After an hour or so, the snake, weak, bleeding, and exhausted, grew limp, and the turtle took a more advantageous hold at the base of the snake's head. Soon thereafter, the lifeless snake lay motionless and the humble turtle moved slowly on its way.

Speaking of snakes reminds me of another incident which may interest you—a battle between a water moccasin and a catfish. The moccasin caught the catfish and tried to swallow it tail first, but as the head of the fish entered the snake's mouth, the catfish thrust its horns through the reptile's neck. The snake, unable to swallow the fish, began to roll over and over in the water until he finally drowned. The catfish by its own power could not free itself from the dead snake, so I paddled the boat to the spot and released the fish from its plight.

Down in Aynor, the squirrels have a most unique method of birth control which, though it may seem brutal to humans, is in conformity with the strict school of law reigning in the realm of nature. I was leisurely strolling through the woods one afternoon, after an enjoyable but unsuccessful day of fishing, when I heard a squirrel screaming and cursing (in squirrel language, that is) with imprecations against the evil and abusive society to which it belonged. Quietly moving to a spot where I could better observe the spectacle, I saw two squirrels in what I thought to be a fight with a third member of the bushy-tail rodents, but soon had conclusive proof that I was witnessing the squirrel version of Hitlerian race-control.

Later the two older squirrels ran into a nearby hole and came forth with another to be treated similarly. The older squirrels castrate the younger males, but of course, some of the young squirrels escape this harsh operation, since it is imperative that some retain their virility for the sake of procreation.

I was working in the yard one morning when I heard the chickens raising all manner of hades over something, so I went to see what could be troubling the old hens. As I neared the chicken house, I saw a large blacksnake crawling out through a crack in the planks just above the ground. Noticing a good sized lump a few inches behind the snake's head, I killed the snake and proceeded to satisfy my cuirosity as to the swelling there. I dissected the snake and discovered that it had swallowed a chicken egg which was still unbroken. Now, what I can't understand is this—the unbroken egg found inside the snake could not be forced through the identical crack through which the snake had crawled. Now that's the truth.

I could go on, but perhaps this is enough for you to swallow at one time.

With the Editor

The Last Issue

The bright green leaves of the campus trees are nearly grown, the bare spots of winter are covered with grass and there is talk of Commencement, vacation and summertime. The line of black will soon climb the high stone steps, and another year—the last for some of us—will have gone.

We present this, the final issue of The Journal, with these few remarks:

It's been great fun, intensely interesting experience, this job of putting out a campus magazine. There have been busy hours, apparently hopeless moments, and long days and nights of plain hard work and worry, but—we've enjoyed every minute of it.

We want to thank the members of the staff, who have cooperated so faithfully through it all and the handful—an increasing handful with each issue—of student writers who have contributed. When called upon, many of them frequently went far beyond the trouble we asked of them, and we would like to share with them the feeling of pride we had in the presentation of their contributions.

Ben De Luca, Jr., the assistant editor, and editor-elect for next year, deserves particular recognition for the eager cooperation and detailed assistance he has rendered throughout this year. We sincerely hope his task next year is a happy one, and with the cooperation of the student body it cannot be otherwise.

To the Publications Board, with Professor Coates as faculty financial advisor and John Mandanis representing the students, we are deeply thankful for a year of complete and pleasant cooperation and continued courtesies.

* * * * *

Guest Editors for May

Jim Asper, Editor of THE PEN, the literary magazine of Utah University, is the author of the poem, AUTUMN, 1946, on page 14 of this issue.

Jim is a senior majoring in English at Utah U. THE JOURNAL is proud to publish such an outstanding contribution as his poem.

Jack Ergle, 17, is Editor of the Spartanburg High School newspaper, THE SCRIBBLER. Jack is the first and only high-school student featured as a guest editor in THE JOURNAL this year. He has contributed an essay, OUTLOOK ON EDUCATION, on page 15 of this issue, surveying the educational problems confronting many high-school graduates.

Jack, at present, is a member of the following clubs and organizations: The Beta Club, The Chemistry Club, The Delta Phi Math Club, and The Student Council. Scholastically speaking, he ranks sixth in the senior class, and he plans to study Scientific Engineering upon graduation

* * *

The JOURNAL has published contributions from student editors from some of America's leading colleges and universities in an effort to better relationships between Wofford and these other institutions. We here at Wofford were able to read material written on some far-away campus, written by some student author we didn't know, and that author in turn read The JOURNAL to see how his or her contribution was being presented in the magazine. Naturally, The JOURNAL and the guest editor's publication were taken into careful consideration thereafter because some form of common relationship had been established between both the publications and the editorial staffs.

Therefore, as Editor of The JOURNAL, I do not feel that our effort was in vain; on the contrary, I feel that it was a success, proving beneficial to all concerned.

The JOURNAL wishes to take this opportunity to thank the guest editors for their fine contributions and for the kind cooperation and consideration they have shown in making this department a success this year.

—Dick McTeer

THE PRINCE

by Eugene W. Anderson

The dusty road leading from the broad, green plain to the blue, rolling hills was alive with an endless procession of solemn-visaged people, donkeys with heavy packs strapped to either side, and overflowing carts, creaking and groaning beneath their heaped burdens. This long, painful journey, taken yearly just after the harvest, had been the lot of these peasants for many years, and to miss it was unthinkable. The custom of bringing their tribute to the powerful Prince of Securitas had grown up so long before that only a few of the older men knew how it started.

As the shades of dusk crept silently in from the east and blunted the parting stabs of the setting sun, the procession came to a halt and prepared for the evening meal and for the rest that would give strength for the arduous climb of the morrow. Beside one of the fires a lad of about ten years was sitting cross-legged on the ground, softly rubbing his sore feet and gazing thoughtfully into the flames. After much sighing and knitting of his brow, he turned to an old, silver-haired peasant, and asked, "Grandfather, why must we leave home every year and carry our grain, our flax, and our wool to the mountains?"

For some time the old man kept staring into the fire as if he had not heard, but finally he spoke. "It's a long story, Grandson," he said, "but it is well for you to learn it."

"Years ago, when I was still a lad the plainspeople were weary of the attacks made by the wolves upon their flocks and the occasional raids upon their lands by the Sami tribesmen who lived across the Black River. As many as five of their fattest sheep would be carried off in a fortnight by the wolves, and in the span of a year the Samis would sometimes steal two thousand bushels of grain, which often amounted to a tenth part of the entire harvest.

"One morning, just after an unheralded visit of the Samis, all the family heads held a council in order to find some means of ending this needless drain upon their goods. Some of the more miltant voices wanted to send an expedition to punish the offending tribe. Another group maintained that the best plan was to station a watch, day and night, along the river to give the alarm whenever the Samis should cross. The assembly divided into two groups, some holding to the first proposal and others to the second, creating much heated debate among all those present. When it was seen that no decision would be reached, there was brought forth a third plan by a man of good character, who had traveled widely in the world, sometimes as far as forty leagues. He stated that a certain Prince of Securitas, who held court in the mountains, was known to offer his sword for the protection of the peace-loving. Furthermore, he exacted little in reward for his noble services.

"This information fell upon eager ears, and rejoicing waxed great among the plainsmen. The same man who had presented this solution was appointed without a dissenting voice to carry his people's request to Securitas, and after a week, he returned from the mountains with success inscribed upon his face. Yes, the Prince would keep the Samis from crossing the river, and would even send trained huntsmen to destroy the preying wolves. The exact recompense was not named, but it was commonly agreed that the generous nobleman would not wish to accept more than a trifle.

"All went well in the first year of the Prince's protection. The Samis made only two attempts to raid the granaries, and were driven back both times. Only a dozen sheep were killed by the wolves that had survived the hunt. Each family paid just five bushels of grain, two bales of wool, and two gold crowns to the agents of the Prince.

"In the second year, however, the Prince announced that his coffers were being sorely drained by the constant demands of the soldiery. His revenues from the plainspeople must be increased. Each family must give ten bushels of grain, three bales of wool, and five gold crowns. His exactions met with little difficulty, for safety was now not merely a necessity—it was a priceless luxury. And so, year after year, the noble Prince made good his promises and made better his receipts. The peasants are now storing all of their goods for safekeeping in the Castle of Securitas."

The young boy saw tears in the old man's eyes as he was finishing the tale, and hastened to ask, "Why are you crying, Grandfather?"

The grandfather paused for a painful moment and answered, "I must tell you something that gives me unbearable grief. You are to stay in Securitas as a page in the castle. It is part of this year's price."

Several minutes passed before the lad responded. Finally he gulped, attempted a smile, and said, "We still have much to be grateful for, Grandfather. Our lands are safe and the sheep are secure."

"Yes, son," replied the old man, "we are secure."

COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING

by William Guillespie

(The April issue of The Journal featured an essay also entitled **Compulsory Military Training**, by M. J. Patrick. Mr. Patrick's argument was definitely against Universal Military Training; so in this, the final issue, we present Mr. Guillespie's article on this much-talked-about national issue. —Ed.)

* * *

The United States must have a compulsory military training program until some institution is formed which can police the world. If and when the United Nations become strong enough to right wrong and defend the oppressed, then will be the time for the United States to step down from the place of protector and end compulsory military training.

There are some who oppose compulsory training on the ground that the military service teaches men to be "technicians in the sloppy streets that lead to the cesspools of wickedness." This, I cannot agree with. A man—reared rightly and with a developed character can withstand the temptations that come with the freedom that he has gained in the military service. A man, given complete freedom to do as he wishes, in a place where he is not known, will have the same temptations that he has in the military service and if his character and moral standards are of such a calibre that he yields, it is not the military service which causes his straying from the straight and narrow path.

The existence of compulsory military training would not cause succeeding generations to lose their birthrights as citizens. This is very clearly proved by the Swiss system. Theirs is sometimes said to be the purest democracy in the world; yet they have a compulsory military training program. They have not come to believe that dictatorial rule is a "treasure of Democracy."

The very existence of democratic principles in the world depends on someone who believes in them, clinging to them in some manner so that communism and the many other -isms do not wipe them from the face of the earth. Pacifism nor isolationism will hold democracy for us. Preparedness in this scientific age is something that is essential to any form of government that is to last.

Preparedness means that we must have a military system which can cope with any situation that may arise. This means constant research, development and training. One who believes that a small force of airplanes or atom and jet-propelled weapons is sufficient is not thinking very deeply. We must have men, many men trained to use these weapons for defense and policing the world. At one time, England carried on the immense task of policing the world, but she is now weakened.

There are only two mighty nations today who can police the whole world—the United States and Russia. Should Russia alone determine the fate of the world, communism and dictatorships would rule. The alternative is a strong and powerful United States, capable of righting the wrongs done in the world.

Again I say, when there is a United Nations with the necessary power to "spank unruly babies", it should take over as world policeman but until that time, the United States, for our security, freedom and welfare, must maintain a powerful military force. THIS CAN BE ATTAINED ONLY BY COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING.

A FAREWELL ADDRESS

(These words were found by Bob Arthur written on an aged sheet of notebook paper, hiding amid the fallen leaves behind the chemistry building. There was no title; not even the author's name appeared. The date December 9, 1941, was penciled above the words in quotations.

Bob immediately recognized the words as those given in a chapel address by Dr. Snyder to the student body on Tuesday, December 9, 1941—two days after the Pearl Harbor attack.

We carried the paper to Dr. Snyder for identification, and he clearly remembers making an address similar to this on that day. Dr Snyder believes that some student wrote down these words during his address or sometime shortly thereafter, but he cannot say for sure that these are his original words.

Nevertheless, The Journal presents this address with pride and with gratitude to the anonymous student who went to war with these words in his heart.—The Ed.)

* * *

"Almost thirty years ago I stood here and made an announcement that I prayed I would never have to make again. This morning I make it: My country is at war, at war with a deadly, dastardly enemy!

I know not the date, whether Friday or Saturday. I got up from my desk and went to my window. I looked out over the old elms on the campus. I thought of the wars those elms have gone through, and now they look down on a group that will be a part of another war. Up among the tops of those elms waves a piece of cloth; and yet, it is more than a piece of cloth. It is the Red, White, and Blue—a spirit that will live on forever. I thought: "Well, I believe we will have another old-fashioned Christmas, one of peace and quiet."

But since Sunday afternoon at 2:38 we have been at war. Now our peace is gone, but they can't take away our Christmas. A God-loving country must win. We are a country that is united all behind the President, who has our prayers.

Boys, if any of you go, go trusting in God that you will return victorious. If you go, you have my prayers. . . . The seniors may go!"

A Foot of Desert Land

(From Page 10)

But, just as suddenly, the door downstairs flashed open and slammed against the house, the sound lost in the storm. She ran out, down the few steps, across to meet him, her hair caught in the wind's shouting.

They ran toward each other on the sand, their arms reaching out.

"Retha!" he called, running.

She was laughing soundlessly; she could not speak to him but he did not care, had never cared about that. But she could hear and he wanted her to hear what he was going to say next, when their bodies met.

Destiny

(From Page 5)

precepts, men who, because of these precepts, will not "run violently to the four best known vices of an army camp."[2] It is to be doubted that the men who seek vice in the army would seek it less in civil life, for men of low breeding will seek and find their permanent social level despite their circumstances, while men of moral worth remain unaffected by vice and uncorrupted by its contact with them.)

We must learn that the Good and the weak are not identities in the human or social equation. We must accept the fact that no matter how reasonable, how just, the good way of life seems to us, we may, and probably will have to defend it, or at very least, back it up with a show of our ready and superlative power. And we must begin now to develop that power and to build a military force composed of a highly trained permanent corps which can be expanded at a moment's notice into a mighty fighting force by the calling to duty of a tremendous reserve corps of strong, well trained citizen soldiers.

If we do this, there is an excellent chance that we will never be called upon to use our fighting force. For the aggressor, as Hitler pointed out in **Mein Kampf,** uses bluff in the beginning of his rise to power, and no one is foolish enough to oppose strong and ready might with mere bluff. If tragically, we should fall back into our former ways of thought, of vain hatred of war, of isolationism, of pleading with determined and evil leaders of aggressive nations, we will surely fight a third world war, and under those conditions we will lose it.

This is the time of decision. It is Willkie's solution against Spengler's, it is courage against its opposite, it is humanity opposing tyranny, it is progress or retrogression, it is order or chaos, it is light against darkness. Are we the race of which history shall speak and say, "These men, this race, gave strength to justice throughout the world, and bequeathed to all mankind enduring peace."

[2] Ibid.

Decision

(From Page 12)

Continuing to advance toward Tom with sure, steady steps, he stated in a loud, pleasant voice, "Don't shoot, American. You see I have no weapon. I realize Germany has lost the war. I want to give myself up to you."

The German had at first been some three hundred yards away. He had now cut that distance into half. Tom had had time enough to recover his nerve and snatch his rifle from his shoulder. Taking this action as a sign of danger, the Wehrmacht non-com came to an abrupt halt, but continued to hold his hands above his head.

"Don't shoot, American," he repeated in perfect English, "I have killed none of your comrades. I am weary of war, and only want to return to my family and my loved ones. I haven't seen my wife for over three years now."

A maze of confused thoughts rushed madly through Tom's bewildered mind. The words of the German had struck at his heart with alarming accuracy. He remembered his own dear family, he remembered Ruby. How terrible it would be to die before seeing them again! His enemy also had a family; he had a wife who perhaps loved him madly. Tom did not hate him. He was helpless, unarmed, begging for mercy. WHY NOT LET HIM LIVE?

The German began approaching Tom again, cautiously but surely. Tom had to make a decision. TAKE NO PRISONERS. The young American infantryman raised his rifle slowly to his shoulder, took careful aim at his opponent's heart, and gently squeezed the trugger.

Tom McDonald was now a combat soldier. He had made his decision.

Dormitory Termites

(From Page 8)

hope that no one takes it that I have slandered him personally, and takes it upon himself to rearrange my facial features by any violent means. Nevertheless, I hope that I have not neglected to insult any type of dormitory personality. If I have, I wish here and now to offer my sincerest apologies.

It is my opinion that volumes could be written on this subject; perhaps even longer volumes on the subject of "Classroom Termites." If my life after the publication of the above is long enough, I might even attempt to do it myself.

You Never Can Tell

(From Page 6)

Brown once more glanced at his watch and said: "It's quarter of one. Time is taking its own good time about passing. Look at my shirt. It's soaking from perspiration."

"Mine too. It's stuck to my back. Lord, I hope everything is going all right."

Both men stood up simultaneously and walked to the small window in search of a draft of cool air.

"Pretty night outside, eh Bill?"

"Yeah, but it's a shame to be stuck in here and waste it all sweating like cattle."

"Yeah."

The two men just stood by the window breathing the fresh air when the door opened quietly. They turned to face a young woman dressed in a brilliant white uniform. She spoke.

"Mr. Brown?"

William Brown gazed at her and replied, "Yeah, that's me. Everything all right?"

"Yes, sir. You're the father of a ten-pound boy. Your wife is resting comfortably. Would you like to wait in her room until she wakes up?"

"I certainly would!"

"Hey! Wait a minute, nurse. I've been here three hours—an hour longer than him. How does he rate this? I got here first. How's my wife?"

"I don't know, sir. I'll try and find out, but it doesn't make any difference who gets here first. It's—well, sir, you never can tell about these things. Coming, Mr. Brown?"

Bill Brown extended his right hand to Robert Smith and said, "Well, Bob, I'm glad to have met you; although I wish it could've been under other conditions. I've got to go now—and good luck."

"Thanks, Bill. Guess I'll need it. Congratulations to you."

Robert Smith extracted another cigarette and flopped wearily back into his seat to continue his father-to-be-like vigil.

Outlook on Education

(From Page 15)

which great things are to be done. We are beginning a new era and simultaneously attempting to establish world-wide peace. The world needs and wants more men who will think and do for themselves, rather than the "I-don't-know" kind of person who wants someone else to think and do for him. If there is to be any hope for the future, it will assuredly not be made with nor by those who say, "I don't know."

Our hope of the future lies in educated men—men of science who work to find knowledge and put it to work for the benefit of man; educators who so believe in education that they give their lives to the teaching of others; men of God, the teachers of the spirit; and all men who possess high ideals and a purpose in life.

Flowers for All Occasions

* * *

FRED'S FLOWER SHOP

* * *

We Wire Flowers

Montgomery Building Phone 1452

Where the Wofford Boys Meet on Sunday Night

PIEDMONT CAFE

Magnolia St. Spartanburg

BRYN - ALAN

●

Portraits

In the Modern Manner

● ● ●

Telephone 1828 138½ E. Main St.

MONTGOMERY WARD

* * *

Spartanburg's

Complete Department Store

Wofford College

SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

1854-1947

1. Standard four-year College of the Liberal Arts and Sciences for men only.

2. Offers courses that lead to Medicine, Law, Business, Engineering, Teaching and Preaching.

3. Member of the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges. The Southern University Conference. On the approved list of the Association of American Universities.

4. Library of 40,000 volumes. Adequate Laboratory facilities in Chemistry, Physics, Biology, and Electricity.

5. Voluntary Senior R. O. T. C. Unit.

6. All forms of intercollegiate athletic and intramural sports.
   Field House for indoor sports and physical training.
   Stadium and playing fields for outdoor sports.
   Comfortable Dormitories.

Write for Catalogue and Full Information to

WALTER K. GREENE

President

GREENEWALD'S
Incorporated

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

THE GEER DRUG COMPANY

★

Wholesale Druggists

★

Charleston :: Spartanburg
Greenville

South Carolina

Oldest Print Shop
In Spartanburg
Under Same Management . . .

PRINTERS OF
THE JOURNAL

WM. L. ALTMAN
PRINTER
151 Commerce Street :: Phone 2034
SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Band & White

★

Good Printing

★

S. S. Wallace, Jr., Owner

Telephone 362 - 363 Spartanburg, S. C.

EAT

at

The Elite

"Where the Elite Meet to Eat"

Gifts for All Occasions

RUFUS D. LEWIS
JEWELER
THE STORE OF DEPENDABILITY

146 East Main Street
Phone 918 Spartanburg, S. C.

FOREMOST DAIRIES

ICE CREAM
and
MILK

Jarman Shoes Dobbs Hats

PRICE'S
YOUNG MEN'S SHOP
123 North Church Street
At Kennedy

Manhattan Shirts Beau-Brummel Neckwear

1845 1946

THE DuPRE BOOK STORE

★

Students Cordially Welcomed

★

194 E. Main Street Phone 78

OUR RECORD DEPARTMENT

Featuring: Decca, Decca-Capitol, A.R.A.-R.C.A.Victor Records

THE BEST SUPPLY IN TOWN

BELK-HUDSON CO.

Wofford's First Launderers

* * *

SPARTANBURG LAUNDRY
Phones 32 and 543

HAMMOND - BROWN - JENNINGS COMPANY

FURNITURE

167 N. Church Street Phone 3700

EFIRD'S

Spartanburg's Best Department Store

COMPLETE OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND BOYS

WELCOME, WOFFORD

CAROLINA — PALMETTO STATE *THEATRES*

Spartanburg's Best Entertainment
STAGE and SCREEN

LA PETITE RESTAURANT

College Headquarters

The Best Place to Eat in Town

Copyright 1947, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.